

WIDE AWAKE PLEASURE BOOK.



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WIDE AWAKE PLEASURE BOOK

BY

FAMOUS AMERICAN WRITERS



FULLY ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON
LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY

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BOSTON
S. J. PARKHILL & Co., PRINTERS

WIDE AWAKE

PLEASURE BOOK

FRENCH LEAVE.

WHEN Carling made up his mind that it would be worth while to go camping in the Santa Cruz mountains, he asked Sam Heygendorf and me to go with him.

"Just we three," asked Heygendorf, "you and Van Dorn and I?"

"Well, no," Carling answered; "I thought I'd ask Dupont."

Dupont was a French boy in a higher class than ours, and none of us ever had anything to do with him.

"What m-m-makes you hook on D-D-Dupont?" Heygendorf asked. He stuttered when he was surprised.

"Because Dupont is French; and the French people are polite and they're good cooks; and it's because you have never been camping, Heygendorf, if you don't know the use of a good polite cook. Van knows, any way. He and I have camped out before. We had a good cook, but he was so cross we didn't dare ask him for anything, so we nearly starved, didn't we, Van?"

I said we did, and both Heygendorf and I admired Carling's diplomacy.

FRENCH LEAVE.

"M-m-my goodness, Van," stuttered Heygendorf as we followed Carling across the school yard to where Dupont stood, "isn't Carling a stiff one! Now you and I together couldn't think of anything so deep as that."

"We three are going camping next week—it's vacation, you know—and we would like to have you go along too," said Carling to Dupont.

Dupont seemed surprised.

"I am honored. Where do you go?" he asked.

Carling explained.

Dupont accepted, on the condition that we ask a big fellow from his own class, and he suggested Jones, who accepted readily when Carling invited him.

"So now you'll go, for sure, Dupont," said Heygendorf cordially. "It's jolly, you know, because Carling says you'll do all the c-c-cooking!"

Heygendorf, after this brilliant speech, was pulled into a corner by Carling.

"Sometimes I think, Heygendorf, you haven't as much head as a clam. A clam keeps his mouth shut," said Carling, highly exasperated. Jones and Dupont were walking off toward school, so we three were alone again.

"I don't think Dupont heard," I said, for it looked as though Heygendorf were in for a pommeling.

"Don't you?" said Carling, relieved, letting go Heygendorf's collar.

"What's the d-d-diff if he did or didn't," said Heygendorf crossly; "and I give you to understand you're not to haul me around like that again. You said he was going to do our cooking, you know you did."

"But he wasn't to know about it, stupid, until we were out in the woods," said Carling, "and then he wouldn't back out, you see."

Dupont did not change his mind, and the last thing Friday afternoon, he promised to be at the ferry early the following Monday.

Carling, in his blue flannels, was in the waiting-room when I arrived. Heygendorf came puffing in with a gallon tin coffee-pot, shortly after, and, buying his ticket, went outside to watch for the others.

Presently he came in.

"They're coming," he reported. "Jones has his old clothes on, but Dupont, D-D-Dupont is all fixed up in a hard hat and a tight roll umbrella—you wouldn't think he was going camping, and I don't see any signs of the stew-pan."

Carling had been as sharp as ever in telling us what to bring. The coffee-pot, the stew-pan, the frying-pan, the four five-pound boxes of wafers, and the other bulky articles, he had nothing whatever to do with. These his invited guests staggered under; he carried half a dozen light blankets, neatly strapped.

We went to the window of the waiting-room to see for ourselves.

"A little boy is carrying the stew-pan," said Carling.

There was a queer-looking young one trotting beside Dupont. He had a round straw hat on the back of his curly, bushy head, and he wore a sailor suit of dirty white broadcloth. Heygendorf laughed when he saw him.

"That monkey is Dupont's little brother," he said. "I've seen him before; goodness knows what he wants down here, though."

"Come down to see you off, has he?" said Carling, when the three came in.

"O, no," said Dupont; "he will accompany me. See, Alphonse, here is Carling."

Alphonse inclined his heavy bushy head, but remained silent.

"We speak always the French, so he does not talk the English yet with ease," said Dupont, with a beaming smile at Carling who was completely taken aback.

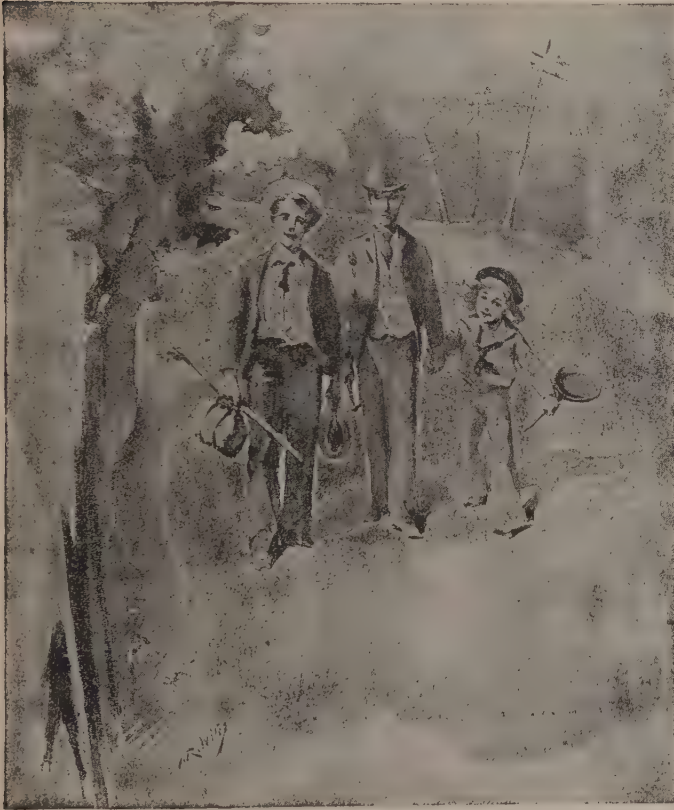
"First I knew your little b-b-brother was invited," Heygendorf burst out.

"Camping isn't any fun with kids tagging along."

For once it seemed that Heygendorf had spoken a word in season.

"No, he did not receive the invitation," Dupont acknowledged; "but Alphonse and I—we adore one another—we never have been separate. He wished to accompany me, he screamed with tear in the eyes, when I made to go off without him; he takes little room, and he has made the promises to be good."

"Oh! I dare say he will have to go, then," said Carling ungraciously. Then he said aside to me, "He's a bashful little chap; maybe he'll hang on to Dupont's hand like that for the whole week, so we won't mind much."



"THAT MONKEY IS DUPONT'S LITTLE BROTHER."

Our camping ground was not very far south. We took the narrow gauge from Alameda, after crossing the bay, and shortly after eleven we reached our destination in the mountains. There was no station, but we bundled off, coffee-pot, provisions, Dupont's little brother and all, in a great, quiet redwood forest while the train disappeared in a second around a mountain curve.

"Come, let us on to the hotel," said Alphonse, speaking for the first time, and looking nervously at the deep shadows. Alphonse spoke in a manly tone, but his voice threatened to break.

FRENCH LEAVE.

"There isn't any hotel," said Carling briskly; "the camping ground isn't very far away; just follow me. Come on!"

He led the way up a mountain trail at such a lively pace that Heygendorf, who is fat, began to breathe like a porpoise.

"Hold on," he gasped; "remember we have a grocery store and a hardware shop l-l-loaded on us. It's all very well for you, who haven't anything."

It was a fact; our host was unencumbered, for Dupont carried the stew-pan, and Carling had actually given the blankets to Alphonse, who was stumbling along, saying in French to his brother that he wished he had not come.

"Here!" said Carling at last, "here is the camping ground!"

It was on a small level plain half-way up the mountain, in a grove of live oaks, with long, ragged strips and streamers of gray moss hanging from the branches. A man who owned a vineyard near by rented tents. Carling had written to him, so our two red and white striped tents were already up for us.

"Now," said Carling, beginning to enjoy himself, "the first thing, of course, is to get lunch. Van, you and Heygendorf look around for sticks for the fire. The grub had better be unpacked, and" —

"Don't count Dupont and me in this," said Jones quietly, before he had been told what to do. "We're going to fish. We'll be back by six. Have something ready to eat then; and have it hot, for we shall be no end hungry."

"Oh!" said Carling, watching them as they got their poles ready, "look here, Dupont, you are going to take your little brother along, aren't you?"

"I refuse absolutely to make longer the promenade," said the little brother. He was in the hammock, sucking an orange, and pushing himself with a leg that looked like a dusty pipe stem. "I am tiresome," he added.

"Yes, Alphonse is tired," Dupont said; "he will be well content to rest with you, while I go off to fish with Jones."

Then he and Alphonse clinched. The rest of us stared, and Heygendorf, with great animation, said something joyful about a w-w-w-wrestling match, but it turned out that the two brothers were simply hugging each other for good-by.

Carling recovered his spirits after the fishermen went, and began ordering us about with all his old-time delight. He even got Alphonse to work, unpacking a hamper, but as Heygendorf detected him sticking his grimy thumb and forefinger into everything, we concluded that it would be better to let Alphonse lie in the hammock. When lunch was ready, he got out, seated himself Turk fashion on the ground, and munched steadily until nearly two.

"The woods give one the grand appetite," he said enthusiastically.

"I should think so," said Carling, looking at the empty sandwich plate.

"I eat enormously," Alphonse went on, "after I have made the journey by train and the long promenade. Will you oblige me to hand to me again the one large spoon that I may get yet more of this *delicieuse* strawberry jam?"

Heygendorf hastened to oblige him, but Alphonse was not permitted to get his "more," for Carling hustled the things out of the way in a jiffy.

They were busy until nearly six piling pine boughs in the tents for our beds. Carling thought he would leave the boughs for Jones and Dupont to pile for themselves, but Heygendorf was of the opinion that if we expected Dupont to cook for us, it would be well to treat him decently. Alphonse amused himself climbing trees. He refused absolutely to help drag pine boughs, because he got pitch on his hands, but he climbed tree after tree like a baboon, getting pitch all over himself, and was very indignant when we hinted at the truth.

At about six he called out officiously from the top of an oak :

"It is now time to prepare for the eating of the dinner."

"Well, you get off your perch, then," said Carling, who was getting exasperated, "and come down and build the fire."

"Yes; you're F-F-French and you're p-p-p-polite," said Heygendorf, with a laugh that made Carling furious. "You ought to c-c-cook for us, you know."

"I would cook," said Alphonse, as he slid from the tree with a ripping, tearing noise, "I would cook with plaisir, but all I can do is to toast the marsh-mallow over the gas; there is no marshmallow, there is no gas."

At quarter after six Carling himself, his face as red as an Indian's, was holding the coffee-pot on the end of a stick over the blaze.

"If Dupont and Jones bring back any fish, are you going to ask Dupont to bake them?" Heygendorf asked.

"Wait and see," Carling replied gruffly.

"They come, they come!" shouted Alphonse suddenly, running down the trail to meet them, waving his arms in a windmill motion.

Dupont seemed vexed when he came up to the camp fire with Alphonse.

"It gives me sorrow, Carling, to see that you do not remark well the actions of Alphonse when I am away," he began; "it should not be permitted to him to climb the trees and roll himself in the dust."

"It is bad for the white closes," said Alphonse, exhibiting various pitchy spots. "I am obliged to wear these home again. I have not brought any more of costumes." Then, turning to his brother, he said in an aggrieved way: "They have not only permit me, Victor, to do those ozzer things; they have ask me to drag up trees by the roots; they have demand that I cook!"

"That was a joke, of course," Carling explained, with a great deal of his suavity coming back. "Did you catch any fish? Oh! all those? well, if you could, you know, bake them for us to-night; you know how, don't you?"

"Certainly," said Dupont amicably. "Come with me."

Heygendorf and I were putting out the cups and plates on the grass.

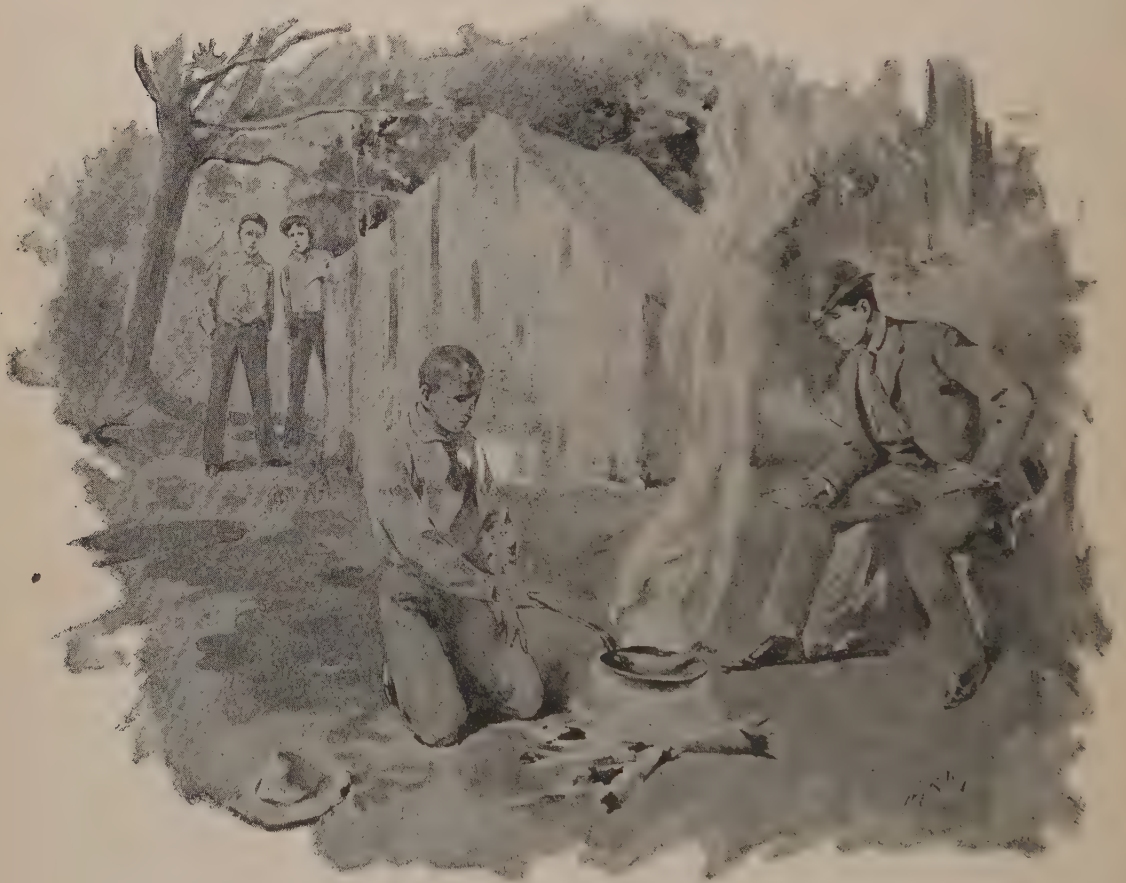
"Dupont is r-r-really going to do the cooking now, isn't he?" Heygendorf whispered to me. Alphonse had followed Dupont and Carling; presently he sauntered up to us to gloat over the pot of jam that had just been set out.

FRENCH LEAVE.

"My good bruzzer is showing to Carling how to make clean the fishes," he said, "but they are the dirty beasts. Carling has demand that he help, but Victor has on the good closes, he cannot make the assistance, but he tells to Carling how to scrape out what is not eaten. *Voilà!* they begin to cook!"

We looked over.

Carling was kneeling before the fire with the fish, while Dupont, cool and calm, was seated on a stump, giving directions in his careful English. Alphonse



CARLING'S LESSON IN COOKERY.

capered toward them, and Heygendorf went over to help, but Dupont told him that the fish would be burned if he helped any more.

"Carling has the precision, and the sure hand, and the level head; before the week is over he will be a cook that is an artist," said Dupont, while Carling looked none too grateful for the high praise.

While we were eating our fish and drinking our coffee, a man came down from the vineyard to bring us our milk, and to tell us that we could go to pick grapes if we would be careful. We built up a roaring camp fire after that and

sat around it telling stories until nearly midnight. Alphonse was in high spirits; he sang a little French song, and declared that he adored to camp.

"R-r-really," said Heygendorf, as usual speaking what he thought, "you're not half so disagreeable as I thought you w-w-were, Alphonse; when I saw you this morning, you know, I thought you would be a p-p-perfect nuisance."

The praise came too early. Half an hour later, Alphonse was disagreeable to the full limit of his powers.

He and Dupont and Jones had one tent; Heygendorf, Carling and I the other. We slept with our clothes on, of course, and when we three in our tent were lying flat, with our blankets drawn snug, we heard an awful rumpus going on in the other tent. Alphonse was screaming with "tear in the eye."

"Lie down and go to sleep," Dupont said in French.

Alphonse screamed all the louder.

"Come now, stop that," said Jones crossly; "go back to your bed."

"I refuse absolutely," Alphonse answered in his best English. "It has never yet been demand of me that I lie myself down, dressed complete, except the hat, in all my closes. And the bed — the bed is compose entire of needles. They stick to me like the stingers of the bee. I shall not lie down myself again. Have you hear? I prefer better to sit thus and make the screams."

"We all have the same beds," Dupont said.

"Those ozzer boys in the ozzer tent, they have make the beds this afternoon, they have take the soft trees for their own beds. I shall go there and make the exchange — the swap," said Alphonse.

We heard him patter across the grass to our tent. Dupont followed promptly.

"Pardon," he said, "but Alphonse, he figures to himself that your beds are softer. I shall be charmed if one of you will exchange."

Alphonse had already punched my bed with his fist and declared that it was much softer than his own, so I got up and let him have it, taking the one he had left. Jones wakened me very early the next morning.

"Van," he said, shaking my shoulder, "Dupont and I are going fishing again. We shall be gone all day. You three fellows must keep your eye on Alphonse."

I was too sleepy to make any objections to Dupont's coolness in leaving us to look after his brother. When Carling woke me a little later, and I told him that Jones had gone off again with Dupont to spend the day, he was very glum.

"It's a low thing to leave us with that youngster; all our fun is spoilt," he said, shaking the empty coffee-pot — Jones and Dupont had been small enough to make just enough for themselves.

"Now you s-s-see, Carling," said Heygendorf, "Dupont is just as sh-sh-sharp as you are yourself; you asked him down to do your cooking, and he's going to let you be the n-n-nurse-girl for that monkey of an Alphonse. That's the way it always is. You think you're going to spring something sharp on a big fellow, and, lo and behold, he's coming something trickier on you every time!"

The woods were uncommonly still, and Heygendorf, after he made this remark, stumbled over the hamper that had the plates and tins in it. There was, consequently, a fine clatter.

"Now then, clumsy," said Carling, "you've got Alphonse awake. I thought if he could snooze a while we might have a little peace."

Alphonse appeared in the tent door before Carling finished speaking.

"Good-morning," he said, bowing and smiling. "I hear the gran' rattle of the plates; it is time to serve the breakfast?"

We told him that it was, that his brother was off on another expedition, and that he had better get ready for his breakfast.

He got his towels and his toothbrush and trotted off to the little spring. When he came back and went into the tent to put his things away, breakfast was ready and we began, expecting that he would come. He emerged from the tent finally, and stood in the doorway looking at us.

"Come on, why don't you?" said Carling.

"One does not approach to the breakfast before one has arranged the hairs!" he answered severely. His long curly hair fluffed out in snarly bushiness several inches from his head.

"Well, arrange your hairs then," said Carling; "you brought a comb, didn't you?"

"Am I the wild boy that I make the visit without the comb?" demanded Alphonse angrily.

"Go on, then, and comb yourself," said Carling.

"It never yet has happened that I use the comb by myself." Alphonse answered. "It is impossible for me, of myself, to arrange the hairs."

"One of us will have to go and comb out that young one's wig," said Carling, looking at me and then at Heygendorf as though it lay between us.

"You ought to do it," said Heygendorf; "he's a relation to the F-F-French cook you invited."

"I invited Dupont," Carling replied with a warning glare at Heygendorf; "but nobody can say I invited Alphonse. We will draw lots."

Heygendorf with his customary bad luck drew the short string and he went off, with a bad grace, to perform the duty.

"Fetch out your old comb and be quick about it," he said to Alphonse; but Alphonse refused absolutely to have his toilet performed in the open woods, so they went into the tent, and shortly Carling and I heard screams that were louder than those that had broken the quiet of the previous midnight. "What else do you expect, Alphonse?" we heard Heygendorf exclaim impatiently. "Every single hair is tied in a s-s-sailor's knot. Stand still, now. I tell you, and just let me jerk the comb through a couple of times more like that, and every tangle will be out. It may hurt a little, but it's the quickest way."

Alphonse refused most absolutely.

"The mode is to take one curl each by each, and make separate the hairs," Alphonse explained. "It is not to treat me like the tail to a horse."

Carling and I congratulated each other that we had not drawn the short string, and concluded that Heygendorf had settled down to an hour's task of combing out the twenty-five tight corkscrew curls "each by each." But in five minutes he came out with a grin on his face that seemed to stretch around and meet behind. Just back of him came Alphonse, also radiant, and shorn of every ringlet, so that his little round head looked the size of a billiard ball.

"Behold!" he cried, "Heygendorf has removed from me the hairs. He has done it with the nail scissor of Victor!"

"I might have made b-b-better work of it with a straight pair of scissors," said Heygendorf, highly pleased. "Alphonse is cut up because we haven't any looking-glass. It seems a little jagged, doesn't it?" he asked, with another chuckle, as he rubbed his hand over the youngster's knobby head.

"You may have to laugh on the other side of your mouth," said Carling. "I dare say your mother liked those curls, didn't she, Alphonse?"

"No; I have told to Heygendorf, maman cares nothing for the curls; it is I who liked them — before I made the visit to the camp," said Alphonse, sipping his coffee. "I now have many souvenirs to give among my friends. Heygendorf shall have the gran' curl that in former times grew from the center of my head, but you ozzers shall all be remembered," he said, smiling at us impartially.

He continued to be very amiable. He put the breakfast things away exactly as Carling told him, and seemed completely changed.

"You might know it was frizzles that ailed him; any boy would be contrary with p-p-pounds of hot, crinkly hair on him," said Heygendorf, as we started to walk up the mountain road to the vineyard a mile distant. We had the perfume of ripened grapes coming to us all along the way, and when at last we climbed the fence we found that the grapes were nearly bursting on the low vines.

Alphonse persuaded Heygendorf to cut off two great bunches of red Tokays, each over a foot long, and weighing nearly four pounds. Putting a bunch on each end of a short redwood cane Carling had made for him, he balanced them over his right shoulder, and then meandered about pretending to sell us grapes. When we left the vineyard Carling tried to make him drop this contrivance, for he knew he would get tired carrying it; but Alphonse refused absolutely.

We stopped at the house of the vineyard owner for our mail. The one letter was for Master Alphonse Dupont. He tore it open and read it eagerly.

"It is from the adorable Claire!" he said.

"Who's Claire?" we asked.

"My sister, my good elder sister; she and my maman are in Santa Cruz. If I am homesick, Victor must send me there to them."

"Well, you are homesick, aren't you?" asked Carling hopefully.

Alphonse did not reply.

FRENCH LEAVE.

"We are in the Santa Cruz mountains," he said thoughtfully; "is it the long promenade to the town of Santa Cruz?"

"Rather; m-m-my goodness!" Heygendorf answered.

The man who owned the vineyard was laughing.

"You're the most curious looking little chap that has camped here in a long time," he said finally.

"Have you the mirror?" asked Alphonse excitedly. "I have the gran' desire to behold myself!"

The man invited Alphonse into the house, and the rest of us walked slowly on. When Alphonse caught up to us he looked very wrathful.

"You have made of me the fright, the scarecrow," he said to Heygendorf. "I demand that you take me to the hairdresser, the barber."

"There isn't any barber," said Carling; "you look a great deal better than you used to. Now come on with us, or go back to the camp."

"I will return myself to the camp. I do not wish to make the laughs for every one," said Alphonse turning about and marching away, with the grapes still balanced over his shoulder.

"One of us ought to go back and stay with him," said Carling as we walked along. But we kept on for half an hour disputing about whose place it was to return and look after Alphonse. We all wheeled about together at last, and lagged back to the camp. We looked in the tents, back of the tents, down by the spring, and then we all said aloud, "Where is Alphonse?"

There were one or two red Tokay grapes near the first tent, so we knew that



ALPHONSE TAKES FRENCH LEAVE.

he must have reached camp; we went down to the road and saw that all along for every two or three feet a red grape had been dropped.

"He has started to walk down the road," said Carling. "We'll go fast and overtake him, and I'd like to trounce him, too, when I catch him."

We walked along the twisting, turning Santa Cruz road expecting every minute to catch up to Alphonse. Every now and then we would see a big red grape, and that would encourage us to keep on. The clay road had dried hard since a recent rain, and Alphonse was not heavy enough to make any footprints. At two o'clock we were tired and hungry — still following the narrow and lonely road, and looking down hundreds and hundreds of feet on redwoods that were only little shrubs in the misty depths. When we were nearly in despair we came across Jones and Dupont. Dupont was frantic — too frantic to upbraid us, which on the whole was lucky. He thought it well to follow the grapes, and Jones said we were geese not to have borrowed horses. We were too far now from any house to go back, so we pushed on, and at four o'clock we came in full sight of the Pacific, far away ahead of us, rough and gray and white, and we knew then that we were not a great distance from Santa Cruz.

"There's a lumberman's wagon ahead," cried Carling, at last. "I can see a little white bundle sitting on the wood; maybe it's Alphonse."

Tired as we were, we ran like foxes. Down grade we went, shouting and calling, full of joy when we heard a well-known pipe exclaiming:

"Voila, mon Victor! I am now on my way to see the adorable Claire."

The woodcutter was good-natured; he took us all aboard, and told us how he had picked up Alphonse a long way back.

"He was capering along by himself, singing a little French song, and balancing those same grapes over his shoulder that he's carrying now. He cocked his head to one side and told me he was going to Santa Cruz to get his ma to take him to the hairdresser, and I thought I'd give him a lift."

We got into Santa Cruz safely at five o'clock, and went to the barber shop where the head of Alphonse was neatly clipped before he made his appearance at the boarding-house where his mother and his adorable Claire were staying.

Then we hurried to the station and caught the train to our camping ground.

When we were squeezed into our section in the narrow gauge, Victor Dupont said to Carling, who had observed, rather grumpily, that he hoped it would never be his luck to have a kid in his camping-party again:

"No, I shall never more bring Alphonse. But we are quits now. You ask me to come to do the cooking. It is not for the pleasure of my company, though you would have me to think so — and I would have been deceived had it not been for Heygendorf here. I accept to your kind invitation, but I bring Alphonse as a little responsibility for you — eh?"

Carling laughed in spite of himself, and Jones roared with delight.

"It was hard l-l-lines for Alphonse," said Heygendorf thoughtfully.

FRENCH LEAVE.

Dupont smiled. "When we get back to our camp," he said, "I shall procure some eggs and make an omelet soufflé that is a dream; but shall we not take the turns with the frying-pan, and the stew-pan, and the toasting-fork?"

"I am sure I am willing," said Carling; and the rest of us agreed.

G. Adams.



A SHADY BACK DOORWAY.



YOUTHFUL ROYALTY.



CHILDREN'S DAY IN OLD ROME.

(B. C. 17.)

CAIUS VALERIUS TAURUS at Rome, unto the Prince Cunobelinus, the son of King Tasciovanus, at Camalodunum in the Island of Britain, greeting :

Ever since our pleasant companionship, my fellow-hostage, in the tents of the Sugambrian, I have remembered my promise to send you, at some convenient season, a description of one of those great happenings that make life in our noble Capital so full of interest and delight.

Through such a happening we have just now been passing, in this very year of the Building of the City, 737, when the imperial Augustus, emperor and priest, has conducted the splendid Secular Games—those three festival-days that celebrate the close of an old “age” and the beginning of a new one.

Now an “age,” or *seculum*, my dear distant islander, as we understand it at Rome, is a period of one hundred and ten years. That is a long time—longer than you or I or any man, indeed, can hope to live, even if he shall escape the dangers of the battle-field or the perils of politics, in one or the other of which occupations no doubt you and I expect, when we are older, to achieve a name. So, you see, no man can hope to witness the opening of two “ages,” nor more than one celebration of these splendid Secular Games.

Not a boy or girl of us in Rome, therefore, but knew what was the meaning

CHILDREN'S DAY IN OLD ROME.

of this festival, which no man could see twice. We had been told how the founders of the Republic, ages ago, had, out of praise to the gods for blessings received and for protection granted, decreed that at the completion of each *seculum*, Rome should solemnize the event by joyful thanksgiving, by sacrifices to the gods and by a splendid display.

Four of these "age holidays," or Secular Games, have already been celebrated at Rome, and now, in this Year of the City, 737* — for thus, from the building of our city by our father Romulus, do we reckon time — had come the season for the fifth celebration.

Of our mighty Emperor, Caius Octavius, called by us Augustus, I have already told you, and how he was the nephew and successor of the immortal Julius — that Cæsar who conquered the world and made Rome's name forever invincible. And Augustus, too, has done wonderful things for Rome. Old men say that he found the city brick and will leave it marble. So you may be sure that whatever he does he does splendidly. And you may also feel certain that if the Secular Games were to be celebrated in the days of Augustus, the great festival would be splendidly observed.

And so it proved, as I hope to show you. For weeks before the time — the opening days of this month of June — all Rome has been on tiptoe. And, as the third day of June drew near, not a girl or boy whose home was in our great city but was alive to the especial importance of that day; for the third of June was, in the splendid festival, to be Children's Day.

It was the top and crown of the whole pageant. Already for two days had the great celebration been going on. I cannot hope to tell you of all the things that were done, and of all the sights we saw. No scroll would be large enough, no stylus lasting enough for me to write them all down. But, suffice it to say, that from midnight on the thirty-first of May there had been a constant succession of marvelous goings on. There had been ceremonies and processions, bonfires and illuminations, choruses and games, altar-building and statue-raising, laughter, song and praise.

Each day and night had been set apart as sacred to some one of the immortal gods to whom the Romans pray, and whose shrines and statues we alike reverence and adorn. Thus had we done honor to the three Fates who govern the lives of men: to Jupiter, greatest of all the gods; to the divine daughters of Juno, the patronesses and guardians of womanly strength and beauty; to Juno herself, the splendid "queen of heaven"; to the Earth, the mother of all things; and to Apollo and Diana, the brother and sister deities — the one, the god of the sun and the day, the other the goddess of the moon and the night.

It was to this brother and sister — to Apollo and Diana — that our especial festival, Children's Day, the third of June, was sacred; and (so we were told by our fathers and mothers, and by our tutors and teachers) because upon the children

* This date corresponds in modern chronology with the year 17 B. C.

CHILDREN'S DAY IN OLD ROME.

of Rome must depend, when they shall have grown to manhood and womanhood, the future of Rome itself, its greatness and its glory, the celebration of Children's Day was deemed by our priests and rulers the most important, the most glorious and the most impressive of the three days' festival.

We were up early enough that bright June morning, in our big house on the Palatine Hill, I can assure you; and so was every other boy and girl in Rome. The light breakfast of grapes and bread was eaten more hastily than usual, and



"IT WAS TO THIS BROTHER AND SISTER — TO APOLLO AND DIANA — THAT CHILDREN'S DAY WAS SACRED."

speedily all Rome was in the streets. Boys and girls, men and women, citizens and countrymen were all hurrying off to get the best positions from which to see the great procession. From all directions they came; from the palaces on the Palatine and the wretched hovels in the over-crowded Suburra — that dreadful "poor quarter" of the city; from the homes of the tradespeople near to the Cælian Hill; from the long street of houses near the city gate, and from the scattered villas and farmhouses "beyond the walls." They thronged all the space that lay between the Hill of the Capitol and the Temple of Apollo on the Palatine Hill; they pushed and elbowed for place in the swaying crowds that thronged the Sacred Street and the Street of Apollo, along which the procession was to pass; they looked down from the windows and porticoes of the great houses along the route; they swarmed up the awning posts from which the gay-striped.

CHILDREN'S DAY IN OLD ROME.

awnings had been rolled back ; they even clambered to the overhanging roofs ; they filled the way everywhere with life and noise and color, waiting and watching for the splendid procession that was soon to move before them.

But in all this waiting and watching, this clambering and swarming, this elbowing and crowding, I, my dear prince, did not have a part. For I was to be in the procession ! Do you, then, even though you may be a king's son and a noble Briton, climb up here on this marble colonnade of the Temple of Victory — I know that you can climb, for was not I with you in the forests of the Rhine ? — and watch the procession until you see me pass by.

The Temple of Victory, to the top of whose colonnade I wish you to climb, is in the broad Area of Apollo on the Palatine Hill. Within this area, too, stands the Temple of Apollo, the most magnificent building in magnificent Rome.



OCTAVIUS AUGUSTUS, EMPEROR OF ROME.

Down to it runs the Street of Apollo, from which, beneath the marble arch, you turn to the left, into the Sacred Street and toward the Capitol.

It is from the Capitol that I am coming. Watch for me.

You must bear in mind, my dearest of barbaric boys, that this festival of the Secular Games is a festival of gratitude for the prosperity of Rome through the "age" which has just closed. As such, it calls for the very best Rome has to show. So, in this procession, whose distant trumpet-notes you can even now hear from your outlook upon the Temple of Victory, Rome will show you the representatives of her highest rank and her purest blood, including your humble servant, Caius Valerius Taurus, the son of Marcus Valerius Taurus, the senator.

Hark ! do you hear it — the ta-ra, ta-ra-ta ? It is the loud blast of the trumpets announcing the approach of the pageant as it comes slowly down the Sacred Street.

Now it is within sight from your perch as it swings around into the Street of Apollo and passes under the noble arch, upon which stand the beautiful figures of Apollo and Diana, carved from a single block of the whitest marble.

Let me, even though I am supposed to be in the procession, stand here at your elbow, and point out to you who are those that come along as the great show rolls down Apollo Street.

CHILDREN'S DAY IN OLD ROME.

An "urban cohort," or squad of city police, led on by its captains or prefects, marches ahead to clear the way; and, following, walk the public trumpeters signaling the advance; then comes a company of mounted prætorian guards (the Emperor's especial soldiers), resplendent in brilliant uniform, their spear-tips glistening in the bright June sunlight. Following them march the bearers of the standards and the sacred images; and then — look, O, prince! look well at him who now comes slowly on — then comes, surrounded by his guards, but walking alone, as befits the sole representative of the majesty of our state and the sanctity of our religion, the first man in all the Empire, Octavius Augustus, Emperor of Rome.

To-day, however, it is not as emperor, but as Pontifex Maximus, "the chief of the priests," that Augustus walks in the holiday procession. For this first of our emperors is not only the head of the State, but of the Church as well. He is the supreme head of the four great religious orders, or "colleges," of Rome, and settles just what we may or may not believe, if we are to be held as loyal and pious Romans.

Look long, my fellow-hostage, at this noble man, Augustus, pontiff and emperor. I have so often told you of him that now I wish you to see and study his splendid figure. For he is our greatest Roman — this man of forty-five — the avenger of his mighty uncle, the ender of the Republic, the beginner of the Empire, the chief and central figure in the Roman world. Now, at the altar of Apollo, there, just beyond you, he pauses to offer up the sacrifice — the cakes of flour and cheese prepared for this especial ceremony — and you can hear him as he pronounces this supplication:

"O, Apollo! to whom I have offered a sacrifice, hear me! Increase, I entreat you, the power and majesty of the Roman people; protect forever the Latin name; give to the Roman people freedom from all evil; give to them victory and health. Be merciful and benevolent to the Roman people and their legions, to the sacred colleges, to myself, to my house and family."

And now the emperor-priest moves away from the altar, and the illustrious throng that follows after him is again in motion. Here pass beneath you the greatest and noblest in Rome. See! there are the two consuls for the year 737, Gaius Furnius and Junius Silanus, next to the emperor the chief officers of the state. And here walk the senators of Rome, six hundred of her best and



THE VESTAL VIRGINS.

"The guardians of the sacred fire that must never go out."





THE CHILDREN'S DAY PAGEANT AT ROME.

"Twice up and down the Sacred Street has moved our beautiful procession."

CHILDREN'S DAY IN OLD ROME.

most illustrious men ; then comes the long line of priests belonging to the four "sacred colleges," and at their head the president of the college, Marcus Vipranus Agrippa, schoolmate, friend and son-in-law of the emperor. After the priests come those seven holy maidens of whom I once told you — the famous Vestal Virgins, guardians of the sacred fire that must never go out. And following the vestals come our mothers (mine is there among them, as was my father among the senators); you can count them as they move slowly along, one hundred and ten of the best and highest born of the matrons of Rome — one for



"HAIL, DIANA!"

"Before the statue of Diana, the girls have danced and sung."

each year in the "age" celebrated. And now, following the mothers — do you not hear us singing? — here we come, the children of Rome, the life and joy and flower of this splendid Children's Day procession.

Do I boast, my prince? Of course I do, for I hold it a fine, an illustrious thing to be a boy of Rome in this year of the Building of the City, 737, and one of the fifty-four selected children set apart for this festival parade.

At our head walks one of the most celebrated of the world's famous poets and singers, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, whom all Rome knows by the more

popular name, "the poet Horace." And after him we come—two, three and four abreast, twenty-seven boys and twenty-seven girls, the sons and daughters of Rome's noblest patrician families. Do you see me; my prince? Look! There am I, walking proudly on, with Marcellus, nephew of the emperor upon one side, and upon the other Livia, the daughter of Mæcenas the minister.

Are we not all proud young patriots? And why should we not be? Clad in snow-white tunics, crowned with flowers and waving our laurel branches we have walked in just this joyous fashion through the Sacred Street and down the Street of Apollo, keeping constant measure to the song of victory and praise and supplication which was written for us especially, and for this particular occasion by him who leads us on — the great Horace, "our poet."

All along the route from the Capitol to the Palatine have we sung this beautiful processional, of which we know every word by heart, even though it does have seventy-six verses!

Listen, my prince; here are some of the words you can, perhaps, make out as we walk beneath your perch, singing out loud and clear to the accompaniment of the trumpeters and musicians from the great temple:

Hail, Apollo! sheathe thy arrows; be thou gentle,
kind and free;

O, thou glorious! O, thou just one! hear the boys
who pray to thee.

Hail, Diana! queen of heaven, wearer of the
crescent flame!

Sovereign lady, kind and gracious, hear the girls
who call thy name.

We are Romans! All men fear us, Mede and
Scythian, Goth and Gaul;

Where our eagles fly, we conquer; Rome is ruler
over all.

We are Romans! may we never fail our love to-
ward thee to show;

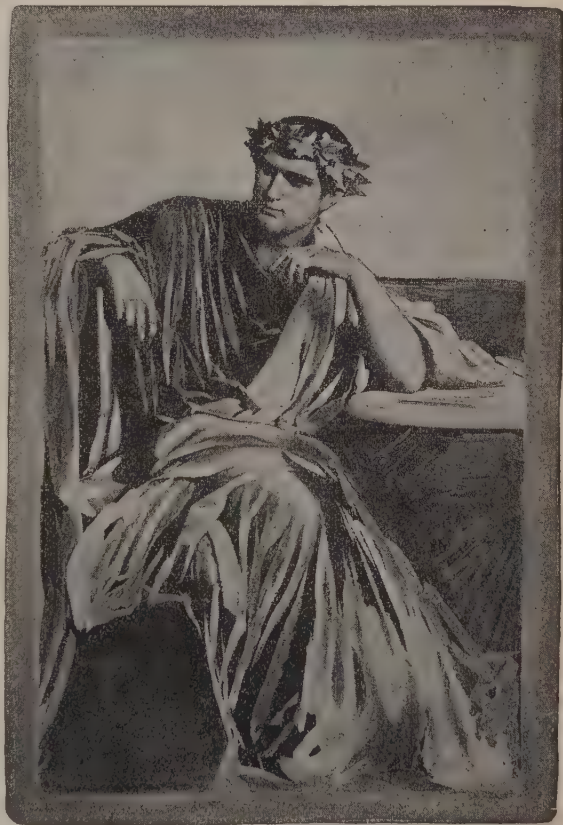
Ever be in war victorious, lenient to the prostrate
foe.

O, ye gods, who made Rome mighty! grant to us,
thy girls and boys,

Helpful youth, an age of quiet, health and wealth and countless joys.

Grant that faith and peace and honor, virtue, love and truth adorn

All our lives; while gracious Plenty bears for us the o'erflowing horn.



"THE POET HORACE."

There! is not that a grand hymn? Can you send me anything finer from among your forests and fogs of distant Britain? And these verses are only a

part of it all. And, even though I say it, was ever a fitting chorus more fittingly rendered?

Twice up and down the Sacred Street has moved our beautiful procession — priests and vestals, consuls and senators, noble mothers, boys and girls, and the great emperor. Up and down from Capitol to Temple we walk and sing. At the shrine of Apollo we have cast down our choicest flowers until the white marble almost turns red with our fluttering rose leaves. Before the statue of Diana the girls have danced and sung. Then the music swells and falls, pulsing in sweetest strains upon the warm June air; the clear voices of our chorus of fifty-four strong young singers, must, I know, sound beautifully to you, perched up there on your column, as our song dies away in the distance. The last glitter of the prætorian spears that guard the rear of the procession disappears around the turn, where the Street of Apollo opens into the Sacred Street; the last sacrifice is made; the last supplication is offered; the watching throngs of people disperse to their homes, and the Secular Games of the year 737 are over. For to-morrow begins “a new age.”

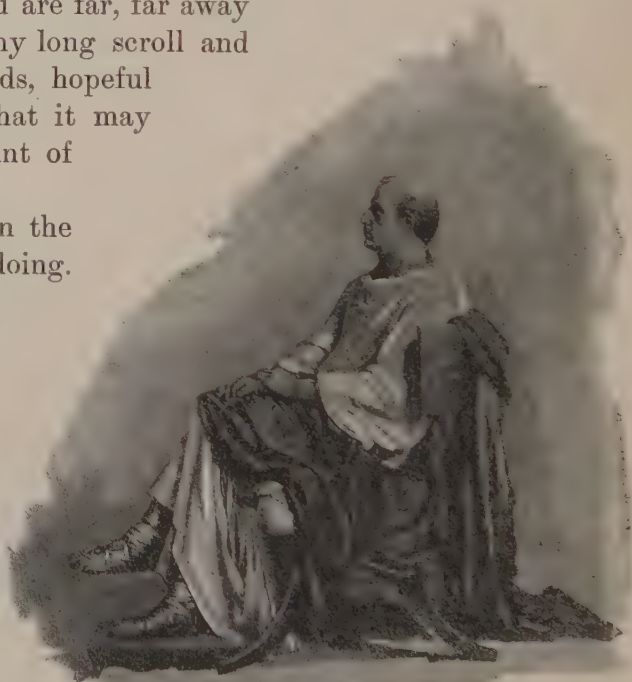
Come down from your column, my prince, and go home to dinner with me, to our boisterous house upon the Palatine Hill.

Ah! I forget; you cannot. You are far, far away in distant Britain. So I roll up my long scroll and send it on to you by trusty hands, hopeful that it may find you; hopeful that it may not tire you with its long account of our great and glorious day.

But if it does not tire you in the telling, it did truly tire us in the doing.

But what did we care? We were a part of the great show, and every single one of those fifty-four patrician boys and girls returned to their homes — tired out, I am free to admit, but oh! so satisfied. And for years after we shall, I doubt not, sing, even perhaps for our children and grandchildren, the noblest stanzas of that noble processional which the great Horace wrote for us when, with gar-

lands and with flowers, with waving laurels and with joyous voices we kept the glorious festival of Children's Day in that golden time when Augustus emperor.



MÆCENAS, SENATOR AND MINISTER.

THE PEDDLER-MAN.

Farewell, my prince. May we — some time, somewhere, in battle or in friendship — meet once again for the kind words that, whatever shall come to us, live always in our hearts. So prays your friend and once your fellow-hostage, Caius Valerius Taurus at his home in Rome.

Elbridge S. Brooks.



THE END OF THE PROCESSION.

THE PEDDLER-MAN.

BIG Ira Bran
Was a peddler-man,
Who cabbages cried,
From Beersheba to Dan.
“Cabbages crisp, and curled and green !”
He cried at the kitchen door of the Queen.

The Queen came out,
For she liked sauer kraut,
To find what the noise
Was all about.
The Queen came out, and she tossed her head ;
“ ’Tis lettuce you have,” at last she said,
“ And you yourself are the ‘ cabbage-head ’ ! ”

Big Ira Bran
Was a sorrowful man,
As he went to Beersheba
Back from Dan.

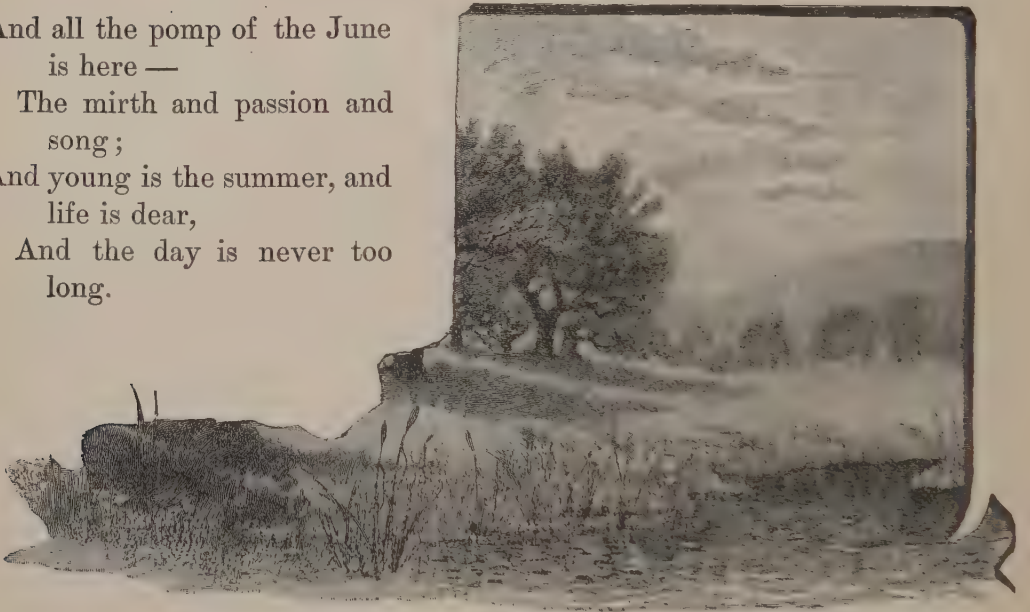
Cora Stuart Wheeler.

IN JUNE.

THE birds come back to their last year's nest;
And the wild-rose nods in the lane;
And gold in the east, and red in the west,
The sun bestirs him again.

The thief-bee rifles the jasmine flower;
And the breezes softly sigh
For the Columbine in my Lady's bower!
And then at her feet they die.

And all the pomp of the June
is here —
The mirth and passion and
song;
And young is the summer, and
life is dear,
And the day is never too
long.



Ah! birds come back to their last year's nest,
And the wild-rose laughs in the lane;
But I turn to the east, and I turn to the west —
She never will come again.

Louise Chandler Moulton.



THE BALLAD-BOOK.

A BOY EDITOR AND HOW HE RUNS THE SUNNY HOUR.



"THE MEDJIDIEH."*

WHEN I was twelve years old I thought I would like to start a paper myself, for I wanted to make some money for a special object. It was to buy shoes for the bare-footed children who just make your heart ache in the New York streets.

I laid my plans and thought them out in playtime and at night, when I suppose I ought to have been asleep: and I made a dummy — several of them — before I got one that I thought would do. A dummy means to make up out of brown paper just what you intend your paper shall be in size and form; and then you mark out your columns, the heading, and the space you intend to give up to advertising. So when the dummy suited me I asked my parents to listen to my plan. I first asked an old friend, who was a printer, for an estimate on the price for one thousand copies.

Now I've got funny parents. They always let me do just what I want to, provided they see no objection; and they said I might try, if I would agree to do all the work myself, not to ask either of them to give me money, and to carry on the paper one solid year. I said I would if they would agree that if the public did not support it I might drop it. They said yes, and we all agreed. The next day was Saturday, and I took ten cents for my car fare and started.

I chose the name of the *Sunny Hour*, and I intended to have it six by nine inches, four pages, and set in brevier and long primer — one page for advertisements. I went to some friends in business to canvass for ads; and I got so many promised that I had to enlarge the paper to nine by twelve inches, and make it eight pages. When I had canvassed for ads, I went to my lady friends for subscriptions. One lady, with much faith, subscribed for four years.

Two entire Saturdays and two weeks of afternoon work, after school, gave me enough to pay for my first issue, including postage on one thousand copies, and leave me six dollars and twenty-five cents net profit. This sum I lost, after collecting it, coming home on the Sixth Avenue L. I must confess that I cried about it, and a lady friend came in a day or two after, and said she had found my lost money on the Hoboken ferry. It was over a year before I happened to think how strange it was that the six dollars and twenty-five cents I lost on the L became six dollars and fifty cents when she found it on the Hoboken ferry; but I guess she got paid up, for I wrote a poem for her when she went to Europe, and she had to read it!

* Order conferred on the Boy Editor by the late Khedive of Egypt "for humanitarian efforts."

A BOY EDITOR AND HOW HE RUNS THE SUNNY HOUR.

When my first issue came out, I went around in stores and homes and everywhere, and canvassed for the *Sunny Hour*, and I took an armful and carried one to every one of the New York dailies and they took it up, and the next day when I came home from school I found half a dozen reporters. I was nearly frightened to death. They asked me questions about politics and city government and Sunday newspapers, and my ideas on journalism in this country and abroad until I had a headache and was ready to cry ; but they finally left me in peace, but not, it seems to me, until every newspaper in the city had something kind and encouraging to say about the *Sunny Hour*. My printer friend told me that it was the custom to send a copy of a new paper to every old one. He is dead now, and I am very sorry.

The second number had to be enlarged to twelve pages and made an inch longer and wider, and I got out ten thousand copies, for it was at the time of the Centennial Celebration of 1889. I got lots of ads on the promise to get out that number of copies ; but just as it was well on the way I had a bone felon on the writing finger of my right hand, and I had an awful time to do my suffering and enlarge the paper and get it out on time. I was afraid I should get left about new subscribers, but there was a large Centennial fair, and I was given a stand ; and with my right arm done up in a sling I laid the foundations of a solid subscription list that continues and grows constantly.

I should have said before that as soon as I found that I could get ads enough, I went up to Ella Wheeler Wilcox and asked her if she would not write a poem ; and she said, " Of course I will," and did, and has done so often since. Olive Harper also wrote me an original poem, and Mary E. Bryan wrote a story. I had, some time before, written a long story called " The Wave Factory," and this I used as a serial. I also wrote several other things : " Home Magic," " How to Form a Cabinet of Curiosities," " Insects at Home," and my editorials to speak of the object of the paper — that, of course, was the Barefoot Fund. There was a funny column and some maxims. I say all this to show that, from the beginning till now, the *Sunny Hour* has been almost every word original.

About this time I received a nice letter from the Queen of England, and that made me think of getting my list of patrons and of establishing my paper abroad. It never came into my mind that I could fail, and I sent the *Sunny Hour* everywhere, and soon got letters from the most renowned and greatest people in the world and their photographs ; and I have, I think, the largest collection of signed pictures of notables in this country. They all seemed to catch right on to it, and the foreign papers and South American papers talked. I didn't miss a country I could find in my geography, and I got the rulers' names and sent papers to them ; and I watched the English and French newspapers, and when I saw anything about a prominent person I sent a *Sunny Hour*, and now I get exchange papers from everywhere.

These great persons seemed to take pleasure in helping it along, and the

A BOY EDITOR AND HOW HE RUNS THE SUNNY HOUR.

Queen of Roumania wrote two beautiful poems. Sir Edwin Arnold wrote two for me, one long and one short, and nearly all the great authors abroad have sent stories, sketches or poems; and that would cause others to write; and I think I can say without vanity that the little *Sunny Hour* has had the most remarkable list of writers that have ever been gathered into any one publication—and they all wrote free, too.

Osman Pasha wrote a poem and his side of the famous siege of Plevna, which had never before been published, and it ran through seven or eight numbers. The Prince of Montenegro wrote a poem in his own handwriting. Prince Albert wrote a story called "The White Squall." The President of the United States of Colombia wrote a fine poem for last New Year. Madame Adam, Sully Prudhomme, Jules Simon, Pierre Loti, Hon. Justin McCarthy, and others of equal position have written stories, etc., and even some Japanese high officials have written for it.

The Queens of England, Spain, Greece and Roumania have all written letters giving permission to put their names in the list of patrons, and so have the late Khedive of Egypt, several princes, all the Bonapartes, the presidents of Colombia, Venezuela, Bolivia and Brazil, and all the prime ministers and high functionaries; and I have resident agents in Alexandria, Athens, Constantinople, Bucharest, Paris and London, and they send me subscribers and advertisements; and I have subscribers in Norway, British India, Argentine Republic, Honolulu, Alaska, Scotland and many other far-off places; but the most are in this country.

Speaking of advertisements reminds me to say a word about what has been the hardest and most disagreeable part of my work, and that is canvassing for ads. I have stood at doors half an hour, sometimes, before I could find courage to go inside and tackle the advertising manager. Some nearly snap your head off. Some say "Get out;" and some try to be "smart" and make fun of a boy to show off before the others; and others just look at you and turn back to their writing without a word; and if you wait, thinking that later they will speak when they have finished a letter, you may wait all day, for they don't pay any further attention. I wish there was a school where some business men could be sent to learn to be civil. I would pay for lessons for a few of them.

When the paper was about eight months old the work got so heavy for me — what with my school, what with planning and scheming all the time, and often lying awake half the night thinking how to push the circulation and pay expenses, and still keep money on hand to pay for mending or buying shoes for my bare-foots — that I had to look for an advertising agent. The very first one skipped out with all the money for three months' advertising which he collected, and I never got a cent; the second wasn't much better, and it has been a terrible job to get some one who is both capable and honest; but I feel satisfied that I have one now. It is a lady.

I have to have help in the subscription department and mailing. The second

A BOY EDITOR AND HOW HE RUNS THE SUNNY HOUR.

year I doubled the size and added a cover, making twenty pages, and the Christmas edition before last had thirty-six pages, and I raised the price to one dollar a year.

Our best and favorite American authors almost all write for the paper regularly, and I have set apart a place so that children can have a chance to show

what they can do in writing stories and poems, and always shall have a place for them; and between the foreign writers and our best authors and the children's stories, we get a variety, so that everybody is pleased.

I find that some people think that I give too much place to foreign things and think I admire kings and queens more than American boys ought; but I wrote first to the President and our own great men and women, and they took no notice, and then when the kings and queens begun they thought it must be something, and then they were willing—and I wasn't! But to show that I haven't been and am not set up by it, I had a newsboy's story in the same issue with the Prince of Montenegro's poem, and a five-year-old American boy's little story filled out the page that held Sir



TELLO J. D'APÉRY.
(Editor of the *Sunny Hour*.)

Edwin Arnold's poem. I have tried to get as good a variety of matter as I could, considering that I could not afford to pay for it.

I found that illustrations help a paper, and with the second issue I began to illustrate the *Sunny Hour*. Some cuts were lent already made, but all the photographs I have done myself, and nearly all the others. Now a fine artist in Paris sends me a handsome picture every three months, drawn expressly for this paper, and it pays better to have good than poor pictures.

All this seems easy to do, but I would not advise any boy to try it unless he is in the best of health, which I am not; and willing to give up all play,

A BOY EDITOR AND HOW HE RUNS THE SUNNY HOUR.

except just barely enough for exercise; to write a stack of forty or fifty letters a day; to read all the MSS. that come in, most of them very hard to read, in pencil, on both sides of the sheet, and without punctuation or capital letters. I repeat, a boy must leave his play and work. He must learn to "make up," to read proof, give all the advertisers "upper left-hand corner next reading matter," see that everybody's name is spelled right, and get abused if this is left out or that put in. And the advice! I don't know what would become of me or the paper if I took half of it. I used to try, but now I simply ticket it and put it aside until I shall be old enough to give it to the young folks. One gentleman told me that I "set every rule of journalism at defiance," and I suppose I do. for the *Sunny Hour* is just booming, out of debt, and with every prospect of a long life, while some that I have seen often have died because they were too perfect. As long as boys and girls like it, their parents approve of it, and newspapers have filled five large scrap books with kind words in every language. I think I had better keep the *Sunny Hour* about as it is; only, of course, I shall try to make it as bright and good as I can, and improve it, too.

The *Sunny Hour* is now in its fourth year, and is going on very well: but I don't think myself, honestly, that it is worth the wear and tear on a young boy just for the sake of publishing a paper. I can't tell how many times my hair stands on end when I think of bills. I have paid out as high as eight hundred and fifty dollars for one issue, aside from postage or illustrations, addressing and folding, etc., and that is dangerously near one thousand dollars, and a big sum, when you remember that less than four years ago I started with a paper dummy and ten cents. My other expenses are very low, as my parents give me rent free.

I must say a few more words as to my motive in publishing the *Sunny Hour*. In New York are thousands of barefooted children, and I publish this paper to buy shoes and stockings for them, and to have others mended that people send. I have, up to now, got and given about thirty-eight hundred pairs, besides clothes and many other things. I am careful about giving to unworthy persons. My ambition was and is, to found a permanent Barefoot Mission in New York, and I want to get auxiliary ones in all the cities in the world. The paper was to be the means to do it. Now there are six other such Missions; one in Newark, one in Jersey City, one in Mattoon, Ill., one in St. Paul, Minn., one in London, and one is now forming in Paris, France — all *Sunny Hours*.

One thing I must say. I think it helps a boy greatly in his education to run a paper, for it makes you realize what the practical use is of the things you have to study — geography, arithmetic, grammar, history, and French and Greek. Sir Edwin Arnold told me that Greek and Latin were the most necessary languages to learn; but I find nothing comes amiss, and you also pick up a lot from the newspapers and magazines.

If I have made a success of the *Sunny Hour*, it has been due to two things

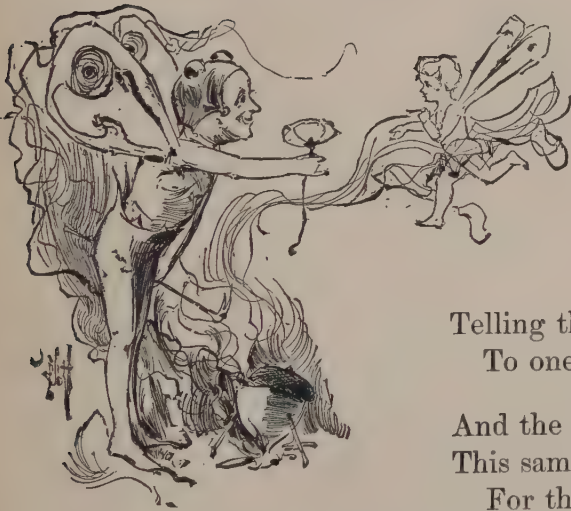
A WOODLAND CUSTOM.

more than any others. First, I was working for others, and so put more heart into it, and second, I think I have a sort of ability to plan and scheme about ways to push the paper, and, at the same time, keep a tight hold on the finances. I don't think much of myself as a writer. My expectation is to be a naturalist, and I shall begin at that in June; but I shall also keep up the *Sunny Hour* until the Barefoot Mission is firmly established, and then I shall turn it over to a board, and look out for myself. I don't draw any salary, but put all the money into the fund.

Now, one last word. The *Sunny Hour* costs one dollar a year, and is published at 18 West 14th Street, New York. I don't suppose the editors of *WIDE AWAKE* will leave this in, but it is business!

Tello J. d'Apery.

A WOODLAND CUSTOM.



“SUMMER is here, she has
come to-day,”

I hear in the deep wood a brown
thrush say

“And how do you know?” pipes
the wren.

“Oh! I heard the elf-queen’s mes-
senger small

Telling the news from a fern spray tall,
To one of our little wood men.”

And the first June morning every year,
This same small fairy comes flitting here,
For the good queen always sends

Congratulations, kind wishes, too,
Now earth is so rosy and skies so blue,
To the wood folk, her dear, dear friends.

Then a merry speech the wood man makes
While only the brook the silence breaks;
And the queen’s health at its close
They drink in the first of the morning’s dew
The glad June elves have had time to brew
From the cup of the first June rose.

Susan Hartley.

BILL FASSET AND HIS LAST MOOSE.



AM going to tell you how Bill Fasset killed his last moose, and I do not believe that any one, no matter who he might be, ever killed a moose in the same way. But first, who is Bill Fasset? Bill is an Englishman, and when seven years old, longing for adventure and disgruntled with his home, he ran away and left his father and mother, neither of whom he has ever seen since. I will pass over Bill's life, full of interest as it is, until the time when he reached Montreal. From there he went to Quebec, and then joined some settlers who were going into the woods to live. These settlers crossed the St. Lawrence and turned their way toward the State of Maine. Bill was one of the most daring of the party, and when they settled down and built houses,

he moved on, and, wandering alone, hunting and fishing, became a true denizen of the woods.

When, according to the treaty of 1842, the United States and England caused the boundary line between Canada and Maine to be cut, Bill was employed as one of the head men. One day while working on the boundary, Bill found, near the junction of two rivers, a spot of land which exactly suited his fancy, and he made a vow that some day he would live there. Finally, after many more strange adventures, after wandering almost everywhere in the United States, about fifteen years ago Bill obtained the position of "camp-watcher" near his "stamping-ground," as he calls that favorite spot. So he moved there, and lives there now alone and unaided. All he has to do as "camp-watcher," is to see that no one steals the provisions stored in the supply camps of the lumbermen. The position is nominal, so "Mr. Bill," as many call him, has his time at his own disposal, especially in winter when his camps are full of men and no "camp-watcher" is needed. I could tell you much more about Bill and his hunting, but what I am going to tell you about now is his last moose. He killed this one in winter when the crust was thick, for that is the time when he does most of his shooting. It was the biggest and fiercest moose Bill ever killed, and he has killed a great many.

The day was cold and the sky was clouded over with a thick gray mist which

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threatened every moment to burst into snow, but which all day only hovered and lowered up and down. Bill had an errand to do some miles away, and hesitated some time before starting out. Finally, summoning his courage, he buckled on his big coat, strapped on his snowshoes, put his tomahawk in his belt, his rifle on his shoulder, and away he went, six miles an hour. About four o'clock in the afternoon he started for home. It was already dark, and the mist had sunk to earth and so it was "darker 'n tar," as Bill said.

"Well, sirs," — I will let Bill tell his own tale — "well, sirs, I was a-boomin' along, follerin' me own trail, when all on a sudden I seed straight ahead o' me th'



"I WAS ON TH' GROUND WITH MR. MOOSE A-SNORTIN' IN ME FACE."

biggest-lookin' critter ye ever seed, or me n'uther. I could a-just make out as he was a moose. He didna see me, so I hoisted me gun and fired. Lands o' goodness, boys, how he did jump! He whirled right around, got his eye on me, an' afore I knewed as what he was a-goin' te do, I was on th' ground flat on me back, with Mr. Moose a-snortin' an' a-blowin' in me face. With me big snowshoes on I couldna do nothin'; them's th' ones over yere; hain't worn 'em since. 'Well,' says I te mesel', 'Bill, ye's done fur naow.' The old moose, he didna know what te do, no more 'n me. How long as we would ha' staid yere, I dona

BILL FASSET AND HIS LAST MOOSE.

know, but in twistin' around I felt me tomahawk; I made a pull at it an' yanked it out. I put it up as high as I could, an' struck at th' old un. I took a piece as big as yer hand out o' his fore thigh; he gave a yell an' sprang aside. Up I hopped as best I could with them snowshoes on, but afore I was on me feet he was at me ag'in an' I was down ag'in. I once more jabbed at 'im, an' this time I hit 'im in th' chest. Afore he could recover I was up on me feet an' a-raisin' me rifle; I never got it up, sir. Away I went, sir, up in th' air an' landed all in a heap flat on me face, boys, an' that, too, several inches deep into the crust. Mr. Moose was on top o' me ag'in, but he was madder 'this time, an' he was a-tryin' to bite me. Now, I never heard tell o' a moose bitin' afore, but sure as ye're born, he was a-tryin' to bite me. Ye look as if ye dona believe me; ye needn't if ye dona want te. I never aix no man te believe me, but I was a-tellin' o' th' truth. He couldna bite me coat much, but soon he got up te me neck; terrible disagreeable that! Well, sir, just then, thank 'im, he stepped on me right snowshoe an' busted it—ye see where. That freed me, an' I began a-strugglin' an' a-kickin', an' somehow or rather I got turned over. Then we began it. I was a-slashin' round an' a-kickin' round; the old moose he was a-bitin' round, an' a-stampin' an' a-stampin', an' a-fightin' an' a-tryin' te get his horns under me. At last I dug me tomahawk into his head, an' that knocked 'im over. Well then, boys, I was up an' he was down; then I put me tomahawk right through his skull, an' he lay dead, deader 'n a boundary post. It was terrible dark naow, an' I was pretty well scarred, one snowshoe an' me rifle broke, too. Well, I started, an' I hadna gone more 'n twenty rods but I had te turn round an' see if Mr. Moose was straight dead, fur I was afraid he might be after me ag'in. He was dead an' stiff, sir, as if he'd been yere a week. Next mornin' I went back te get 'im, an' he was yere, sirs, th' biggest one I ever seed. Boys, I never missed a shot in me life," and then Bill's dirty face would kindle into a smile, and his blue eyes roll round as they twinkled, "an' I never fired at a moose but I hit 'im; but somehow I never found th' bullet that I fired at that moose, nor th' spot where it went in, an' I hunted all day for it." Again his old face would grow calm, and shadows of contentment pass over it. "I was terrible scarred, but th' last moose I killed, I killed with that tomahawk."

Samuel Wells, Jr.





A DAY ON BOSTON COMMON.

HOW JACK SAILED WITH LEIF ERICSSON.



THE CLOSED BANK.

"JACK HARDING has come back!" announced Sid Garrett, bursting into the gymnasium where Dick Conway and Allan Stedman were practicing on the horizontal bar. Dick, whose heels at that moment were in a critical position, floundered down the wrong side of the bar, and without trying to pick himself up, lay on the mattress beneath with a prolonged whistle of astonishment.

"How do you know — who said so?" queried Allan.

"I saw him just now crossing the yard from the dormitories."

"They say the failure of the Peveril Bank is the most disgraceful affair that has been known for years. If my father had 'borrowed' money

to the tune of half a million, without means or intention of paying it back, I'd go West, or I'd hang myself, before showing up round here," said Dick decidedly.

"It's every one for himself nowadays if one wants to get rich. Competition is too sharp for a fellow to be squeamish about the means," pronounced Allan. "The law says that a director of a bank may borrow ten per cent. of the capital. No limit is set. If ten per cent., why not fifty or a hundred? The president of the Peveril Bank was smart enough to take advantage of a clumsy statute. The Comptroller of the Currency at Washington says that no law was broken."

"The law be hanged!" retorted Dick. "Mr. Harding helped himself with both hands to money that did not belong to him. Not the Comptroller nor any one else can whitewash that fact."

"Mr. Harding is dead, and it wasn't Jack's fault, any way," pleaded Sid.

"Do you think he is going to try for the scholarship?" queried Allan.

"What chance has he with a month's lessons to make up, and the examinations coming on to-morrow?" returned Dick.

"He may have been studying at home," suggested Sid. "Jack's a tremendous dig when he chooses. The Woolsey scholarship pays a fellow's expenses through college, and it's now Jack's one desperate chance of going. There's the five minute bell. Let's cut into the room, so as to give him a clear field."

"Have you really decided to go back?" asked Mrs. Harding.

Jack was standing at the window. It was the last day he could look out upon the broad, sunny avenue and upon the statue of Leif Ericsson, towering

HOW JACK SAILED WITH LEIF ERICSSON.

yonder through the trees of the park. Only it had never been a statue to Jack. The alert figure, standing with eager, straining eyes, as upon the quarter-deck of his ship high above the dragon's prow, promised a glorious something that Jack Harding, even in his babyhood, had felt and been clamorous to share. The attainment of that to which no man had ever before aspired, but which lay in his own lofty vision of the future, a hand that, through unknown seas, remained unswervingly at the helm, and a heart that never faltered in its own strength of purpose, were typified in Leif Ericsson.

One day, a little fellow in kilts, Jack had broken away from his nurse, and clambering upon the granite base of the statue, had made a tiny effort to climb the pedestal.

"No, no; Jacky mustn't sail away in the boat," chided the nurse, and led him away, crying bitterly.

The childish episode returned to him now, with the same sense of being cruelly and inexorably frustrated in some great, but shadowy purpose, as he turned to answer his mother.

"It is only for a few days," he said. "If I get the scholarship, I'm all right. If I don't" — his voice broke a little.

Well, there would be the position in the boot and shoe business that had been offered him by an old friend of his father's, and to which he did not take at all kindly. Not that Jack had any objection to a business career in general, or to the boot and shoe trade in particular. But he had looked forward to college with an anticipation in which if boat races and ball matches bore a prominent part, study was by no means forgotten. Moreover, he wanted to win the scholarship merely for distinction's sake. "To get left" was a new experience to Jack Harding. To be considered the smartest boy at the Academy; to be captain of the Nine, president of the Debating Club, and editor of *The Snack*, was what school had meant to him; and to be foremost amongst his fellows was a position which he had taken for granted would be his through life.

Dearly as Jack had loved his father and steadfastly as he had struggled to be loyal to his memory, he was all the more keenly alive to the disgrace that had fallen upon the Harding name. Again and again, in the days of panic that had followed in the quick succession of rumor and heavy-headed lines in the newspapers, had he been drawn, as by an irresistible fascination, to where the throng of all classes of people crowded, bankbooks in hand, before the closed doors of the Peveril Bank, from early morning till late at night. His boyish heart throbbed with pity at the stolid despair on the faces about him, seldom varied by any expression of impatience at the unavailing watch, or of imprecation against the man who had wrought this harm.

That cold, gray morning when his father died, he had flung himself out of the house in his blind misery, to find, presently, that his steps had led him again to the bank. Near him was a boy of about his own age, but with a stunted

HOW JACK SAILED WITH LEIF ERICSSON.

figure and face old beyond his years, who, reluctant to yield his hard won place by the door, was calling out the news in the "*Rekids*" under his arm, in this limited field of enterprise. But what did those about care for petty "Great Railroad Disaster" or rumors of "General European War" in the face of their own calamity? A strange fancy seized Jack that the savings represented in the bankbook clutched so tightly in the newsboy's hand, had bought the nickel-plated safety bicycle that had been the admiration of every boy at Woolsey Academy. Mingling with, and succeeding that pang, came another yet sharper and more heart-sickening; he was reproaching the dead father who had never refused his lightest wish.

The newsboy was bewildered at this handsome young "swell" saying suddenly, "Give me a paper," and emptying his purse in payment.

Some day Jack meant to pay that debt of half a million. How, he did not know; but the intention had become grafted on his magnificent, if hazy scheme of personal ambition. The finding of another "Silver City" floated in his mind along with Jay Gould's operations on Wall Street, and the discovery of some other of "King Solomon's Mines," mingled with thoughts of that "corner" in wheat by which an enterprising Western man had lately made millions; while the easy cuts to fame and fortune achieved by the bootblacks and newsboys of some of his favorite stories, offered cheering precedent for his own success.

"Have you really decided to go back?" his mother asked; and then she added, "what will the boys say!"

The words echoed so completely Jack's own thoughts as to make his impatience well nigh unrestrainable. In dread of what the fellows would say, he had more than once faltered in his determination to go back to school. He passed out into the beautiful avenue that denoted the high water mark of the city's prosperity. Just for one fleeting second as he stood there looking up toward Leif Ericsson, he wondered if there could be any other standard than that represented by the opinion of his school world.

"How did you steer such a straight course?" he wondered as he gazed at the sinewy young viking; "was it just by what was in your own heart and brain and will, or — was it by the stars overhead?"

He was tired of thinking; tired of looking at the children on the sidewalk, toddling along by their nurses' sides; tired even of Lief Ericsson.

Slowly he turned away from the statue and went into the house again. Then he said, "I'm going to the base-ball match on the Common," and was off.

"Boys are so unfeeling," sighed his mother, and went upstairs to put ruffling on her new mourning gowns.

The next day Jack went back to school. Crossing the yard, he met little Reddington Murray who had set up a sutler's agency in his absence, and who displayed with mercantile pride, a basket of sandwiches, thick and dry as to bread and scant as to ham.

HOW JACK SAILED WITH LEIF ERICSSON.

"How much?" asked Jack.

"Two cents apiece or two for five cents," answered Reddington gravely.

It was Jack's first laugh since his father's death, and the strange sound seemed to usher in a series of surprises, as though he had been transported, Aladdin-like, to some far-away country where yet, all about him, were the obviously familiar. There were the pictures in the corridor of "Marcus Curtius's Leap" and "Belshazzar's Feast." Near the door of the "Upper School" was the seat he and Sid Garrett had occupied together. On the blackboard were the half-erased questions of a recent astronomy examination; the last question was still distinguishable.

"Describe the phenomenon of² the Harvest Moon."

Mr. Rossiter was in his private room. Most of the interview was devoted to a statement of the ground gone over by the class during the last month. Jack listened with downcast eyes, fumbling with one of the papers with which the desk was strewn. What hope had he of passing even a creditable examination!

He was glad that the stereopticon lecture came immediately after recess, so that the darkness hid him from the gaze of the other boys. But he gave no heed to the gorgeous "interiors" of Cairo, or to the scenery of the Nile; instead he was straining his eyes toward the blackboard, in vain effort to see the astronomy questions.

"Describe the phenomenon of the Harvest Moon."

How vividly the words stood out upon the sensitive plate of his brain! But how strange that they should dance there in black letters upon a white ground, instead of as he had really seen them.

Was it only upon the blackboard that he had seen the question?

Where else, then?

There came a flash of consciousness. It had been on the paper that he had fumbled as he listened to Mr. Rossiter, looking down not to betray the unmanly tears. Another flash followed. The papers on the desk were the examination papers for the scholarship competition.

Mr. Rossiter and he had left the room together. If he — could — only — glance at those papers! No one would see him leave the room; no one would hear the softly opened door, intent as all were upon the views. Five minutes would suffice to jot down the difficult questions; there would be plenty of time to cram before to-morrow morning.

What would be the harm — whom would he be wronging? There was not a fellow at the Academy whose father was not abundantly able to pay his expenses through college. A fierce resentment against everybody and everything took possession of Jack.

He had not had a fair chance. If it had not been for that month's absence the prize would surely have been his. If he gave it up from mere squeamishness would it not be a folly that would become a life-long regret?

HOW JACK SAILED WITH LEIF ERICSSON.

He stole softly from the room.

Thursday and Friday were devoted to the examinations; on Monday the decision would be announced. Saturday the school worked off its suppressed excitement in a game of "Hare and Hounds." Jack Harding and Sid Garrett, as usual, were the hares.

It was a day memorable in the annals of the school, while the break-neck scramble down Burn's Ledge, and Jack Harding's leap over Duck Brook — eighteen feet at a bound — became inscribed amongst its fondest traditions.

Sunday morning as the boys filed into chapel, Jack caught Mr. Rossiter's eye and read its unmistakable sympathy. It said to him, "The scholarship is yours."

No need now to go into the factory, where he was to learn the "trade" from the beginning. Fool that he would have been to fling away the golden opportunity! In his preoccupation, he only followed mechanically the words of the service. Even the appearance of the great preacher who made his annual visit to the school that day, failed to win his attention. He had not been so happy since his father died.

The room had grown very still. Some of the boys were leaning forward. Probably few of them ever followed a sermon from beginning to end, without their thoughts straying toward the ball-field or the next match at tennis with the High School boys; it was doubtful if any could have repeated the text on the following day. But the sermon that was preached that morning was one that perhaps the most careless of them all never entirely forgot.

It was a sermon, that in a collected volume, was ranked among the great preacher's greatest words; in a dainty white and gold edition, it had a phenomenal circulation all one summer. But perhaps to no one did it bring its message so directly, even in its living, burning utterance, infused through and through with the speaker's personality, as to the boy who was now listening as though his life depended on not losing a word.

The other boys were forgotten. He stood face to face and heart to heart with the man who knew his needs, with their sore and strange perplexities; whose eyes had pierced the vision toward which Leif Ericsson's were straining. They had seen, too, the haunting, hungry crowd about the bank's closed doors; they read why the boy hated the guilty sight of that shining bicycle.

"The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

"Those were the dimensions of the symmetry of life," he said.

"The length" — that is, personal ambition; that was easy to understand. "The breadth" — the debt one owed to others; had he not come, too, crudely and materially to some comprehension of that? But what of "the height" — love and obedience to God? In all his life hitherto, had he given to that more than the thought of a passing second?

Yet when that last relationship was added to the other two dimensions of true manhood, how it must change the direction of his ambition, while it was no



"HE STOOD THERE LOOKING UP AT LEIF ERICSSON."

THE PESSIMIST.

longer so much a half million of dollars that he owed the world, in his father's name, as unswerving truth and loyalty to his highest ideals.

How had he paid the first installment of that debt?

There was a deep-drawn sigh over the room as the speaker ceased. For the rest of that day Jack felt as though he had awakened from a dream, in which, with the callousness of dreamland, he had committed some dreadful crime, the consequences of which had pursued him into his waking hours.

The scholarship was surely his. But could he accept it and go through life burdened with a lie?

To leave school without explanation, to go West or run away to sea, offered themselves in turn in desperate solution. The one course that was possible — to tell Mr. Rossiter — was of all others the most impossible.

He tossed and turned on his bed the greater part of the night, and took his seat in the Upper School feeling as though he were about to hear his death-warrant. Mr. Rossiter considerably cut his announcement short.

"The highest per cent. was ninety-nine and a half," he said; "that was Sidney Garrett's, and he has won the scholarship."

In the cheers that followed, none were so loud nor heart-felt as Jack Harding's. To think that failure should have brought such comfort!

Neck to neck had he been with Sid until that winning half per cent., lost on the last paper upon which he had written down 1492 as the year of the voyage of Leif Ericsson — a date he knew as well as that of his own birthday!

Did he ever confess? No; he never did. But if repentance for a fault and a life-long effort to help others can expiate a fault, then his may have been atoned.

Among our young business men there is one man whose reputation for "smartness" is co-equal with that of square dealing; whose career is not based upon the current maxim, "No friendship in trade." His name is John Harding.

Edith Robinson.

THE PESSIMIST

THERE was a young person who said:

"Alas! all life's pleasures are fled;

To repine is my fate!" —

Then she passed up her plate,

And put butter and jam on her bread.

John Derwent.



A LADY'S SLIPPER

What lady has lost her slipper
Out in the woodland way?
Dainty and yellow as sunshine,
Now whose is this I pray?

For sweet reward of finding,
The robin sang me a tune;
I fitted the slipper flower
On the foot of laughing June
Lavinia Goodwin



IN THE FORESTS OF CEYLON.

YEARS ago, when scarcely more than a boy, I was drifting down the great river of Ceylon upon a raft guided by a dozen natives.

The forests of the interior of Ceylon are wonderful. The sluggish rivers meandering through them have to fight for a place for themselves. The trees absolutely grow out into the water.

I was not in a state, however, to admire the beauties of that trip, for I had met with an accident that prevented my going on with a party that was penetrating the forest. I was being sent back to the coast, and was stretched out upon that raft as the easiest and safest conveyance homeward.

My immediate servant, nurse and protector was a great, stalwart African — a Zedee, named Mobarak. With the other natives I had very little to do, for Mobarak would not let one of them come near me.

Nothing would induce those superstitious boatmen to move one inch after dark. They would go on shore and prepare the supper; then they would push out into the stream, moor the raft and go to sleep.

The most eventful night of this trip, and the one that I remember best, was a perfect one. I could not sleep, but lay watching the full moon as it rose slowly out of the black jungle, and sent a line of silver across the dark water, till it seemed to touch the raft.

The tropical forest is full of noises at night, but the native is accustomed to them and sleeps soundly. I could distinguish the heavy breathing of every man about me, when suddenly a shrill note sounded, far away in the opposite forest.

I knew that it was made by an elephant, and soon I heard the branches crackling and the cry repeated, as the ponderous body approached the stream. A moment later a huge dusky form was just visible in the moonlight between the trees; its fore feet were in the water, its trunk erect, and the beast was evidently in a state of great excitement.

I did not then know as much about elephants as I did before I had got through with them; but supposing that this one had simply come down to the water to drink, I lay watching the monster with the same curiosity with which I had watched animals at a menagerie.

The big fellow evidently saw the raft, for he tore up a young tree by the roots, waved it over his head, and stepped farther into the water, facing directly toward us.

Being a little doubtful as to what he might intend, I poked Mobarak, who slept beside my mat. Fortunately the huge African opened his sleepy eyes directly upon the approaching elephant.

IN THE FORESTS OF CEYLON.

He was a devout Mohammedan, and as the name of Allah escaped his lips, he sprang to his feet, caught me in his arms, leaped into the water, which was not above his shoulders, and with bound after bound gained the shore. He ran to a large tree with spreading branches, and pushing me up toward them as far as he could, he said eagerly :

“Hold on there, master, till I climb and help you.”



“THE AFRICAN OPENED HIS EYES DIRECTLY UPON THE APPROACHING ELEPHANT.”

“It is only an elephant,” I said, in some disgust as well as bodily pain caused by the sudden flight.

“A rogue elephant!” muttered Mobarak.

“What’s a rogue elephant?” I asked.

“He was captured once and has escaped, or else he’s been driven away from his mate.”

“Well, what of it ; what harm would he do ?” I asked ; but before Mobarak could answer I knew. There was a crashing and splashing in the water ; cry after cry came from the boatmen ; while from our outlook we could clearly distinguish the furious animal, lashing the water into foam with his trunk, catching one after another of the boatmen as they struggled to escape him, lifting them as high in the air as he could, and dashing them down into the water again.

SILHOUETTES.

Mobarak sat upon the limb beside me, watching the frightful scene with a broad smile upon his black face. His white teeth glistened in the moonlight.

"They are all killed," I exclaimed. "Why did you not wake them up?"

"It was written in their foreheads that they die. It was not on ours."

"If we had remained there we should be dead," I replied.

"But we did not remain," said Mobarak, with a philosophy so simple, but so profound that it is even yet baffling the whole world to understand it.

The elephant kept at his work till the last vestige of the raft and the last boatman had disappeared. Then he came slowly out of the water, sniffed the air, looked about him, shook himself and came straight to the tree where we were hiding.

Several times he walked about it; then he placed his forehead against the trunk and began to push. It was a large strong tree, but it shook and trembled while he pushed, and only the contented grin which still lingered on Mobarak's face kept me from being thoroughly frightened.

The elephant gave up in time, but it was growing light before he wandered off into the forest and left us to hail a passing boat.

It was an absurd thing to think of, but all that night I kept recalling a conundrum given to me once by a schoolmate: "Why is an elephant like a wheelbarrow?" And the answer was: "Because neither of them can climb a tree."

Lieut.-Col. Thorndike.

SILHOUETTES.

QUAINT little feet that never clatter,
A painted head upon a platter;
A dragon in a pewter plate,
A bearded king in robes of state;

A stalwart stork forever fishing
In spite of many a dip and dishing;
A baby drumming with a spoon,
And singing in and out of tune.

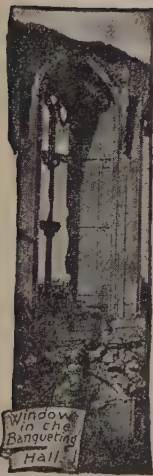
The plate and tiny cup are broken;
The stork is now a sorry token:
With drum and fife and clanking sword,
The boy's a man, upon my word.

Sallie Margaret O'Malley.



SOME BRITISH CASTLES.

(Tantallon to Tintagel.)



(At Kenilworth.)

THERE are castles and castles. Some are romantic ruins; some are magnificent edifices. But of those that dot the British landscape, arresting the attention of the traveler and awaking historic memories of the stirring "days of old," not one but is worthy attention and will repay study whether it be but the tumble-down walls of picturesque Kenilworth or the magnificent towers of kingly Windsor.

The existence of the great castles in the British Isles is due to two causes. When Harold the Englishman had fallen on the hill of Senlac, his Norman conqueror found that he had still Saxon resistance to overcome. William had been crowned king of England at Westminster; but there were still constant rebellions and revolts to be put down. As a means to this end, he built, in the larger towns, such castles as those of Lincoln, Norwich,

Rochester and many more. These were to stand as centers of Norman influence, and to overawe the surrounding country, and this work of castle building was continued by William's son, the Red King.

Long years afterward, when the Conqueror had been fifty years in his grave,

SOME BRITISH CASTLES.

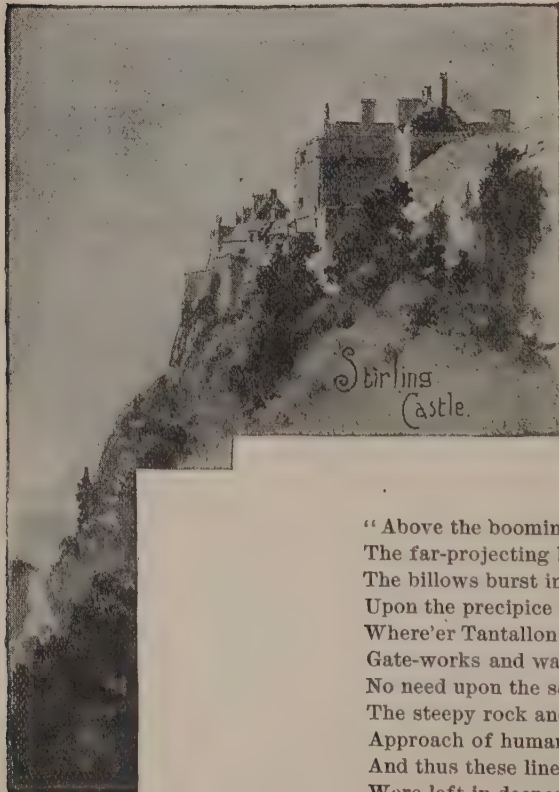
and his sons had followed him, his grandson Stephen ascended the English throne. He was an amiable, chivalrous man, but under him England endured the horrors of misrule and civil war for nineteen long years. In that period the nobles and bishops were constantly at feud with each other, and by their means eleven hundred and fifteen castles were built, each one of which stood as a perpetual menace to the peace and prosperity of the realm.

A number of these strongholds were afterwards destroyed; others have since been built; but these two epochs of Norman William and his grandson Stephen, were the two most important eras of castle building in England. The strongholds of Scotland and Wales date, in the main, from a somewhat later period.

In the spirited drawing which forms the full-page picture opposite, the artist has given to us his ideal of Lord Marmion as he rode out across



TANTALLON, THE DOUGLAS STRONGHOLD.



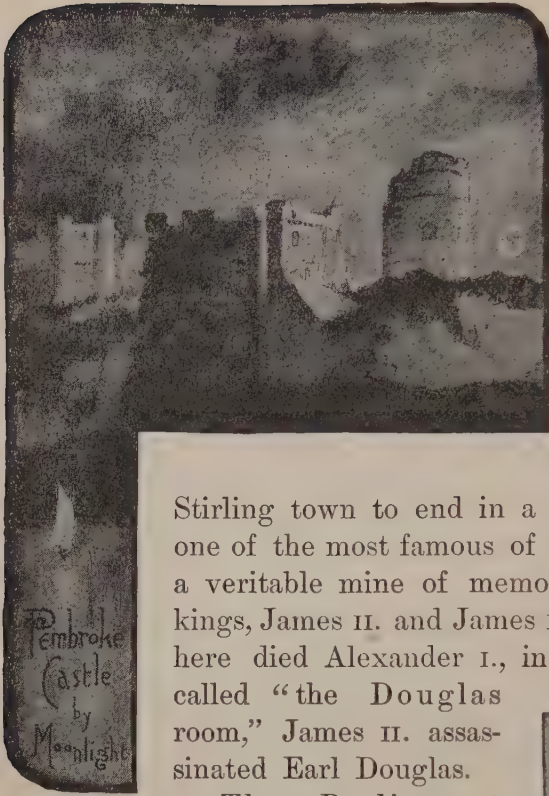
the rising drawbridge and beneath the falling portcullis of the castle of Tantallon, at whose proud old master the dauntless but wicked Marmion had just hurled his defiance and whom he had dared "to beard in his den"; but how many can tell where the Douglas fastness is situated? Some two miles east of the Scottish watering place of North Berwick, a lofty crag pushes itself out boldly into the North Sea, and on this sea-beat cliff are the ruins of Tantallon, the Douglas stronghold.

"Above the booming ocean leant
The far-projecting battlement;
The billows burst in ceaseless flow
Upon the precipice below.
Where'er Tantallon faced the land
Gate-works and walls were strongly manned;
No need upon the sea-girt side:
The steepy rock and frantic tide
Approach of human step denied;
And thus these lines and ramparts rude
Were left in deepest solitude."



MARMION'S DEFIANCE AT TANTALLON CASTLE.

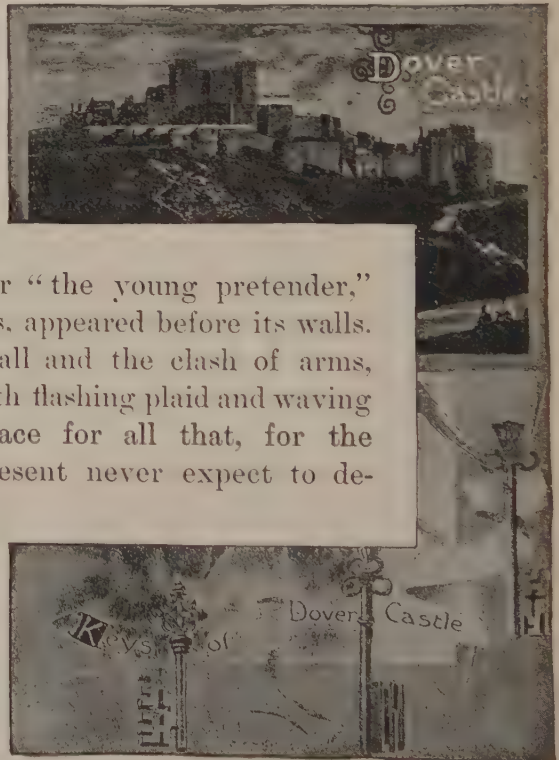
SOME BRITISH CASTLES.



Stirling town to end in a cliff rising sharply out of the plain, is one of the most famous of Scottish fortresses. Stirling Castle is a veritable mine of memories. Here were born two Scottish kings, James II. and James I., the father of Mary, Queen of Scots; here died Alexander I., in 1124, and here, in the chamber still called "the Douglas room," James II. assassinated Earl Douglas.

The Parliament House was built by James III. and the richly ornamented walls of the palace were erected by James V. The last siege it sustained was in 1745, when the Highlanders, under "the young pretender," Charles Edward, the last of the Stuarts, appeared before its walls. Its battlements still echo to the bugle call and the clash of arms, and the ramparts are still brightened with flashing plaid and waving feather; but it is a very peaceful place for all that, for the warriors who inhabit its barracks at present never expect to defend it against a hostile force. All their fighting will be done elsewhere, and in foreign lands.

It is a fair prospect that "Tommy Atkins" has before him from Stirling Castle. To the south is the plain of Bannockburn. Before him winds "the mazy Forth," and beyond it on a wooded hill rises the beautiful Wallace Tower, while farther to the north on a clear day may be seen the town of Dunblane above the Allan Water.



SOME BRITISH CASTLES.

North of the Firth of Forth in Kinross-shire, on a low island in Loch Leven, are the ruins of Loch Leven Castle. Here Queen Mary of Scots, was imprisoned



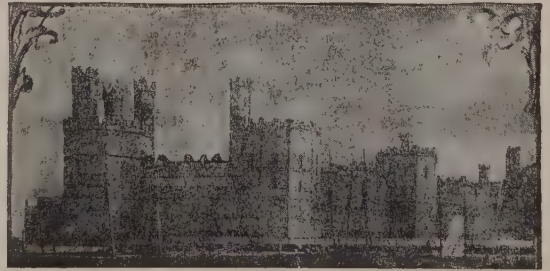
HEVER CASTLE.

from June, 1567, to May, 1568, when, by the aid of young George Douglas, she made her escape. She was not the only noted prisoner confined here in the past, for a hundred years before her Archbishop Graham, for attempting to reform the Church, was immured within these walls till he died; and a year after her escape the Earl

of Northumberland was detained here, very much against his will. The ruins consist of one square and one round tower with surrounding walls, and are by no means imposing in appearance. The square tower

was the keep, and contained the hall and other state apartments, while beneath was the dark dungeon "where captives weep."

In the western part of Scotland, where the Leven flowing from Loch Lomond joins the rapidly broadening Clyde, a huge rock rises above the Clyde to a height of more than five hundred feet. Midway of its height it divides in two portions with a cleft between, and in the cleft and on the summit of the lower part is the castle of Dumbarton, famous as the last place which held out for Queen Mary of Scots after her flight to England. From remotest



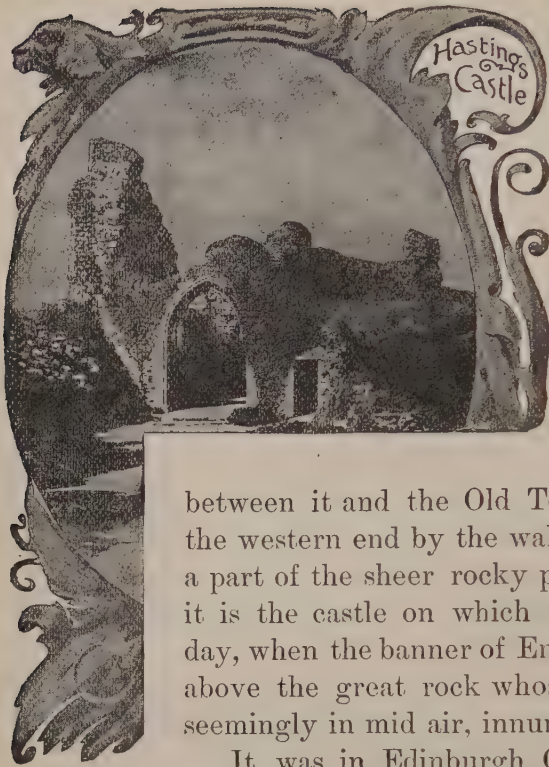
CAERNARVON CASTLE.



times this great rock has been fortified, and had been many times attacked. It was once the property of the Earls of Lennox, but in 1238 became a royal fortress; and when the union of Scotland with England was effected, there was inserted in the treaty a stipulation that Dumbarton Castle should always be kept in repair. There are now several batteries within the castle walls, and a regular garrison is maintained there.

Patriotic Scotsmen consider Princes Street in Edinburgh the finest avenue in the world, and whoever walks along the magnificent thoroughfare, can at least understand the national enthusiasm,

SOME BRITISH CASTLES.

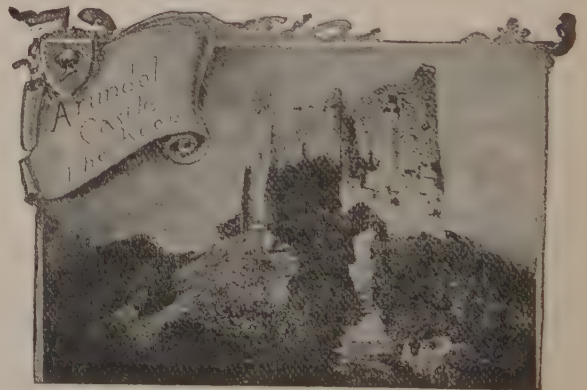


even if not wholly subscribing to the sentiment. But it is its environment which is the glory of Princes Street, for the street itself is not bordered by any extraordinarily fine specimens of architecture. To the east is Calton Hill, crowned with its fragmentary reproductions of Grecian art; beyond are Salisbury Crags; the northern side of the street is lined with shops and hotels, while on the south are the Princes Street Gardens, filling the ravine

between it and the Old Town on its long hill slope, crowned at the western end by the walls of Edinburgh Castle, which seem like a part of the sheer rocky precipice from which they spring. And it is the castle on which the eye lingers the longest, whether by day, when the banner of England flutters over it, or at night, when above the great rock whose outlines are lost in darkness, twinkle, seemingly in mid air, innumerable lights from the castle windows.

It was in Edinburgh Castle that the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, was born. He was a double monarch, being James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. The window of the room in which the boy king was born is one of those in the nearest angle of the castle as shown in the illustration.

One of Her Majesty's Cameronian regiments is at present garrisoned in the castle, and I remember once seeing, in the roadway winding upward from the entrance to the summit of the hill, an encounter between a nursemaid and a body of Highlanders marching down from the castle. Bagpipes were playing, streamers were waving, and the regimental course was running smoothly, when all at once a nursemaid with a baby carriage brought everything to a halt. The nursemaid wished to occupy the middle of the road with her charge, and as the regiment desired to occupy the same position for their movements, there was abundant material for controversy. A corporal left the ranks and endeavored to argue with the maid, and induce her to take the edge



SOME BRITISH CASTLES.

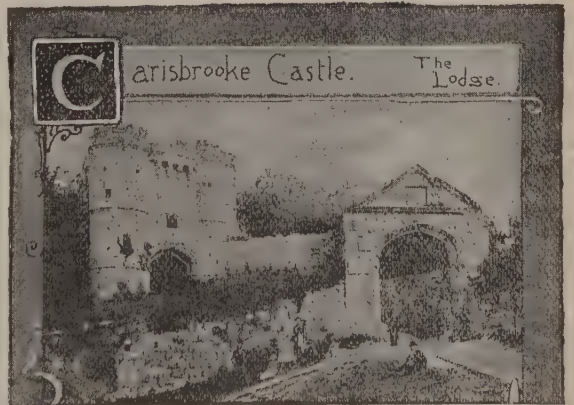
of the path, but he might as well have argued with the castle cliff. At last he seized the rear of the baby carriage, while the maid tugged at the other end, the infant within regarding the prospective rending asunder of its carriage with manifest alarm. To and fro the maid and corporal pulled, while the regiment awaited results. Before a crisis was reached, however, an order from headquarters was received; the maid, vigorously protesting, was led off to the guard house to reflect upon her rash act at leisure, but what became of the baby carriage and its

much disturbed little occupant I failed to see.

Thirty miles south of Berwick-on-Tweed, which marks the boundary of Scotland and England, is Alnwick* Castle, reached by the North British railway, that in all the distance is hardly ever out of sight of the sea. More nearly than any other English castle except Windsor, it combines the features of mediæval fortress and modern palace. It is now, as it has been since 1309, the home of the Percies, the earls of Northumberland. It covers five acres of ground, and presents from a distance the appearance of a vast pile of masonry, from the midst of which

rise sixteen lofty towers. Among these are the Armorer's Tower, surmounted by four weather-beaten stone warders on the angles of the summit, the Warder's Tower and Prudhoe Tower.

Between 1854 and 1865 the entire castle was carefully restored by Mr. Salvin, an architect of eminence, and the home of Hotspur is now in perfect repair; but it is nearly five hundred years since the brave Hotspur rode forth from its gates to meet his death at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403. Vast as Alnwick Castle is, and extensive as is the park which surrounds it, the Percies have other homes nearly as splendid, for in Northumberland itself they possess the castles of Prudhoe, Keilder and Warkworth; Stanwick Park in Yorkshire; Albury Park,



* Pronounced "Annick."

SOME BRITISH CASTLES.

Sion House in Middlesex and Northumberland House at Charing Cross, London.

Situated in Leicestershire, one of the midland counties, and near the borders of the adjoining shires of Lincoln and Nottingham, is the magnificent abode of the dukes of Rutland, Belvoir* Castle. In the days of the Conqueror a castle was built here by Robert de Toden, which was much enlarged in the time of Henry VIII.; but in 1649 it was demolished by the forces of the Parliament, to whom it had been surrendered during the Civil War. After the Restoration

it was rebuilt, and in the early part of the nineteenth century was enlarged and rebuilt by the architect Wyatt. In 1816 it was nearly destroyed by fire, but was once again rebuilt.

There is little of the glamour of



LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.

mediævalism left at Belvoir Castle. It is an extensive and superb castellated ducal residence, but almost wholly modern. Only its Norman foundations connect it directly with the past. The vaulted wine-cellar in the Staunton Tower is one of the

oldest portions. The ale cellar contains several great tuns, one of which, Robert de Toden, holds thirteen hundred gallons of ale; but most visitors would probably prefer to visit the picture-gallery.

Very different from Belvoir is another midland castle, that of Kenilworth, in Warwickshire. It was founded in the reign of Henry Fine-Scholar by Geoffrey de Clinton, and given by Queen Elizabeth to Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester. There has been no rebuilding here; no rearing of modern palace on ancient foundations. The lofty walls of Cæsar's Tower, partly covered with ivy, frown sternly down upon the visitor to these roofless ruins, and in and out of the banqueting hall where Leicester so royally entertained his queen, the jackdaw flits between the broken mullions of the windows, and the lizards sun themselves on ruined ledges.

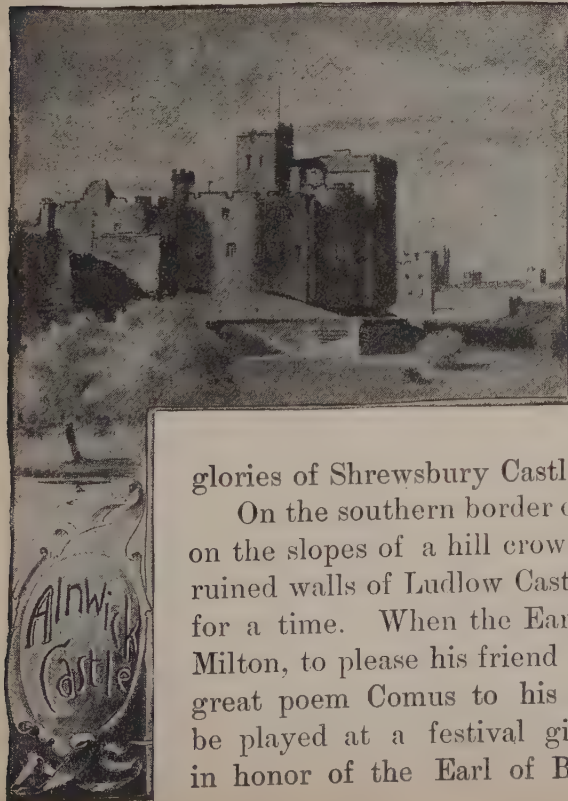


Dumbarton
Castle. ©

*Pronounced Beé-va.

SOME BRITISH CASTLES.

Another famous stronghold in the same shire — Warwick Castle — has had a happier fate. Some kind of a fortress stood here at the coming of the Romans, and later it was twice besieged by the Danes. William the Conqueror enlarged it, but in 1263 the followers of Simon de Montfort destroyed it utterly. It was soon rebuilt, and Cæsar's Tower and Guy's Tower, the oldest portions of the edifice, date from the fourteenth century. In the reign of James I. it underwent repair and enlargement, as it has done several times since. Time and man have worked their will upon it through the centuries, but it still remains a magnificent relic of the days of chivalry — this famous home of the King Maker.



The most prominent objects seen by the traveler from the railway station at Shrewsbury are two large round towers, connected by a high battlemented wall. These, with the walls of the interior court and the inner gateway, are all that is left of Shrewsbury Castle, founded by Roger de Montgomery in the days of the Conqueror, on the site of the Saxon fortress scornfully swept away to make room for it. It was near Shrewsbury that the battle was fought in 1403, in which Hotspur was slain. In 1642 Charles I. made the castle his headquarters, and three years later it was taken from the Royalists by the Parliamentarians. Then in the reign of James II. it was dismantled, and the

glories of Shrewsbury Castle were over.

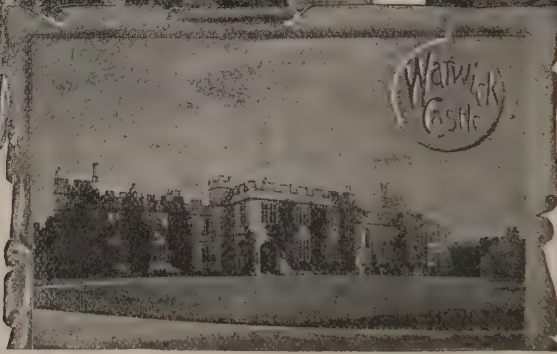
On the southern border of Shropshire is the town of Ludlow, and on the slopes of a hill crowned by a lordly parish church, are the ruined walls of Ludlow Castle, where Sir Philip Sidney once lived for a time. When the Earl of Bridgewater occupied the castle, Milton, to please his friend Henry Lawes, the composer, wrote his great poem *Comus* to his friend's music, in order that it might be played at a festival given in the castle in September, 1634, in honor of the Earl of Bridgewater.

SOME BRITISH CASTLES.

On the banks of the river Conway in Caernarvonshire in North Wales, Edward I. in 1284, built a great castle to overawe the Welsh, and as the fortunes of war would have it, Edward was himself confined there for a time by the people he hoped to overcome. In the Civil War Conway Castle held out for Charles I., and it is now one of the strongest military castles of the kingdom.

In the same Welsh shire Caernarvon Castle was built by Edward I., on the banks of the Menai Strait, two years before he erected Conway Castle. Its massive, many-towered walls are seemingly as strong as ever when viewed from without, but the interior has suffered much from the tooth of time.

In the far southwest of Wales, in Pembrokeshire, is Pembroke Castle, where



Henry VII. was born. It is still a fortress of great dimensions, but less extensive now than formerly. The most famous event in its history is the memorable siege it sustained in the Civil War, when for six

weeks its garrison held out against Cromwell, only surrendering at last when famine stared them in the face.

As far as the east is from the west in Great Britain, so far from Pembroke in Wales is Dover Castle on its white chalk cliff, three hundred feet above the sea. Long before Caesar crossed from Gaul a fortress stood here, the key, so to speak, of the island. After the battle of Senlac, the Saxon garrison surrendered it to the Conqueror; a hundred years later Henry II. greatly extended the castle fortifications, and since then it has withstood many sieges. Within the castle inclosure is the ancient British church of St. Mary, more than fourteen hundred years old. It is built of Roman bricks and cement, and was probably erected in the time of the Roman occupation of this important post.

Another Kentish castle, now in the possession of the Waldo family, is indis-

SOME BRITISH CASTLES.

solubly associated with the memory of Anne Boleyn, for at Hever Castle Sir Thomas Boleyn secluded his daughter Anne for a time, in a vain endeavor to prevent her receiving the royal attentions of Henry VIII. After her execution the king seized the castle for his own use, and afterwards sent thither his despised and rejected wife, Anne of Cleves, to dwell in seclusion.

The castle is not a very large one, and has been much altered since the days of its Norman founder, William de Hever. At present is little more than a spacious private residence. Anne

Boleyn's bedchamber, a small apartment containing the furniture once used by the hapless queen, is still shown to visitors.

From the midst of a small, trimly kept pleasure ground, rise the ruined walls of a third Kentish stronghold, Rochester Castle, wrested by William Rufus from his uncle, Bishop Odo, and a century later stormed and taken by King John. Up a winding stair in the thickness of the walls, one may mount to the very top. Below us to the east, but close at hand, is the cathedral; all about is spread the city of Rochester, and beyond is the broad Medway, hastening to the Thames. It is hard, with this scene before one, to summon up the thought of all the fierce encounters these walls have witnessed, and perhaps it is better not to think of them at all, but to go down into the park and after getting some corn from the attendant, to scatter it on the ground near by, and watch the hundreds of doves that will flutter out of the old castle and gather about you, waiting for further gifts from your hand.

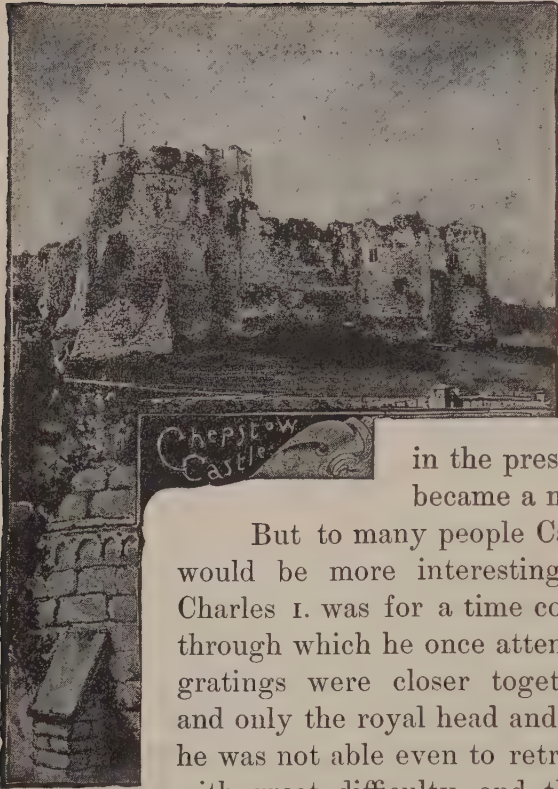
On the shores of Sussex, on a high rocky hill overlooking the town of Hastings, stands Hastings Castle. It belongs to the Pelham family, but is not inhabited by them, for it has been a ruin for more than five hundred years. It is much visited by tourists, some of whom are attracted by its historic associations; others climb the steep hill to enjoy the view to be had from the crumbling ramparts.



SHREWSBURY CASTLE.



SOME BRITISH CASTLES.



In the western part of Sussex, on the banks of the river Arun, are the town and castle of Arundel.* The castle is the seat of the Duke of Norfolk. It was founded in Saxon times, and the ruined keep seen in the illustration dates from that period, its builder having been Alfred the Great. The larger part of the castle, is, however, modern as the mediæval structure was nearly destroyed in the Civil War. Early

in the present century the castle was rebuilt and became a magnificent ducal residence.

But to many people Carisbrooke Castle on the Isle of Wight would be more interesting than Arundel, since in this fortress Charles I. was for a time confined, and the window is still shown through which he once attempted to escape. But alas! the window gratings were closer together than the monarch had supposed, and only the royal head and shoulders could pass them. For a time he was not able even to retreat, but at length he managed to do so with great difficulty, and there at Carisbrooke he was compelled to remain till taken to Hurst Castle. After his death his two youngest children were confined at Carisbrooke, and there one of them, the Princess Elizabeth, died. The castle covers many acres, but the portion occupied by the unfortunate Charles is now in ruins. Less known to Americans than Carisbrooke is Corfe Castle in Dorsetshire, on a lonely hill commanding a gap in the chalk cliffs that separate the Isle of Purbeck from the rest of the shire. Here nine hundred years ago Queen Elfrida plunged a dagger into the back of her stepson, Edward the Martyr, as he turned to drink her health. Here Peter the Hermit was confined, and after him King Edward II., while within its gloomy dungeons King John imprisoned and starved twenty nobles of Poitiers and Anjou, who were so unfortunate as to fall into his clutches.



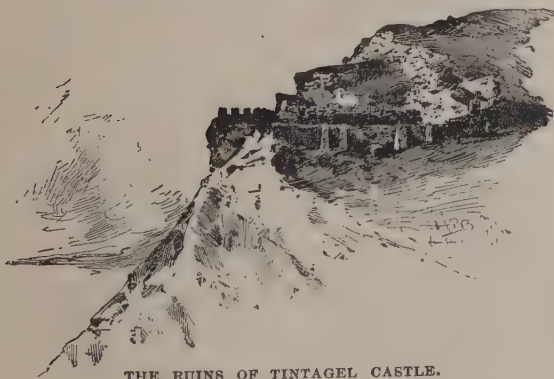
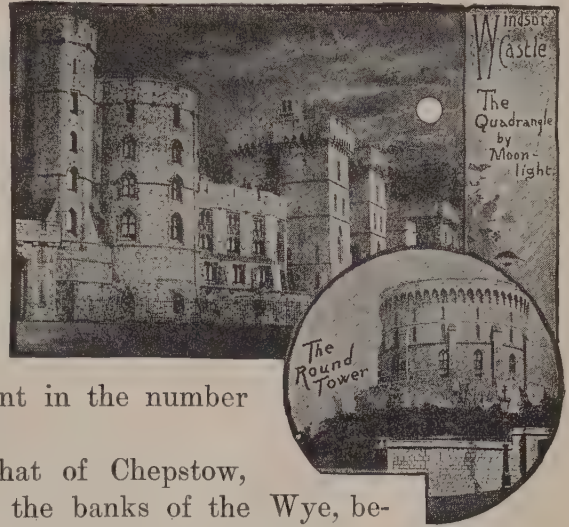
* Pronounced Ar'-undel.

SOME BRITISH CASTLES.

The brave Lady Bankes successfully defended it for King Charles in 1643, but three years later it was surrendered to the Parliamentary forces, who partially destroyed it with gunpowder. A vast extent of grand but shattered and crumbling walls and fallen towers surrounding the keep, and reached by a stone bridge over a deep moat, are all that now remain to testify to the strength of the once famous Castle of Corfe.

We need not pause here to tell of the grandeur of Windsor Castle in Berkshire, which, as a royal residence, deserves more space than we can devote to it at present; and "Raglan's ruined pile" is familiar to readers of the *WIDE AWAKE* from Mrs. Humphrey's entertaining account in the number of the magazine for February, 1892.

Another Monmouthshire castle, that of Chepstow, deserves a word or two. It is near the banks of the Wye, below Tintern Abbey, and is supposed to have been founded in the days when the Romans were in Britain. The keep is known as Marten's Tower, and for twenty years it was the doleful prison of Henry Marten, who was one of those who voted for the execution of Charles I. At the Restoration, when King Charles II. came to the English throne, Marten was placed here as a prisoner for life, and never, after the gates of Chepstow Castle first closed upon him, did he pass again its frowning portals.



THE RUINS OF TINTAGEL CASTLE.

gap between. The walls rise from the verge of the cliffs, of which they seem almost a part, but they were in ruins in the sixteenth century when Leland wrote of Tintagel:

We began our ramble among British castles at Tantallon, on its cliff overhanging the German Ocean; we end it at one equally famous, on its precipice above the stormy Atlantic, Tintagel Castle, on the northern shore of Cornwall. A promontory which here juts boldly out into the sea is called by the peasants "the island," because it is nearly separated from the mainland. The castle originally occupied the headland and the opposite hill, and a stone bridge connecting them once spanned the

THE BEST TIME OF YEAR.

"It hath bene a marvelous strong and notable forteres, and almost *situ loci* inexpugnable, especially for the donjon that is on the great high terrible cragge. But the residue of the buildings of the castel be sore wether-beten an yn ruine."

Here King Arthur held his court and established his Table Round, and he who wanders over these gray ruins will find the ancient tales —

"Of Merlin and the Mort d' Arthure
Mingled together in his brain
With tales of Flores and Blanche fleur,
Sir Frumbras, Sir Eglamour,
Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain."

It is a long journey, this that we have taken from Tantallon to Tintagel; from the stronghold of the Douglas to the halls of shadowy King Arthur and the wizard Merlin, and we have but glanced at many things that might well have detained us longer, and passed by much more unnoticed. but how great a store of history and romance attaches to the castles of Great Britain, this hurried visit to a few of them will serve at least to show in part. Time has dealt gently with some and hardly with others, but whether the castle be the ducal mansion of some great family of to-day or simply a sea-beat ruin on its lonely crag, it holds a scroll of England's history open for us to read.

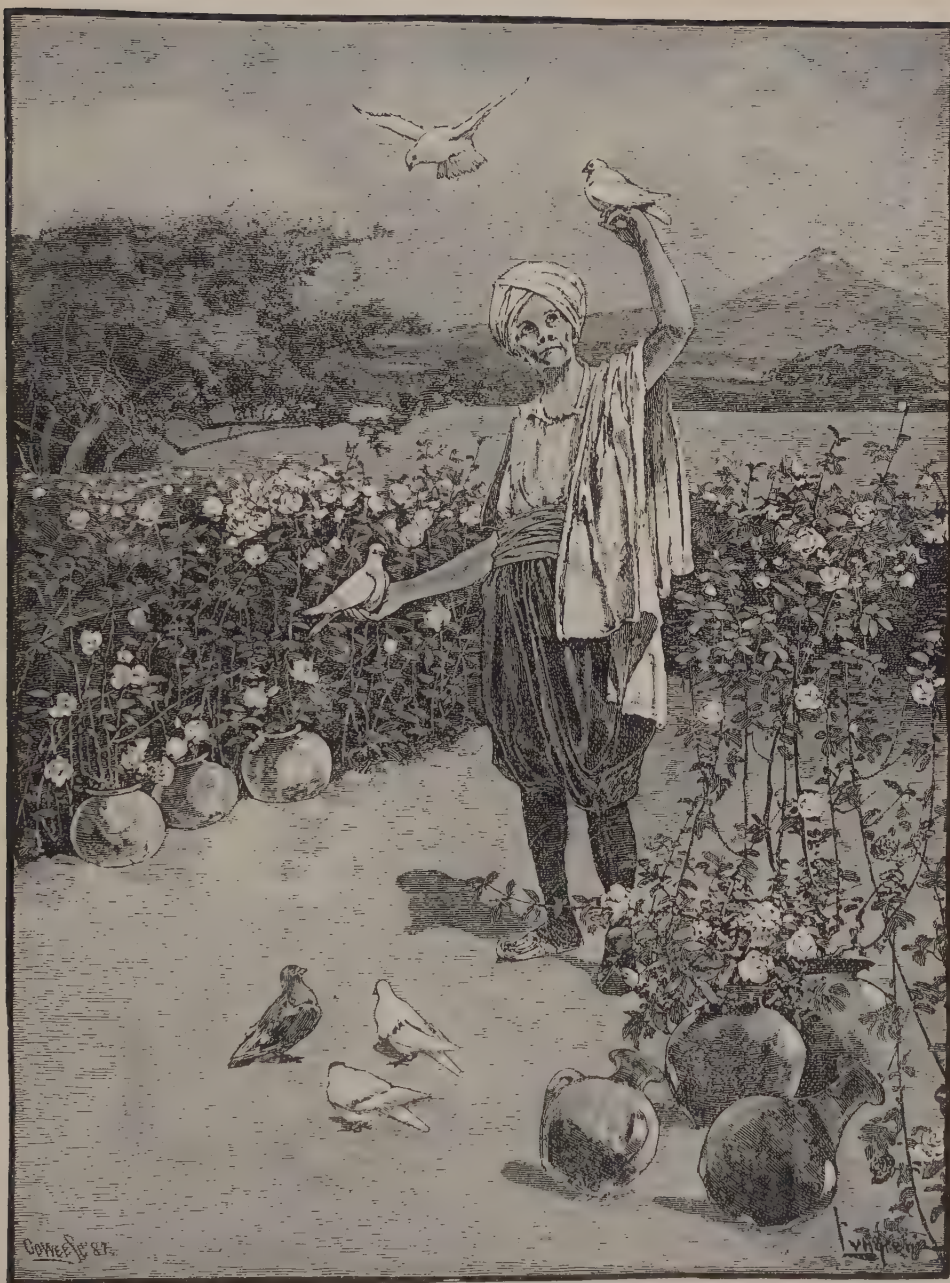
Oscar Fay Adams.

THE BEST TIME OF YEAR.

O, CLINK a tink tink! when the thistles are pink
'Tis the best time o' year of any;
Brooks, full to the brinks, ring with gay bobolinks,
The air is like sweet wine and honey;
There's spice in the woodlands, and sun on the leas,
The lane's full of thistles, the garden of bees.

Lack-a-day, lack-a-day! when the thistles are gray
'Tis the worst time o' year of any;
Skies chilly and gray, birds flying away,
Dead leaves in the garden sunny;
And there's only one nook where for cheer one may look,
And that's by the blazing hearthside with a book.

Katherine Dupee.



AN ARAB DOVE TAMER.

RAGLAN'S SUBSTITUTE

EDGAR CARY MARSTON looked at his watch as the car entered Bowdoin Square; there had been a delay on the bridge which might make him late for his appointment at the Hollis Street Theater, where the Kendals were playing "A Scrap of Paper." Not that his uneasiness was caused by any scruples about disturbing the audience by a tardy entrance, even though his seat was in the front row of orchestra chairs; but when the curtain went down on the first act, he was pledged on his sacred honor as one of the select circle of Harvard undergraduates known as the *Delta Kubla Pi*, to rise and say in a loud voice:

"Well, if this isn't the worst rot!" and stride out of the theater.

Lots of the fellows were to be on hand to see the fun, and Marston felt that his reputation for "spirit" and "pluck" was at stake, even though he had given incontestable evidence of both by passing triumphantly through ordeals compared to which the sun-dance of the savage was a kindergarten sport. To get out of bed at midnight and execute the "Kangaroo dance" in Harvard Square before a *Delta Kubla Pi* audience, or to submit without a tremor to be lowered from a three-story window in a clothes basket by an amateur arrangement of ropes and pulleys, was of course only fun. But a man must be made of stern stuff who could stand unflinching before Huyler's at the hour when all the girls were flocking thither for chocolate after the Symphony Rehearsal, fondling a big wax doll dressed in the latest Parisian fashion.

Partly because of his ambition to be known as one of the smart set, partly because his definition of sundry words needed critical revision, and partly because a certain standard he had once cherished had been put away with childish things, and the opinion of "the other fellows" substituted therefor, Marston had striven as the end and aim of college life, to be admitted to that inner circle whose rites had gained for it not only local but considerable outside fame.

To that end he had treated often beyond his means, and been treated too often with unhappy results to law and order. But indignation meetings on the part of citizens lacking in the fine sense of humor that distinguished the members of the *Delta Kubla Pi*, columns of scathing newspaper comment — which, indeed, was accepted as proper tribute to their prowess — or an unpleasant interview with college authorities, merely acted as incentives to fresh efforts.

The young man opposite who, as Marston noticed casually, was about his own height and build, drew out his watch also in evident anxiety, and his neighbor in the immaculate gray trousers and exquisitely fitting gloves, wondered vaguely what engagement a fellow could have whose hat brim was of last season's curl, and whose clothes were evidently ready-made.

RAGLAN'S SUBSTITUTE.

With that glance at the silver Waterbury the shabbily-dressed young man sprang to his feet and hurried to the platform. Marston followed ; by racing over Beacon Hill he could be at the theater on time.

No one knew how it happened ; for an athletic young fellow to swing himself from the slowly moving car seemed no more dangerous than to cross the threshold of a house.

There was a sudden sharp cry followed by an eternity before the car could be



THE ENGINE RATTLED OUT OF THE HOUSE.

stopped, and then a crowd had gathered, and those on its outskirts were told that some one had been run over. It was Marston who drew the injured man from beneath the wheel and knelt on the pavement supporting his head ; the ambulance had arrived.

"I must be back. I promised the chief I would be on time," repeated the young fellow, and made a futile effort to rise.

"I'll tell him. Who is he ?" offered Marston.

"Raglan — station" — he had fainted.

"He's probably a fireman," suggested some one in the crowd. "The station is over there."

A man was seated at a desk within a little railed inclosure, and Marston was about to explain his errand when an alarm attached to the rail struck, mingling with another instant peal from above. A small clock within the inclosure clicked and stopped; the hands indicated eight o'clock. He had missed his appointment at the "Hollis Street."

At the alarm the patrol jumped up and went into the adjoining stable, Marston following. There stood the engine, the harness upraised, the reins hooked to the ceiling. At the end of the room was a row of stalls with locked doors. The patrol pulled a kind of stirrup in the wall; instantly three of the stall doors flew open, and three spirited and beautifully groomed horses without a word of command trotted to their places beneath the halters.

Meanwhile ten stalwart men had slid down a pole leading through a circular aperture in the ceiling. Three of them clasped the halters about the horses' necks; another, with a long hook, drew down the reins. Captain, lieutenant and horsemen were scrambling to their places. The whole proceeding had not taken more than thirty seconds.

A wild idea seized Marston; what a lark it would be to go with these wide-awake looking fellows! Almost as much fun as stripping the sign or the shutters off somebody's shop, or sweltering behind a knight's visor as supe in Lohengrin, or even as painting a statue. He could take the man's place who had been run over. There was something contagious, too, in the suppressed excitement with which the air was tingling, as that of men going forth to battle. Almost before he knew it he had taken his place with the others.

"Go!" commanded the chief, and the engine rattled out of the house.

The men were in all sorts of attitudes, some drawing on their overcoats, one or two seated with a leg thrown over the side of the engine as they had gained foothold.

Some one called to "Raglan," and Marston answered, the darkness and the fireman's hat he had secured obscuring his features. He had never enjoyed a ride so much as that wild clatter through the crowded streets, people and vehicles scattering to right and left, the clangor of the gong and the rush of frosty air adding to his exhilaration.

The fire was in the tenement house district, and had gained headway before discovered by the patrol. The numberless doors, the windows opening on inside courts, stairways and a labyrinth of narrow entries, made countless draughts and counter draughts, and the entire inside of the building was almost instantly in flames.

The street was strewn with chairs, tables, bureaus and other articles of furniture that the people had seized hap-hazard. One old woman was seated on a

feather bed, clasping a teapot in both hands, and moaning as she rocked to and fro.

A rope was drawn to keep back the crowd, and streams of water were playing in at the windows; the two ladders accompanying the engine had arrived; other engines with their ladders drew up till twelve or fifteen were on the spot.

It was supposed that all the people were out of the house, when a woman's face appeared at one of the upper windows. She was standing on the sill, with the evident intention of jumping.

"The drop-net!" commanded the captain.

Instantly a dozen men stood beneath the window grasping, palms down and elbows raised, a square of heavy latticed netting with a patch of white canvas in the center, that might hopefully catch the eye of a person at a height, or when overcome by terror. Hurtling through the air came a woman's form, bounding and rebounding in the net. The men lowered it gently.

"Don't move her," directed the captain. "She's all right," he pronounced presently. "Where's the lavender?"

The medicine chest stowed away at the back of the ladder was open on the curbstone, the tape to bind cuts and the carrom-oil — a mixture of linseed oil and lime-water — for burns, having been in occasional demand. Once the splints for setting a broken leg had been used, one of the men performing the operation. A course of emergency lectures had made them all amateur surgeons; something else that was not smartness — even stimulated by smoking forty cigarettes a day — gave them clear heads, and strong, tender hands.

No one seemed disturbed by the accident; these men had taken life and limb into their own hands at that word "Go!" That which led them was not "spirit." They were merely doing their duty, without thought of reward or applause.

A few drops of the lavender were forced between the lips of the woman suffocated from her rapid descent. Suddenly she sat up.

"Minnie!" she repeated wildly.

"Is any one there?" asked the captain.

She staggered to her feet, and caught the iron railing of the house for support, unheeding its blistering heat.

"Let me go!" she struggled.

"Is any one in the house?" repeated the captain, and something in the calm voice compelled the answer:

"She's — up — there!"

There was a crash within; part of the staircase had fallen. The woman flung herself despairingly on her face.

Several men emerged from the door, panting. Two large saws of exquisite edge, reserved to free a man pinned down by fallen timber, were taken from the ladder, and the men hurried back to rescue their comrade if might be, to perish

with him if need be. No one turned his head. It was a mere every-day occurrence ; there would not be so much as a line of newspaper notice on the morrow. It was not "pluck."

"I smelt the smoke — and opened the door," gasped the woman. "The stairs were afire. Then — I jumped, and Minnie is there !"

"I'll go ! I'll go !"

A dozen men pressed forward. Marston was one of them. Whether he had been borne along by the impetuous rush, or whether he had caught the infection of what nerved these men, he did not know. All he knew was that a child

was up there where the smoke was pouring forth, and that at all hazards he must save her.

"Raglan," ordered the captain, and the man who was not Raglan hurried to the ladder.

A light ladder was handed him ; it was a frail and slender thing — merely a brace of reeds, thirty feet in length, transversed by light bars, affording a scanty foothold, and terminating in hooked rods. He reached the top of the ladder. Dazzled by the stream of sparks, choked and blinded by the whirling shower of cinders, he swung the ladder into the upper window ; the hook caught in some crevice, only to be wrenched from its position. For an instant, look-



READY TO MAKE THE DESCENT.

ing down upon the shifting forms and bellowing engines, he felt his brain reel and nearly lost his foothold.

Again he flung the ladder. It caught on some projection within, and feeling his way up the perpendicular bars, the fragile rods shaking at every step, he was within reach of the window when the hook slipped, and the top of the ladder tilted outward. Marston grasped desperately at the sill, and swung there by one hand. Then he gained the use of both hands and drew himself up into the room.

Through the open door he looked into a mass of crackling flames. They were licking the doorway ; the paper hanging in shreds and festoons from the wall, was already ablaze ; great blisters of paint were on the woodwork. The window-sill had scorched his hands, only that he did not know till afterward. The floor was hot beneath his feet.



HE SLID DOWN THE ROPE TO THE LADDER.

There was the child lying on the floor as when she had fallen asleep at her mother's feet. Only her position had saved her from suffocation. Marston caught her in his arms and staggered to the window.

Thirty feet below was his one chance — the ladder. Expert that he was at "walking the ropes," would it be an impossible feat to drop from the window, grasping the ladder as he so easily caught the swaying rings at the gymnasium? With the child — impossible.

The heat of the furnace below combined with that of the fire in the room, scorched his lungs. There was a buzzing and whirling in his head; zigzag lines of light darted hither and thither, crossing and blending with one another in maddening confusion. He was stunned by crashing pains.

The depths of the street were beckoning to him with well-nigh irresistible fascination. He must fling himself headlong.

The floor by the door had fallen in. Before long the boards on which he stood would yield; he fancied they were already bending beneath his weight.

He noticed with gentle interest that the fire, like a brook, had two tones; they were a monotonous roar and a crackling undertone.

There was no terror in the thought that life was over; rather a surrender of self — half-curious suspense; even an impatience for what was about to happen.

So this was the end. He felt a little mild surprise that he should not care. He had wondered sometimes how it would come, but he had never pictured it like this. Did death always come in some unexpected form? he speculated.

Every incident of his former life glanced, panorama-like, across his recollection in retrograde succession, complete to the minutest detail, and in the most complicated and extended relations, accompanied by a vivid but entirely impersonal sense of right and wrong.

One thing troubled him. He had not kept his engagement at the theater.

Why, yes; he was on time, after all. The fellows should not say he had backed out. The orchestra chairs were too near the footlights, and the air was stifling. How odd that everybody on the stage should be talking at once.

He had said his line, and the audience were hissing him — a hiss that grew louder and louder till it became a bellow, and the footlights, ever brighter and more scorching, were racing round and round the theater.

He was standing before a window with a doll in his arms; it was like one he had carried when he was a little fellow in kilts, and had been very fond of till the other boys laughed at him. And all at once he was the little boy again, and was putting the doll to bed, saying aloud the words he used to say before he put away childish things and became "smart" and "spirited" and "plucky":

" ' Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray thee Lord my soul to keep.' "

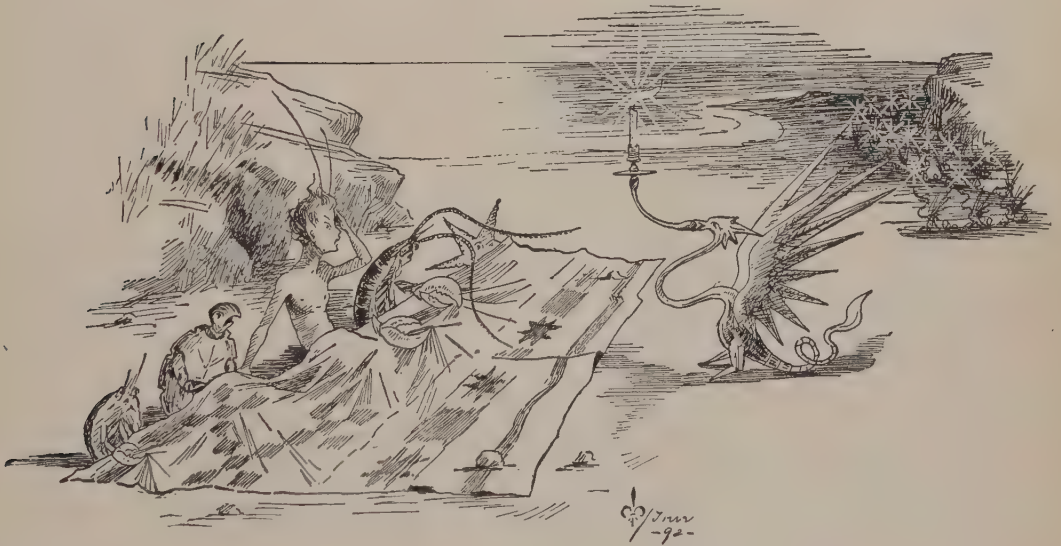
For the end had come. The sound of his own voice had brought him to himself. Which death should it be — within or without?

THE ELF'S THANKSGIVING

What was that man doing with a gun? He was aiming at the window. Another moment and a bolt whizzed past, dragging a slender line. Pulling blindly at it in his extremity, the rope to which it was attached was soon in his hands. It was fastened around the bedpost, and with the child clinging fast to his neck, he swung himself from the window, and slid down the rope to the ladder.

A Harvard undergraduate had rolled up his sleeves and was gravely contemplating his arms. On the left arm below the elbow was a row of little round scars that marked him a member of the *Delta Kubla Pi*, and which looked as though they might have been made by a cigar stump. On the other arm was a large and scarcely healed cicatrice. It was the sign and seal of another initiation.

Edith Robinson.



THE ELF'S THANKSGIVING.

THE Little Brown Elf of the Sea and his friends enjoyed Thanksgiving dinners
And ate mince pie till they had to sigh "Enough! the plates are winners!"
But the day grew tired and turned to night,
And they went to bed without any light,
And awoke in a fright to see such a sight!!—
Those young Thanksgiving sinners!

Lilian Crawford True.



THE CHILD'S TREASURE.

LITTLE child at play,
Sell me your To-day!
I will give you gold —
More than you can hold;
Ships with silken sails,
Steeds with ribbon'd tails,
Dolls with eyes of blue,
Limpid as the dew;
Lambs on painted wheels,
To trundle at your heels,
Blocks for houses tall,
Hoop, and kite, and ball,
And a magic silver top
That will spin and never stop!

Will you do it? "Yea!"
Cries the child at play.
Oh! if you but knew,
Eager eyes of blue,
What a gift divine
You'd exchange for mine!
Keep it — it is worth
More than all the earth!

James Buckham.



PEG PLACES HER LITTLE CHAIR AT THE SERVICE OF LAFAYETTE.

THE NARRATION OF IRISH WILL OF GALWAY.

[Called by the Spaniards Guillermo Ires of Galney, who sailed in the *Santa Maria* flagship with Señor Don Christopher Columbus the Admiral, in the Year of our Lord 1492.]



HIS is my narration. Let me write it all down while yet the opportunity is with me. These fiends of savages are even now raging round about this our wooden Fortress of La Navidad — which means in our tongue Fort Nativity — and there is no saying how long we may hold out against them. If the worst does come and we are wiped out by this King of the Caribs, whose pagan name is Caonabo, then perchance this narrative of mine which I shall hide away within the fortress may, at some day, be discovered and find its way to my people, the O'Neils of Galway, in our own blessed Ireland. And it will tell to them how English Arthur and myself — the only Christian men among all this raft of yellow dons and coppery savages — fared when we had taken ship to find the way to the Indies, along with the Captain Columbus the Genoese, whom men now call the Admiral.

Ever since I left my home in dear Galway, a headstrong lad of fifteen, I had been knocking about the world from the Irish Sea to the Gibraltar Strait. And so it came about that in the year 1492, I found myself in the stuffy jail of Palos in Southern Spain, whereto I had been lugged against my will, because, on the quay at Palos, I had dared maintain that one Irishman was the equal of ten Spanish dons.

And there I found my comrade of to-day — the English Arthur whose name is also Larkin — and many other broken and landless men, weary of jail life. Then to us there came one summer day, the Captain Pinzon of Palos and Don Pedro Gutierrez, keeper of the king's drawing-room, offering in the name of the king of the Spains, freedom, pardon and three hundred *maravedis* beside, to any one within the jail at Palos who would sail with the Captain Columbus to the Indies, on a venture of the Queen of Castile, the lady Isabella.

Now, I had no special liking for a voyage to the Indies, for none could know how long nor how venturesome it might be; but blue water is better than Palos jail, and three hundred *maravedis* than sour bread. So I offered to join the ships, and so also did English Arthur, with other of our fellow prisoners, some thirteen men in all. And forthwith were we hurried out of the jail and shipped — both English Arthur and myself — upon the caravel *Capitana* of Master La Cosa, now called the *Santa Maria*, that lay in the port of Palos together with the *Pinta* of

THE NARRATION OF IRISH WILL OF GALWAY.

Master Alonzo Pinzon, and the little *Niña* or *Baby* of Master Vincent Pinzon that made up the fleet of the Captain-General Columbus the Genoese.

We were not an over-merry company of scarce a hundred mariners when upon the morning of the third of August we sailed out of Palos harbor. For most of us were filled with fear as to the future, and some of us were leaving



THE DEPARTURE.

"We were not an over-merry company when we sailed out of Palos harbor."

wives and children much against our will. In faith, all of us were leaving a home of some sort behind, while the great waters to the west, which we had ever known as the Sea of Darkness, seemed to us vast and endless and full of we knew not what monsters and evil things. These Spanish sailing-men, too, are quick to breed fear and discontent one among the other, and before we were two days out there were those among them who buzzed about how that this Captain Columbus was possessed of a devil which was driving him by the wrong way under promise of finding the gold and spices of the Indies; how that the captain held to the godless notion that the earth we all knew to be flat was round; and how when we reached the horizon line our vessels would be tumbled over the edge of the world and drop into everlasting darkness.

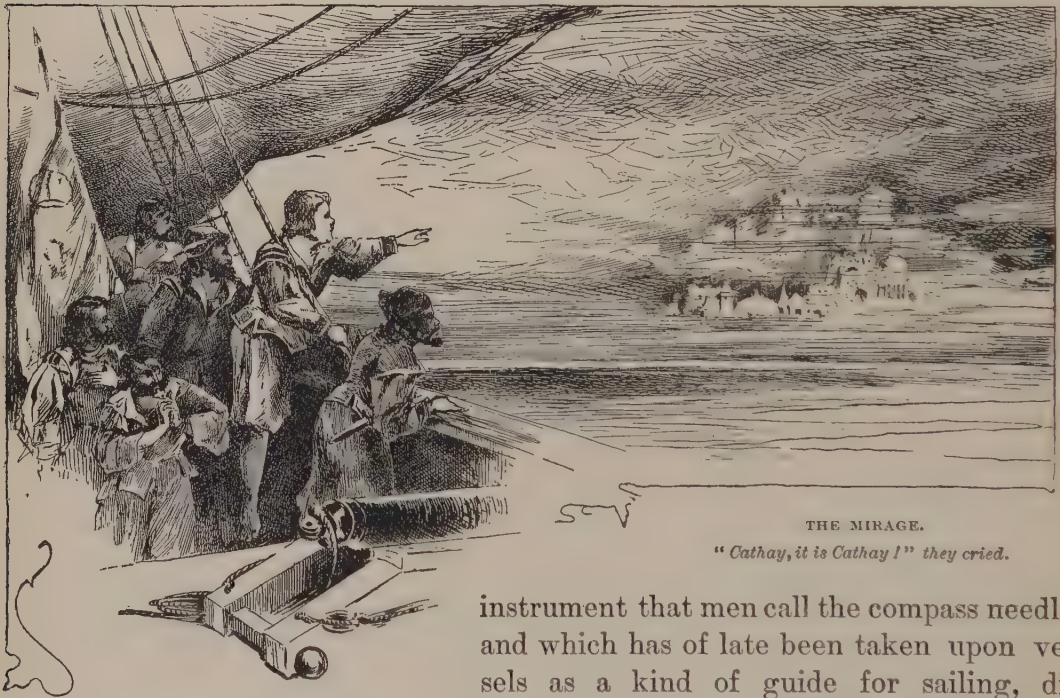
From the start, things seemed to go wrong. We sailed away on a Friday, which all men know to be unlucky, and ere we had made the Fortunate Islands, sometimes called the Canaries or Isles of Dogs, the *Pinta's* rudder was broken

THE NARRATION OF IRISH WILL OF GALWAY.

and unshipped—it was whispered, by some of the discontented dons themselves—and we were forced to run into port on the Island of Gomera for repairs. And while we lay in port, lo! the fire mountain on Teneriffe, called the Peak of Pico, belched out flames and smoke, while certain Portuguese pirates were said to be lying across our course outside waiting to carry off our captain and scuttle our ships. And English Arthur and I wished they would but try it, for we both hated the Portuguese; but our coward crews were full of terror.

And when we had gotten clear of the fire mountain and the pirates we said *adios* to the Fortunate Islands, and we unfortunates sailed away toward the setting sun. And then did these babies of mariners—for your don is but little better than a baby for lacking backbone and judgment—bewail their fate and cry and sob and curse the day that had forced them from their homes into these unknown and fearful seas.

But still we sailed on toward the west. And lo! as we sailed, the witch-



instrument that men call the compass needle, and which has of late been taken upon vessels as a kind of guide for sailing, did fly away from the right of the North Star, to which it should ever point, and inclined each day more to the left. The pilots cried in wonder at this change, and among the mariners it was said that the devil that possessed the captain was turning the compass needle the wrong way, leading the steersmen on a false tack, toward a certain destruction.

And when we had been out two and forty days from Palos we sailed straight into what looked to be a far-reaching grassy meadow, and men cried out that we were sailing over the lost Atlantis and would speedily be submerged as was

THE NARRATION OF IRISH WILL OF GALWAY.

that stately land of old. And so heavy was this floating grass, that the ships sailed but slowly, and were pulled by it this way and that; and this, the mariners said, was not the grass, but the hidden hands of certain evil-minded demons of the water who would finally drag our ships under and feast upon our bones with the mermaids and dragons and other of the witch-folk who have their homes beneath the sea.

And when we had passed through this in safety and were once again in clear water the wind changed to a steady breeze that blew us ever westward, and



THE DISCOVERY.

"And this, mark you, was on a Friday, which all men say is so unlucky."

men said that in this land of enchantment there was but one wind, blowing poor sailor men ever westward, and never a one to blow our sails home again.

And still we sailed on, and still no land appeared. But upon the three-and-fiftieth day at sea, while anxious eyes looked westward, behold! straight ahead of us there rose out of the sea fair green islands with lofty heights crowned with castles and palaces, while below them glistened the spires and towers of a great city. Then how we shouted for joy. "Cathay, it is Cathay!" cried some. "It is Quinsay, the marble city," declared others, and yet others said it was the Isle of Spices or the treasure town of Prester John. Then did our captain-general bid the vessels draw closer together and the colors to be hoisted at the

peak, while we all sang the *Veni Creator* and the *Gloria*. But even as we sang and made ready to go ashore, sailing toward the shining city, lo! it vanished away — island and castle and palace and city — and only the dreadful sea, unfathomed and unknown, was all about and before us.

Then did the wrath of the mariners grow hot and their fear was even more strong, and there were whispers through the ships that we must take matters into our own hands and rid ourselves of this captain of ours who was possessed of a devil, and who was surely leading us through enchanted seas to some dreadful death.

But English Arthur and myself were not like these, though we were far from pleased with all the fearsome things we saw and experienced. We felt a certain pity and reverence for this brave Genoese who, save for us two, was alone among these hundred Spanish dons who liked not to take their orders from an Italian master. So we two pledged each other to back our captain up whatever happened. For even an unknown sea was better than Palos jail, and our rations were good and regular, and things might really be far worse than they were — though I do hold that our adventures and our misadventures were more wonderful than man had ever known.

And still the captain remained firm and unfaltering, and still we sailed on in spite of clamor and of threat. At last it came about that when we were now seventy days out, on a Friday morning, the twelfth of October, we saw land!

It was real land this time, and when the day broke we landed. And when we touched the solid earth and saw once again waving trees, and all the beauties of the country we had found, there came a change over all the grumblers and all the maligners and all the evil-spoken ones of the fleet. For now were they wild with joy, and those that had been most loud in their threatenings threw themselves upon the ground at the feet of the captain and craved his pity, his pardon and his favor. And this, mark you, was on a Friday, which all men say is so unlucky.

And when the naked people who lived upon the land we had stepped upon saw the mariners prostrate themselves at the feet of the captain they, too, prostrated themselves in adoration, for they supposed our captain the Genoese was a god, and that our three little ships were heaven bursters that had dropped down before them from the skies.

And the Captain Columbus, sword in hand and with flaunting of banners, took possession of the island he had discovered for his patron the Lady Isabella, Queen of Castile; and he called it San Salvador.

And this is the record of how I sailed with our captain, the admiral of the new seas and governor-general of the new lands, as he is now called.

I write it down this day and hide it away in this fortress of the Nativity, round about which the pagan Caribs of the King Caonabo are now raging, hopeful that I may live to finish it and tell of our still more wondrous adventures,

SOMEBODY.

from that sad Christmas Day when our caravel the *Santa Maria* went to pieces on a treacherous sand bar, to this still sadder day when far away from home, left by our captain the admiral in charge of this his fortress, we have carelessly disobeyed his strictest orders and are now in danger of being done to death by the very savages who received us as gods dropped down from the skies above.

But if I may never finish this narrative of our sailing into the West let me here write down what I have studied out for myself during the months in which I have lived in this summer land. It is not Cathay, it is not the Indies that Columbus the Genoese has discovered. It is a new land, a savage land, an unreclaimed land. But now that Europe has found it out, it will become in time a greater land than even Europe itself, and the credit of its discovery, even though he may know it not, as a new world, is due to the pluck and valor and determined will of the one man who set himself this task to do — my captain, Christopher Columbus the Genoese.

Elbridge S. Brooks.

[It has been discovered by certain of those tireless scholars who are ever delving into old histories and older chronicles to find out yet more of the great happenings of far-off days, that among the crews of the three little ships that made up the first expedition of Columbus, were two men who were not Spaniards — Irish Will of Galway and Arthur Larkin, the Englishman, lost for ages under unrecognizable Spanish names, Irish Will being known as Guillermo Ires.

Even in that day dauntless spirits were to be found, ready to risk their lives for adventure or gain, and these two Northerners had somehow stranded on Spanish shores, and so followed the fortunes of the Genoese sea captain who discovered a new world for Spain. Both these men were left by their commander in the ill-fated fort of Navidad, which, built out of the wreckage of his flagship, the *Santa Maria*, was so utterly destroyed by the enraged natives, who early learned to distrust the ways of the white man, that no trace of the garrison was ever found, and its fate remains a mystery to this day. — EDITORS WIDE AWAKE.]



SOMEBODY.

SOMEBODY did a golden deed ; somebody proved a friend in need ;
Somebody sang a beautiful song ; somebody smiled the whole day long ;
Somebody thought, "'tis sweet to live" ; somebody said, "I'm glad to give" ;
Somebody fought a valiant fight ; somebody lived to shield the right.

Kathleen R. Wheeler.

JOCK'S JOURNEY.

THIS is the true story of Jock's journey, and how he came to make it.

When the bitter cold of that early winter of 1777 found the New England troops in huts at Valley Forge, suffering from hunger and in need of decent clothing, a New Hampshire colonel went frowning about his duties, studying continually as to means of relief for his faithful comrades. He was not one to bear discomfort tamely, although he would endure necessary hardship with grim steadfastness until his lively wit discovered a way to improve matters.

The army was allowed to forage within seventy miles of camp, but, so long as the British would pay gold or silver for produce, farmers gave little heed to those who could offer in payment for food only depreciated paper money.

Colonel Greenleaf was nearly at his wits' end. He could think of no allowable device not already used by his fellows and himself; still he felt in a measure responsible to his men, for warmth, food and clothing. Scurvy was torturing many poor soldiers; naked feet left scarlet prints on the snow; paler faces appeared with every new morning and vacant places in the ranks had to be filled continually in that sad fashion meant by "Close up."

Everything seemed to go wrong; even Washington had no longer his cheerful air, since the Pennsylvania legislature had censured him for putting his army into winter quarters, and jealous generals were conspiring against him.

The anxious New Hampshire colonel knew that, in his house on a curve of northern coast, there was coin that would go far toward the lessening of their troubles, but he could see no way of getting it at just that time.

A soldier from boyhood, habituated to the hardships of the century, he was for a moment sick at heart, with a sudden mental vision of the cheer of his home, while beloved voices seemed sounding around him, and he sighed almost unconsciously: "Ah! if little Jock knew how his father suffers, he would come to him."

Save for the ever present anxiety of a soldier's family, comfort was not lacking in the Greenleaf house for any who sought shelter under its wide roof. The surrounding fields were fertile, and wisely tilled by the mistress and the two faithful black men, Cæsar and Pompey.

A plentiful dinner was served and the children stood quiet in their places while Mrs. Greenleaf said grace. But Jock seemed ill at ease; he ate little, and kept looking out at the snowy land and the pale gray sky.

"What ails you, my son?" his mother asked.

"There's little cheer when Jock is still," said his sister Elisabeth.

JOCK'S JOURNEY.

"I must see my father," the boy burst out with a little sob. "I'm fearing he is cold and hungry, while I have everything. Mother, let me go to him. Let me have Pompey and the best two of the horses. Pompey knows the way, and I am not afraid."

Every one was silent; the eyes of the other children opened wide, and turned alternately toward Jock and their mother, while old Pompey, the trusted companion of their grandfather's exploits in the French and Indian War, stood like a black statue, with a pudding-dish held fast in his two hands.

The mother's brave eyes were full of tears, but she spoke brightly and gently.

"We know he was fairly comfortable when Ebenezer Frye came home for his wounds to heal; and Ensign Lawrence thought that Congress would surely

attend to the troops at once, so that they would be hearty for the spring campaign. I do not see what we can do, save to pray for them all," she said.

But Jock was unlike himself throughout the day, and his mother felt more worried than she admitted to even her trusty helper Hannah; for this

child had seemed always to have a peculiar affiliation with his father, and Mrs. Greenleaf had a little Scotch blood in her veins, which forbade the quelling of a feeling called by Friends "borne in upon."

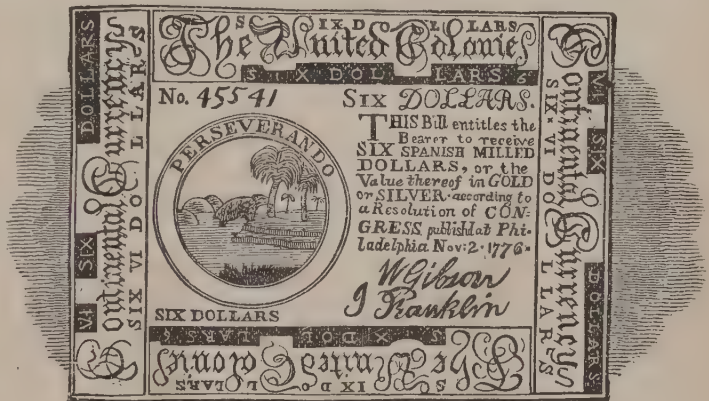
She grew more sympathetic with Jock, and when he came to her, coaxing with caresses, yet with an almost solemn seriousness, for instant preparation lest, he said, "papa may be cold and hungry every minute until I find him," the mother could no longer deny him, and arose to make ready for the journey.

"But O, Jock!" she cried, "if harm comes to you, what shall I say to your father! How could I live!"

"Don't worry, mammy," he said, kissing her cheek. "I shall come home. And who would trouble a little boy and an old black man?"

The next morning a strong yet not too heavy sleigh, wide and deep, with a high back, awaited its luggage. The fast black colt was between the shafts and the tough bay's long leading-rein hung from his bridle.

In Pompey's bootleg was a savage-looking knife, of which only his brother Caesar knew; and in Jock's belt under his surtout were the pistols used by his grandfather on the border long before.



THE CONTINENTAL MONEY.

JOCK'S JOURNEY.

Their course lay across to Albany, thence southward to Manhattan, from where onward a keen outlook and a careful tongue were needed, for that would be the perilous part of the journey.

They arrived in New York town with only the little adventures naturally incident to a long journey in those days, and had a good night's rest with Jock's kinsman Van Cortlandt. Then they went over to New Jersey, growing watchful and quiet.

Late on a cold day, at the crossing of two roads, called Woolman's Four Corners, a dozen horsemen came upon them from the left.

The British uniform was only too familiar to Jock and Pompey, and they felt very anxious as to the result of the encounter.

"Whither are you bound?" said the leader.

"To my father in Pennsylvania."

"But why have you been away from him, a child like you?"

"I have been in the North with my mother," said Jock, "and she is still there."

The boy's honest face and truthful yet misleading words seemed hardly satisfactory to the Englishman's notion of domestic proprieties.

"H'm, h'm," he said, looking sharply at the whole equipage; "do these animals belong to your father?"

"O yes, sir! and my mother thinks he will give me the black horse for a New Year's gift, now that I am twelve years old; the colt was six on my birthday."

"Fore the Lawd, Ma'as Jock, I done freeze, a-waitin' for you all," old Pompey broke in.

"And what do you carry?" the officer continued, not heeding Pompey.

"Food and clothes, sir," said Jock. "You see we have to be a long time on the road."

"There cannot be much treason in this traveling establishment, I think," the rider said half-questioningly to an aid-de-camp.

"Not unless it carry dispatches, sir," was the reply.

"Yes, that indeed," the other assented. "Boy, are you bearing any sort of information to the rebels, against the King's express command? Now tell the truth."

"I always do so," said Jock indignantly. "No, sir; I have no information to carry. I want to see my father. I teased my mother to let me come."

Old Pompey was in a fidget.

"Fo' de land's sake! what he do when de gin'ral done ask him who be his paw! An' why on dis yearth don' he ask him?" the poor fellow ejaculated in the black colt's ear.

Was it through some special heed of Providence that memories of children across the sea should touch the heart of this one among the most persistent officers in the armies of George III.?

JOCK'S JOURNEY.

"Well, go ahead; find your father."

And the dull red uniforms passed on; but just as the sleigh was crossing a little drawbridge about to open for a schooner to go down the creek that flowed sullenly to the eastward, a rider in the rear turned in his saddle and shouted, "What's your name?"

"Jump on the bay, quick, Pompey," said Jock. And the boyish voice rang out, "Jock Greenleaf."

Not a rider but knew the name of the bold Yankee colonel. But, for the first time, the black colt felt the tickle of the whip, and the sleigh flew on like a



JOCK DIRECTING THE CARVING OF "THE BEST HAM."

bird before the storm; the draw sprang open, and the tired horses of the British went on their way for braver work than chasing a boy.

"Spec dey like some yo maw's bacon," chuckled Pompey as he once more took his seat in the sleigh.

Jock looked sharply at the old man. Then he said:

"Pompey, don't let a red-coat get that biggest ham, if you die for it."

And now the journey was nearly done. But what was that! A strange thrill was in the air; the horses snorted wildly, and Pompey sprang up gasping, "Fightin', suah's yo bo'n!"

Sharper grew the rattle and the boom, and all about them was the din of conflict, cleft now and then by the piercing tones of bugle-calls. Hastening onward, they could see the confused mass of combatants, but it was only too plain that those nearest them were in British uniform.

JOCK'S JOURNEY.

"Ma'as Jock," said Pompey, "we jes slip along dis yere bresh, and den we cross de field yonder in dat little holler; den yo see, sah, we jes snake — snake — snake it along de aidge ob de dogwoods, and de fus ting, we be right dar in Cunnel Greenleaf's elbow; fur, Ma'as Jock, dat ar be de ma'aster, on de gray."

Pompey's eye was not at fault. He knew the high carriage and impetuous motions of his master, even so far away, and he recognized the big stallion that bore the Colonel, as one that he had trained, although the horse was so gaunt as to be but a caricature.

Nine hundred or more ragged and hungry men had gone out to check, if possible, the foraging of the opposing army, and to do a little seeking for supplies on their own account; but through some error of information on the part of the officer who ordered the move, a larger body than had been expected was met, and a desperate action ensued.

"Pompey," said Jock, "take the horses just as far along the line of our men as you can go, and be sure the sleigh gets safe to the camp. You know this country, and can find a way. If father or I are not in camp by night, go to Dr. Hale and help him to unload the sleigh; and don't have a soul near when you cut the big ham — nobody but Dr. Hale."

"Good Lawd, Ma'as Jock, what you do nex'!" said Pompey, meaning no irreverence to the Divine Power, nor lack of respect to his young master.

"I'm going to see this fight out," said Jock.

"But dese yere horses go 'long me," the old man said, craving to be in the fight himself.

"I'll find a horse. Hurry on, Pompey, do. I tell you the sleigh must get there," the boy said with anxious impatience.

Pompey went; but little Jock made his way to where, for a moment, his father was watching the forlorn hope of a maneuver.

"Father!"

The astounded soldier wheeled about. Tears sprang to his eyes. Words at last seemed to tumble from his lips.

"Get away from here! You'll be killed, and what can I say to your mother? Go back! Go back, sir!" And the frightened father, so excited that he was hardly conscious of word or deed, shook his sword at the boy.

"No, father, I cannot go back; I must stay with you. Mother let me come. But I want a horse."

The soldierly spirit shone in his resolute yet respectful eyes as they met his father's gaze.

"Oh! mount the child, Colonel," said a young gentleman, in French, riding beside them. "We gain a little, my friend."

"But" — just then a man led up a white horse of great beauty, captured from the other side, and in fine condition.

"Ah, that is good," said the French officer.



JOCK'S JOURNEY.

And when Jock, swinging into the saddle, had met the fervent clasp of his father's hand, Lafayette offered to the boy his own honest palm.

Then the fighting grew hot and Jock was in the thick of it, constantly as near as possible to his father. The latter, his quick eye keeping alert lookout for the tall white horse — a conspicuous target, yet the more easily seen should he fall with his precious burden — suddenly shivered and paled, for the white horse went down.

Furious leaps of his own steed carried the father to the spot, but to the anguished "O, my son!" there was a cheery reply from the half-stunned boy: "I'm not hurt, but the rascals tried to bury me before they had killed me."

Heavy shot had so ploughed the ground just before the hoofs of the white horse that he could not avoid a plunge into the furrow of the ball; but both horse and rider were up soon, but little the worse for the fall.

And almost at once the tide of battle turned.

When the troops were again in camp, and the wounded had been cared for, the big sleigh was driven to the hut of the New Hampshire colonel, and unloaded with care.

"Surely no other sleigh ever held so much," said Washington when, late at night, he came with Lafayette to see the best ham cut.

Jock directed the carver, and old Pompey looked on, grinning proudly.

From under the brown skin of the great haunch were taken a hundred pieces of gold; while, where the marrow had been, were hidden many pieces of silver.

Jock and his mother had concealed them within the deftly cut ham, which no one would have guessed to be a reconstructed one.

During the next few days previously reluctant farmers were very accommodating, and the American army began to improve in health, while certain other matters were amending.

France recognized the Government of the United States; Baron Steuben gave his experienced aid in organization and discipline of troops; and milder weather inspired the people with renewed hope.

Jock begged leave to follow the fortunes of his father, saying, "Caleb Stark was only sixteen when he went to Bunker's Hill."

"Exactly," said his father. "When you are as old, you may come to me if I am in the field."

But when Jock was sixteen, the long war was virtually over, and he had to be content with the experiences he had gone through in his journey of aid.

"Where are his descendants," do you ask?

There are none. Little Jock is always young, for at the dawn of his eighteenth birthday he smiled and said good-by, at the gentle command of the White Captain. But he served his country as well as he could. Let us all try to do as well with truth, courage and loyalty in the ways that open to us.

Adelaide Cilley Waldron.



AFTER THE COWS.

THE pasture reached to the bleak uplands where the sugar maples stood
Firmly rooted amid the rocks, at the edge of the great pine wood ;
The brook from the spring in the forest leaped downward in clouds of spray,
And the tall ferns drooped and nodded their heads above the bowlders gray.

The hush of the summer evening fell, restful and cool and damp ;
The firefly in the buttercup meadows lighted his ghostly lamp ;
And high the flare of the sunset climbed up the dome of the blue,
As three little children went after the cows, barefooted through the dew.

The whippoorwill sang in the alders that fringed the bank of the stream ;
And, like the mystical music one hears in a beautiful dream,
The tinkle of cow-bells blended with the rippling waters below,
And the full red moon in the shadowy east on the horizon hung low.

The air was sweet with the clover bloom from the banqueting-grounds of the bees,
And the woodsy scent of the mosses that hid in the shade of the trees ;
The cow-path wound through the hemlocks and round the high ledges curled,
Where, gazing out through the distance, we saw to the ends of the world !

IN THE CHANGING MONSOONS.

We called the cows through the gloaming — Ruby, and Bessie, and Floss, Cherry, and Molly, and Dimple, and Bounce — “Co,’ boss! co,’ boss! co,’ boss!” And down the path through the clearing they thundered, and trampled, and roared, With their bellowing heads borne high aloft as they galloped to reach the ford.

Knee-deep in the gurgling water they crowded and pushed as they drank; They reared and hooked at each other as they climbed the slippery bank; They plunged their heads in the clematis as it hung in its tangled net, And tossed on their horns the eel grass, so snaky and green and wet.

Three little children followed them close, all fearless and happy and free, Holding the tanned brown hands of each other — three little children, three, Through the soft cool damp of the shadows and under the light of the stars, Driving the cows with their tinkling bells home to the barnyard bars.

Clara Augusta.

IN THE CHANGING MONSOONS.

WE were upon an American trader, bound for Manilla. The Yellow Sea is true to its name, being colored from the mud of the great Si River. It is open to every wind that blows and to every current that runs, and is always uneasy.

The season was the worst of all the year; for it was just at the changing monsoons. The captain was a daring Yankee skipper, and, with every inch of sail which the schooner could carry, he drove her like the gale itself over the angry Yellow Sea.

Just before daylight the men on the port side were thrown unceremoniously out of their bunks. There was a rush for the deck. The wind had shifted without warning. The schooner had suddenly keeled. Men were cutting away the mainmast, for she was capsizing. Her bows were well under water before the strain was relieved, and she emerged, slowly, from the sea that had almost engulfed her.

She was a sorry-looking sight as she fell off before the gale, though the whole transformation was the work of less than ten minutes. What we saw, too, was far from the worst.

The captain's face was grave as he stood by the man at the wheel, watching the prow swinging a hundred feet to the lee at a sweep, then settling down into the dragging, seething foam, as though it had no energy to rise again.

IN THE CHANGING MONSOONS.

The mate came aft and the captain said : " Man both the pumps and have the extra pumps ready. Set the carpenter to work if he can. Get the tarpaulings out and report ; " but he did not take his eyes from the prow.

There was something in that weather-beaten man that fascinated me, in spite of the storm, as he stood there, with fixed eyes and folded arms, solely responsible for the lives and cargo about him, master of a leaking and disabled vessel in the midst of a terrific gale. All was hurry and confusion about him,



"THE PUMPS WORKED AS THEY HAD NOT FOR TWELVE HOURS."

but he did not heed it. There was no shadow of cowardice. He was calmly calculating the frail chances of life against the overwhelming probabilities of death.

The mate reported that the leak was out of reach and that the water was coming in nearly eight hundred strokes an hour.

"The capacity of the pumps is a thousand strokes," replied the captain. "Keep them hard at it."

All day long the sailors worked at the pumps. The captain was everywhere ; relieving an exhausted sailor ; working at the ropes ; watching the horizon for a sail ; examining the water in the hold ; always the same calm, quiet, bronzed face, without a trace of anxiety, even, except in his Yankee-blue eyes.

The water rose and rose, in spite of the tarpaulings and in spite of the pumps. The leaks were increasing, and the gale did not abate.

IN THE CHANGING MONSOONS.

All night long the work went on, and at daylight it was the worst of all. Old, bronzed sailors were fairly white; strong men lay utterly exhausted upon the deck, rolling as the vessel labored in the heavy seas. Even the schooner seemed to have given up the struggle. She drove her bows sullenly into the waves, with no effort to rise above them. Only the captain was unchanged.

When it was fully light, the captain, naked to the waist, appeared among the men at the pumps. "Boys," said he, "the water is gaining on us. If the gale lets up we may hold her till daylight to-morrow. If it keeps on we shall go down with the sun. We are a hundred miles from shore, making four miles an hour. There are two boats left. Those who wish can take them now."

There was silence for a moment. Even the gale whipping through the rigging, seemed to wait and listen as one poor, haggard fellow who had fallen upon a coil of rope staggered to his deserted post, exclaiming:

"To the pumps, men! For life and the captain! Who dares desert the ship?"

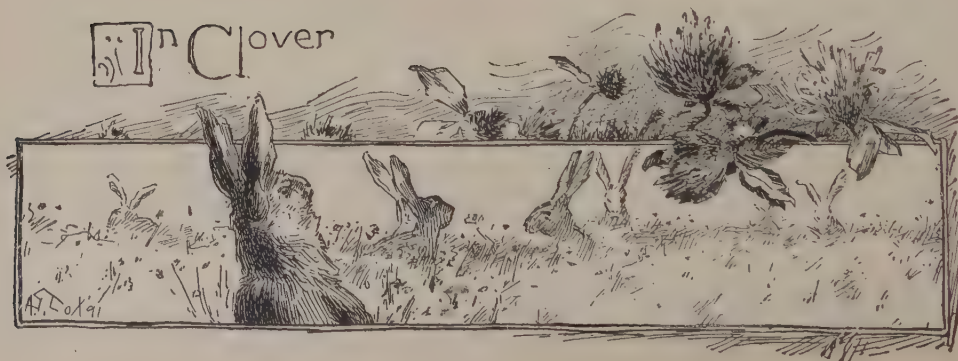
That was enough. The pumps worked away as they had not for twelve hours. The wind abated more and more. The tarpaulings caught, and two hours later came the cheering news that we were gaining on the water. Still, for more than twenty hours we worked.

I have seen the ship that carried me on fire; I have been cast upon the rocks at midnight, in a hurricane at the foot of the Red Sea; but I would rather go through both, again, than repeat those two days and nights upon the Yellow Sea.

Not a sail appeared; but we sighted land at last, reached the harbor and ran the schooner aground.

As boats started with the ropes for shore, and the sailors burst into a cry of joy, the Yankee skipper, who had kept hope and strength in us all, pressed his hand over his eyes for an instant, and then fell senseless to the deck.

Lieut.-Col. Thorndike.





MAID MARIAN STOOD
IN THE LEAFY WOOD.

THE BABIES OF THE ZOO.



HEAD OF THE BABY CAMEL.

“SHE’S in the water!”

There was a rush of many feet. Everybody in the menagerie was pushing toward the crowded end, and voices everywhere were asking, “Who is it?” People in the rear of the throng even asked, “Is somebody drowning?” The voice of a keeper was heard asking the people to keep the passage clear. But everybody was so eager to see what was the matter, if anything was the matter, that those at the front were pressed closely against the iron railing that guarded the front of the cages. By and by the inquirers at the back, some of them much excited, were rewarded with an explanation.

“It’s Baby Fatima!”

Even then everybody was not appeased. An old lady with silver spectacles, who was holding very tightly by the hand a sunburnt boy in knickerbockers, exclaimed, “Mercy! are they getting the poor little thing out?”

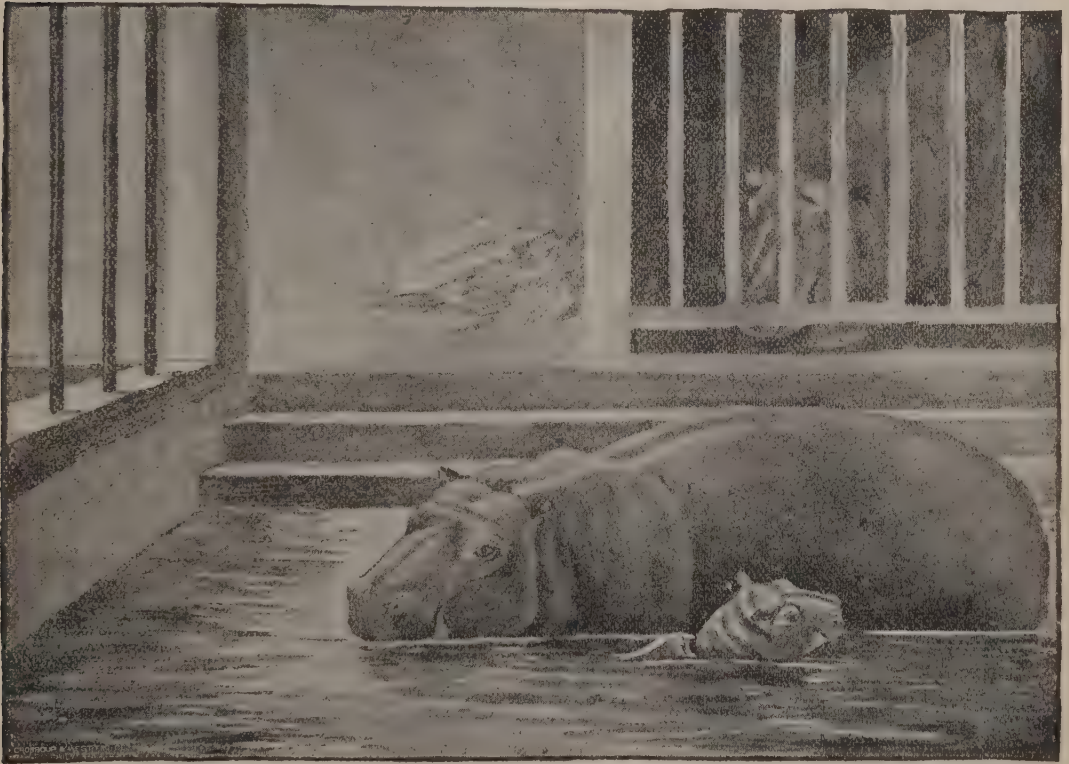
“Don’t you know,” said a boy just in front of the old lady? “it’s the young hippopotamus.”

And so the cause of all this excitement was one of the new babies of the Zoo, a baby hippopotamus who was still so young, and whose fame was so new, that every visitor at the Central Park menagerie was curious to see her. Baby hippopotamuses (unless you like the Latin “hippopotami” better—but you shouldn’t) are not to be seen every day, and people had been crowding to the Zoo with as much eagerness as if they were afraid the baby would become suddenly full-grown before they had a chance to see her in her infancy.

On this particular day the excitement began when Miss Murphy, Baby Fatima’s mother, clambered down the steps and splashed into the water. Baby Fatima was right at her heels, and splashed in too. The spectators were delighted to see her sporting and snorting beside her mother. In her queer hippopotamus way, she was graceful and independent. When her mother sank beneath the surface, and came up again in a few moments to breathe, she tried to do the same thing, and her little wheezy sniff was a delightfully entertaining echo of her mamma’s more vigorous snort. At the beginning she had a rather hard time of it, for it required a good deal of training and assistance from her massive mamma before she learned how to stay under water comfortably without breathing, and how to get in and out of the water without slipping and rolling. These things take time, and even baby hippopotamuses become impatient.

THE BABIES OF THE ZOO.

Fatima, however, deserves the credit of being a sunny-tempered and reasonable hippopotamus. She really gave her mother and her mother's keeper very little trouble from the time she was born. A little amusement kept her very well content. When she could lie in the water with only her protruding eyes and equally prominent nostrils above the surface — just as hippopotamuses do in their wild state when they wish to escape being seen from the shore — she was willing to indulge in long periods of deep thought, blinking, meanwhile, with



MISS MURPHY AND BABY FATIMA.

solemn slowness and regularity. And when she could have a ride on her mother's back — that was as good as a circus.

Being now close upon two years old Fatima has attained the dignity of considerable size. For a baby she has a very large head. Her ears are extremely small. Each of her feet has four toes. To tell the truth, her name is the prettiest thing about her. Her skin is thick and oily. Her little dull eyes are not winsome. She has as ugly a voice as any animal ever had. Somebody has likened the voice of the hippopotamus to the creaking of an old wooden door. Nevertheless they judge animals by their conduct at the Zoo. "Handsome is as handsome does" at Central Park; and both Miss Murphy and Baby Fatima have excellent reputations for proper behavior. So much cannot be said for Fa-

THE 'BABIES OF THE ZOO.

tima's father, who has misbehaved upon several occasions. Last spring when he had the opportunity he made a savage attack upon Fatima, as if she were an intruder. But he is compelled to live by himself, and has had no further opportunities to be abusive toward his daughter.

It is not a pleasant thing in looking about among the babies of the Zoo to find that parents are not always kind. Take the case of some other very ugly animals—the hyenas. Six or seven months ago three hyenas were born into the menagerie family. It was an interesting event at the Zoo, but it is not easy to become enthusiastic about hyenas; they are far from being beautiful, and the stories told about hyenas have never made them seem like animals that any one could fall



A BABY HYENA.

in love with. A fact that soon attracted attention to this new hyena family was the conduct of the mother toward one of her children. For some reason which will probably never be explained the mother hated this particular baby. Possibly he had misbehaved, although this seems unlikely in view of the circumstance that the mother's wrath began to show itself before the poor youngster could be said to have displayed any conduct at all. Possibly she thought him too hideous even for a hyena. Perhaps she thought two were company and three a crowd. But however we may guess at the reason, Mother Hyena began to systematically abuse this particular baby. She annoyed him in a dozen ways. When he thought himself most secure in a corner, she would hunt him out and strike at him and pull him about. She would hold him up as high as she could with her teeth, and then let him drop sprawling and dazed upon the floor of the cage.

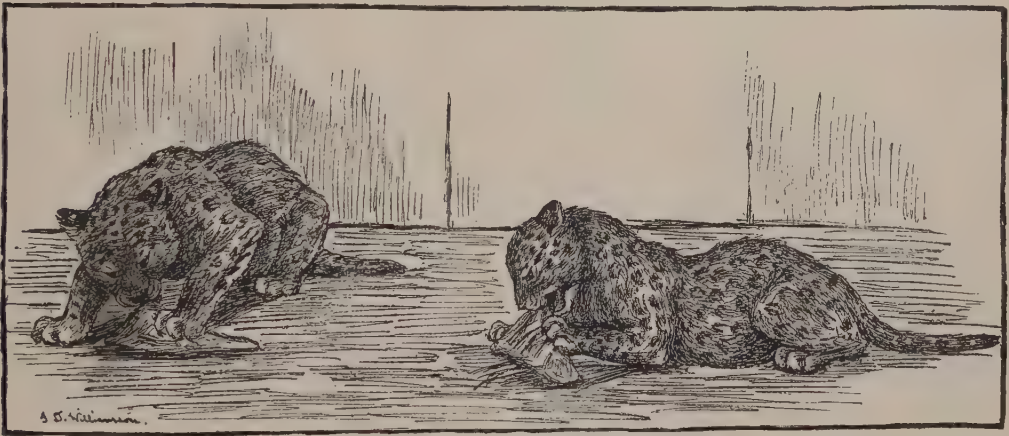
When he was released from one of these attacks, the poor persecuted baby would slink away as if trying to get somewhere out of sight, or at least in some part of the cage where he might be unnoticed and untormented. But the cruel mother would hunt him out again, and would again put the awkward and feeble thing through the ordeal of being lifted and dropped. And here we come to a singular circumstance as to the two other babies. One of these was invariably ready to assist the mother in ill-treating the despised member of the family—whether it joined in the hatred or simply followed the example of the mother it might be hard to decide. But when any cruelty was being practiced by the mother it was always on hand to help along the torment, to scratch or pull or pester in any way possible. The third baby, on the other hand, was quite evidently a saddened spectator of all the wicked agonies that were heaped upon the persecuted one. When the victim, exhausted by a fling or a repeated dropping upon the floor, would crawl away in silent misery, it would follow him, and

THE BABIES OF THE ZOO.

by licking his wounds and other signs, indicate an unmistakable grief and sympathy.

The keepers saw how matters stood in the hyena family, and several times rebuked the heartless parent; but the mother at last accomplished the purpose which her dislike for one of the children had inspired in her. One day she killed the young hyena. Her punishment was that she was entirely separated from her two remaining children, who have since been growing up in a cage by themselves.

The young hyenas look much like ungainly dogs. In fact, there are many points of resemblance between the dog and the hyena. While a great many dreadful stories are told about hyenas, stories that make us shudder, and while the idea of their frightful shout, which has been described as sounding like ghostly laughter, keeps most of us from caring to know them intimately, they have frequently been tamed and even used as watch dogs.



THE JAGUAR BABIES — MARY AND JOHN.

Their awkward walk is partly due to the shortness of their hind legs; but the poor hyenas are born without grace, as they are born without anything agreeable either in color or form. The two at Central Park seem to get along very well together. If they have any sharp differences of opinion as regards the treatment of the dead brother, there is no outward sign in their behavior.

Across the way in winter, and around the corner in summer, live the two jaguar babies. The jaguar is not so graceful as the leopard, whom he much resembles, but he is much handsomer than the hyena. He is one of the largest of what is called the "cat tribe." Sometimes he is called the American tiger. And what a surly and vicious cat he is! A full-grown jaguar does not look like the remarkably strong animal that he is. But a blow from his paw could kill an ox. One traveler tells of having seen a jaguar carry a horse which he had killed to the edge of a river, take fresh hold and swim the broad stream holding the horse

THE BABIES OF THE ZOO.

with his teeth, then mount the bank and carry his victim into the woods on the other side.

The two children of this wild race who made their appearance at the Zoo not many months ago were not long in showing traces of their fierce nature. Three weeks after they were born they were able to toddle around pretty well. They seemed to enjoy life from the start, and soon became very playful and active. But no keeper would make the mistake of trying to get on friendly terms with a jaguar. "You can't tame a jaguar," they say. And so it seems;

for although the two young animals sported with the lightness and noiselessness of kittens, they were always on the alert for an opportunity to bite or scratch. If an animal in the adjoining cage extends his paw under the lower bar in stretching himself upon the floor, or in reaching for a scrap of meat that has lodged in the gutter beyond the edge of the partition, the jaguar is generally quick to see his chance if it so happens that the neighbor's paw



"WHO'S BEEN IN MY BED?"

is sufficiently near the line of the partition to permit of his reaching it. If he can do so he will give the paw a vicious scratch.

I remember being in the Central Park menagerie a number of years ago when the partitions between some of the cages did not run all the way to the cage roof. In one cage was a jaguar. In the next cage to the right was a young tiger. In an unwary moment the tiger, rising upon its hind feet rested its fore paws on the top of the partition and peered into the next cage. The jaguar had been watching his opportunity. Seizing the end of one of the tiger's paws with both of his own the jaguar drew in his neighbor's leg with electric quickness. The tiger's shrieks aroused the entire menagerie. Before the keepers could force the jaguar to loosen his hold the fore part of the tiger's leg was so frightfully torn that I believe the animal had to be killed.

But their savage blood does not prevent these two baby jaguars of the Zoo from being very interesting to look at. Their quick, cat-like romps quickly explain why it is the jaguar is so good at climbing trees. The picture shows them at dinner, to which they always give the closest attention until nothing but the bones are left.

THE BABIES OF THE ZOO.

Everybody has noticed that some animals can be babies more gracefully than others. Among these favored animals are the bears. It is easy for everybody to love baby bears. How delightfully ridiculous they are! How quickly they make you think of the adjective "cunning!" They seem to have no baby awkwardness. They have not the swinging walk of the grown-up bears, but their baby ways seem to fit them perfectly. They make you think of "The Three Bears" and not of the bear stories that give Bruin a bad reputation. Who can look at the standing figure in the picture without thinking of the little bear who said, "And who's been in my bed?"

Perhaps the pleasant thing about bears is that they look like bears from the beginning. At the tender age of six months they are decidedly bearish, as the Wall Street people would say. You might imagine yourself looking at full-grown bears through the wrong end of the telescope. They have been very popular among the visitors at the Zoo, as bears generally are. The little visitors crane their necks to watch everything the young cubs do, and delight to imagine what beautiful pets they would make. They might be a little rough for the nursery, although they have never yet had occasion to be fierce or learned how to be unruly. They travel up and down the cage, "shin" the bare tree trunk that is given to them for use as a sort of gymnasium appliance, and go to sleep at all hours and with evident contentment.

The young bears often look as if they would really like to be sociable if they could only be given a chance. They seem to realize that they are objects of attention from the thousands of visitors, young and old, and placing themselves at the bars with their noses protruding as far as possible, they gaze long and curiously at the people who are gazing long and curiously at them, as if to say, "How queer you all are!"

If one could have a wishing cap and could be transformed for one Saturday afternoon into a baby bear behind the bars of a Central Park cage, would not the sights seen from the inside of the bars be as entertaining as anything seen from the outside? Fancy that panorama of eager, interested faces, many of them the faces of surprised human babies who are perched on father's shoulder or held up in mother's arms for a favored view! Fancy all the expressions of wonder, all the comic comments, all the absurd questions!



WHEN MAMMA HAS HIM HE FEELS SAFE.

THE BABIES OF THE ZOO.

Among the babies of the Zoo who actually seem to get a good deal of entertainment out of the public are the baby monkeys. It is a very fair "swap," for the baby monkeys are possibly the funniest infants in the whole Zoo. They are most forlorn in appearance, as you may judge from the artist's faithful drawing; but my own opinion is that they are not so forlorn as they look. It is true that they appear very meek, if not timid and frightened, but their quaint faces exaggerate this appearance.

Our little friend in the picture has not seen very much of the world. The crowd of people, the shrill cries from the monkeys in the other cages, daze him. Besides, he feels rather undressed, being still without the coat of hair that will make him more fit for company. When mamma has him he feels safe. When mamma has other occupations he is never altogether comfortable, although he scrambles about with a courage that you would scarcely expect of him. As he grows a little older he becomes very self-possessed indeed. He soon gets on speaking terms, as it were, with people who offer him peanuts and candy. Nothing sweet ever goes begging in the monkey house, whose inhabitants not only look at times very much like human beings, but show a remarkable taste for the kind of things boys and girls like to eat between meals. The baby monkey cannot, however, expect to get helped first. His mother always takes the first privilege, and is likely to let the baby have what she doesn't want herself. And then there are other half-grown monkeys who are always trying to intercept good things; who push the new monkey out of the way or reach out from the next cage.

The baby monkey's hands are very human, but it is always novel to notice that his feet are still more like human hands. This seems to be true of all monkey tribes. While many varieties of monkeys do not have very good thumbs to their hands, the thumbs of their feet, if we may put it this way, are almost always well developed.

The chief trouble of the baby monkey's early life—at least of his early life in the Zoo—is in learning to remember that he has a tail. A monkey's tail is very useful. It is hard to imagine how he could possibly get along without it. Yet it is a great care, just the same; for every other monkey who is mean loves to give it a tweak, and a new-born member of the tribe has many an anxious moment guarding himself from annoyance on this account. Even Mother Monkey, when she is tired and cross, and is not obeyed promptly, reaches over and brings Baby monkey to her side by the convenient method of dragging him by his tail. Baby monkey takes this quietly enough when the offender is his mother. In that case he probably concludes that he has deserved it. But when it is a big brother or some fellow in the next cage, it is a different matter. As soon as he is big enough he resents it.

Those who may think that teasing is a habit confined to the human family, and especially to boys, have only to spend a little time in front of a monkey

THE BABIES OF THE ZOO.

cage. They will then discover that in the art of teasing the monkey is an expert. When a bully of a monkey gets tired of everything else, he scratches his head thoughtfully, looks about and seems to mutter, "I wonder where there is somebody I can have fun with." Then he goes and hunts up a younger monkey who isn't able to fight back, or who never does anything more than cry out something that might mean, "Don't!"

I watched one of these teasers the other day. He got hold of a younger monkey and began something that looked like sparring. The younger monkey



ANTELOPE-MOTHER AND BABIES.

would not retaliate, but when the blows got too severe, he ran. Then the tease pulled him back by the tail. After a while the tease pulled the little one's tail up over his back. The little one bore this patiently without uttering a sound of complaint, which was precisely what the tease did not want. He wanted the little one to scream. Finally, when his victim made no sound or sign, he took the tail between his teeth and gave it a sharp bite. Then the little one screamed loudly, and tore himself away. The tease was delighted, and sat still for some time as if thinking over the fun of it all. In a few moments the same performance was repeated, the inquisitor piling one ordeal upon another, and when nothing else made the victim shriek, trying his teeth. Presently one of the keepers came along and gave the tease a switching, which was doubtless a great relief to the little one, and certainly was to me.

THE BABIES OF THE ZOO.

In the way of quiet family happiness, there is nothing at the Zoo more pleasant to look upon than the antelope groups. Within the last few years several babies have appeared over in the antelope quarters. A year ago everybody was admiring a certain handsome mother and daughter of the nylghau variety. A few months ago a most interesting event happened — both mother and daughter were found with delightfully queer little antelope babies.

It was a very happy family. The older mother took almost as much interest in her grandchild as in her own little one, and all led a very quiet, gentle and contented life, very different from the life of their earlier ancestors, who had to scamper for safety before the more savage beasts in the jungles of India. A glance at their meek eyes and slender limbs might well prompt the visitor to ponder on the unevenness of a contest between one of these fragile creatures and a beast of great strength and ferocity. While the antelope is quick, it has not the endurance of its coarser companions of the wood, and beasts that are much less fleet overtake it in time, if as persistent as the lion knows how to be when he chases one. Probably the favorite plan of the beasts that capture and kill the antelopes, is to lie in wait at some spot where the gentle creatures are in the habit of coming to drink. Then, when their unsuspecting victim is in plain sight and near enough to spring upon, the fatal dash is made and the poor antelope is lost.

For protection against this kind of stealthy attack the antelope is endowed with wonderfully keen senses. He can smell an enemy afar off, and whoever hunts him, whether it be the crouching tiger or the hunter with his rifle, must be very clever, not only avoiding the slightest noise, but even studying the direction of the wind.

Here at the Zoo it is pleasant to look at these sensitive creatures, and to think that they are free from these dangers of being hunted by man or beast. The lions' roar from the cage in the adjoining menagerie is a terrible sound, but it means nothing to the antelopes of the Zoo, who have never learned to know that it might be the signal of death to somebody.

The lions! What a majestic picture the name always brings up before us! And yet, as a baby at the Zoo the king of beasts is neither a majestic nor a terrible animal. Lion babies, born in captivity, are just like so many kittens, though by no means so quick as kittens in becoming light and graceful on their feet.

The three baby lions at the Central Park Zoo were born in a great circus menagerie. When delivered up at the place where they first prowled around like household pets they were as tame as the dogs that romp with children. They had "free run" of the circus quarters, and when taken to New York were carried in arms like so many human babies. At the Zoo they were placed in a cage by themselves, next door to the big African lion and lioness who have lived at the Zoo for so many years.

THE BABIES OF THE ZOO.

Although they are thus within so short a distance of each other, there being only a single partition between them, the grown lions and the cubs have not seen anything of each other. The cubs have become familiar with the terrific roar of the menagerie's king without knowing, save probably by instinct, that the owner of the voice is a beast of their own kind. The lion's roar has a royal resonance. Hoarse and awful as it is, this roar has a grandeur not to be found in the voice of any other native of the forest.

The three baby lions have been very popular at the Zoo. Visitors old and young are fascinated by these infant giants, by the prince and princess of the royal blood. During their early months of life — they are not yet two



A TRIO OF YOUNG LIONS.

years old — the cubs have not gained much of the grace of the grown lion. They are shaggy in appearance, their walk is exceedingly clumsy — a wobble that does not seem as if it could ever grow into the firm, swinging stride of the giants next door. They seem very happy together, romping and tumbling like a trio of frolicsome puppies.

I have said nothing about the baby camels, nor about some other babies that certainly are worthy to be mentioned if there were space to talk of them all. In one respect it may be said that these babies are all pretty much alike; I mean that they resemble human babies in often being not exactly handsome at the beginning. But this does not prevent their being exceedingly interesting. Their very weakness and clumsiness excite our sympathy and make them lovable.

Taken altogether, the babies of the Zoo lead a rather quiet life. Nothing extraordinary ever happens to them; they see the same objects, and life has the same dull round every day. The most exciting thing that ever happens is dinner. "Regular dinner" comes but once a day. It includes breakfast and

THE BABIES OF THE ZOO.

supper. This fact gives the Zoo dinner an immense importance. Under the circumstances, I should think the Zoo dinner might be considered three times as important as if there were three meals instead of one in a day. Every one of the animals waits for it with great expectation all the morning, and until it comes along about two o'clock, and dreams of it all the afternoon and evening.

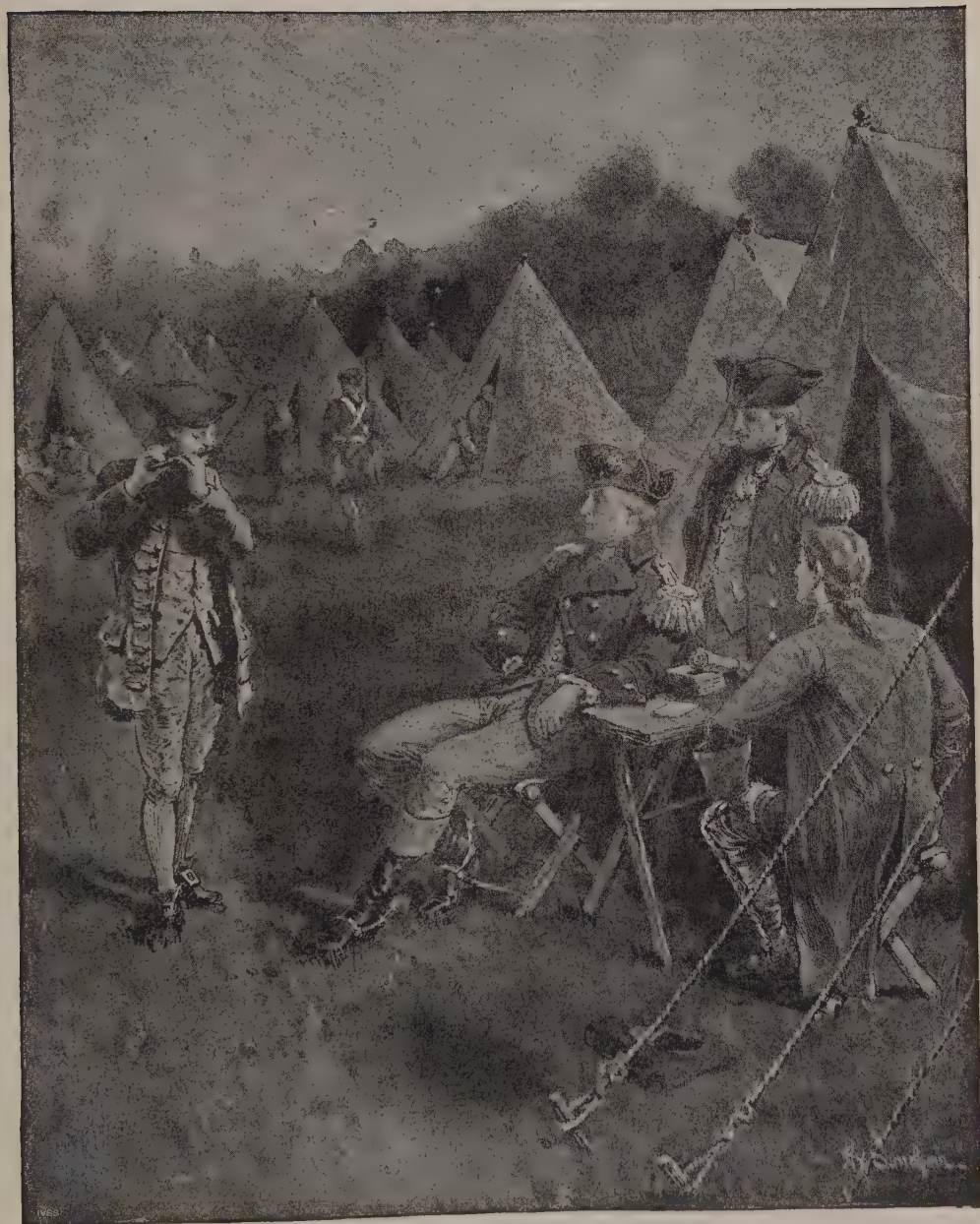
The meat-eating animals are given good beef in great solid chunks, that are thrust under the lower bar of the stage front. The meat is cut in flat pieces, which the keepers, by a dexterous sideward toss, send part way under the bar. Claws and teeth quickly drag the morsel into the interior of the cage. Baby Fatima is already big enough to get for dinner four loaves of bread and half a pail of oats. Her hay she may chew when she chooses. The baby lions will receive more meat when they have their second teeth, which will soon come — if they have not already begun — and which will make them peevish for a time. The monkeys, of course, get along very largely on peanuts during the pleasant months when sightseers are plenty. How they ever escape without wrecked digestions is a mystery of the deepest kind.

After dinner most of the Zoo boarders take a nap, particularly the babies. The fact is, that it is not easy for them to get more than cat naps during the day on account of the talking, laughing, shuffling of feet, the poking by playful hands with canes, umbrellas and switches. So it happens as a general thing that day, the time for "company" and dinner and sociability, is a time when the animals are awake a good deal; and at night, when the Park is dark and empty, and the light is dim, and there is no sound of footsteps, no chatter of voices, "all hands" go to bed for a good solid sleep. It is a solemn time in the grim menagerie, when this big household is all hushed in slumber.

Alexander Black.



AN ANIMATED TAIL PIECE.



THE FIFER OF THE REGIMENT.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND HIS OAK.



Philip Sidney.

THERE is, in the British Museum, a series of thirty etchings designed three hundred years ago, to illustrate the funeral of Sir Philip Sidney. The people of Holland were then engaged in a fierce struggle for independence against Philip II. of Spain. Queen Elizabeth had sent troops to aid them. Sidney had been appointed general of cavalry, and, in a battle at Zutphen, had received a wound, from the effects of which he died on the seventeenth of October, 1586. By the command of the queen his body was brought to London, and interred with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral.*

One of the most interesting of these old, pathetic pictures is that which represents the coffin attended by an escort of Sidney's intimate friends in quaint mourning robes, four being pall-bearers, and next to them four others carrying family banners. One of those nearest the

bier at the head is Sidney's dearest friend, Sir Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke. Born the same year, they entered school at Shrewsbury at the same time, the name of Greville being recorded next after that of Sidney. The latter met his sudden death before completing his thirty-second year. Greville lived to be seventy-four, still retaining, in all its fervor, this attachment of his youth.

An incident that occurred as Sidney was leaving the battle field after receiving his death wound, is already familiar, but we cannot be too often reminded of it. I will relate it in the words of Greville's biography of his friend :

"The horse he rode upon . . . forced him to forsake the field, but not his back, as the noblest and fitting bier to carry a martial commander to his grave. In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him ; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words : ' Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' "

* The "monument" of Sir Philip Sidney in St. Paul's Cathedral was simply a wooden tablet, and was destroyed in the great London fire of 1666. "Of all the monuments destroyed in St. Paul's," says Dean Milman, "that of Sir Philip Sidney is the one the loss of which I most greatly deplore."

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The records of Sidney's life show that this act was simply characteristic of his whole career, and the spontaneous impulse of one who from his youth had been accustomed to consider others before himself.

His genial and sunny disposition in boyhood is indicated by his father's calling him, as Greville says, "*lumen familiæ suæ*" — the light of his household. The father's judicious care is shown by a letter written to his "littell Philippe" at the Shrewsbury school, the first he ever wrote him. It was in answer to two that he had received from Philip, one in Latin and one in French.

After expressing satisfaction with these letters, the father first reminds him that prayer, although it should be habitual, must not be a mere form, but offered thoughtfully, and with absolute sincerity from the heart. He then goes on in a simple, affectionate manner to advise good habits in respect to neatness, temperance and exercise; to faithfulness in his studies and obedience to his teachers; to diligence and modesty; to courtesy in his treatment of persons of every

station, saying, "there ys nothing that wynneth so much with so lytell cost;" to the strict avoidance of profanity; "above all things," continues he, "tell no untruthe — no, not in trifels, . . . for ther cannot be a greater reproche to a gentellman than to be accounted a lyare;" and, after suggesting to him that "only by virtuous lyf and good action" can he be an ornament to the illustrious family of his mother, he signs himself,

"Your lovinge father so longe as you live in the feare of God,

H. SYDNEY."

Nothing seems to have been forgotten by the father, and nothing contained in the letter seems to have ever been forgotten by the son.

At the age of fifteen Philip left Shrewsbury for Christ Church College, Oxford. In his eighteenth year he obtained the queen's permission to spend some time on the Continent. He was absent three years,



"TOM" TOWER, CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.
(Where Philip Sidney was educated.)

visiting Paris, Italy and Germany, taking advantage of every opportunity for improvement, forming the acquaintance of eminent persons, and winning the confidence and admiration of all.

The uncle of Sidney who commanded the English troops in the Netherlands, was the celebrated Earl of Leicester, a favorite courtier of Queen Elizabeth.

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Some years before, she had given him the castle of Kenilworth, in the County of Warwick; and in the summer of 1575 she had been entertained by him there with great magnificence. Masquerades, music, fireworks, tournaments, whatever could add to the splendor of the occasion, had been called into requisition. Scott has made this visit a principal feature in his story of "Kenilworth."

The queen's journeys through the kingdom were conducted with great display, and were called progresses. Sidney, who a few months before had re-



THE VILLAGE OF PENSURST, WHERE SIDNEY'S BOYHOOD WAS SPENT.

turned from the Continent, took part in the Kenilworth progress; and so, probably, did his friend Greville, who was a native of Warwickshire, and in great favor with the queen.

The party spent the night before reaching Kenilworth at Warwick Castle. This castle afterwards came into the possession of Greville, who erected for himself an imposing tomb in St. Mary's Church at Warwick, on which he directed this inscription to be placed: "Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to King James, Friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

The road between Warwick and Kenilworth and for miles beyond, beneath overarching oaks and elms, is called one of the pleasantest in England. On a lovely September day, three centuries lacking some months after the progress of Elizabeth, I made an excursion through this delightful region to the ruins of Kenilworth. I had already seen at Warwick the park with its

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"ancient elms," of which the poet Gray wrote that they "seemed to remember Sir Philip Sidney, who often walked under them;" in the castle, I had looked upon the portraits of Elizabeth and Leicester and Sidney. Perhaps in the brilliant panorama of past scenes which that day was unrolled before me, no figure stood out so distinctly as did that of the young hero, who is still, as he was during his short life, "the world's delight."

With all the accomplishments that fitted him to grace these pageants of Elizabeth, and to adorn the court, Sidney could not be satisfied with such a life. Loving study from his boyhood, he attained great proficiency in many departments of knowledge. Hallam, in "*The Literary History of Europe*," calls Sidney the earliest good prose writer of England. He was a friend of poets and of scholars, and was himself a poet; but he did not aim to make literature his chief pursuit. He longed with intense ardor to take some part in active life in that most eventful age.

Not long after the Kenilworth festivities, when he was but about twenty-four, he was sent on an important mission to the Emperor of Germany. As he returned he visited Holland, and made the acquaintance of William, Prince of Orange, surnamed the Silent, the greatest man of that epoch so remarkable for great men. William's judgment of Sidney was expressed in a message to the English queen, that she had in him one of the ripest and greatest statesmen in all Europe.

Sir Henry Sidney, the father of Philip, had been the companion and intimate friend of Edward VI., the pious son of Henry VIII., and in the disturbed times that followed the early death of the young king, he had maintained his integrity unspotted. We have seen how he wrote to his little boy at Shrewsbury. An extract from a letter to another son, Robert, will show what he thought of Philip twelve years later. "Follow," he says, "the advice of your most loving brother. . . . Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies and actions. He is a rare ornament of his age, the very formula that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners of life by. In truth, I speak it without flattering of him or myself, he hath the most virtues that I ever found in any man. . . . Once again, I say, imitate him."

Greville, who during a long life occupied various places of public trust, and proved himself a noble and high-minded man, said that Sidney's example not only encouraged learning and honor, but "brought the true use thereof into the court and camp;" that his ways added reputation to the country by "restoring the ancient majesty of noble and true dealing;" that his heart and tongue went both one way, and always for the truth, "as knowing no other kindred, party, or end," and that "above all he made the religion he professed the firm basis of his life."

The heart of Sidney had been deeply stirred by the struggles of the heroic Netherlanders against the tyranny of Spain long before he was permitted to

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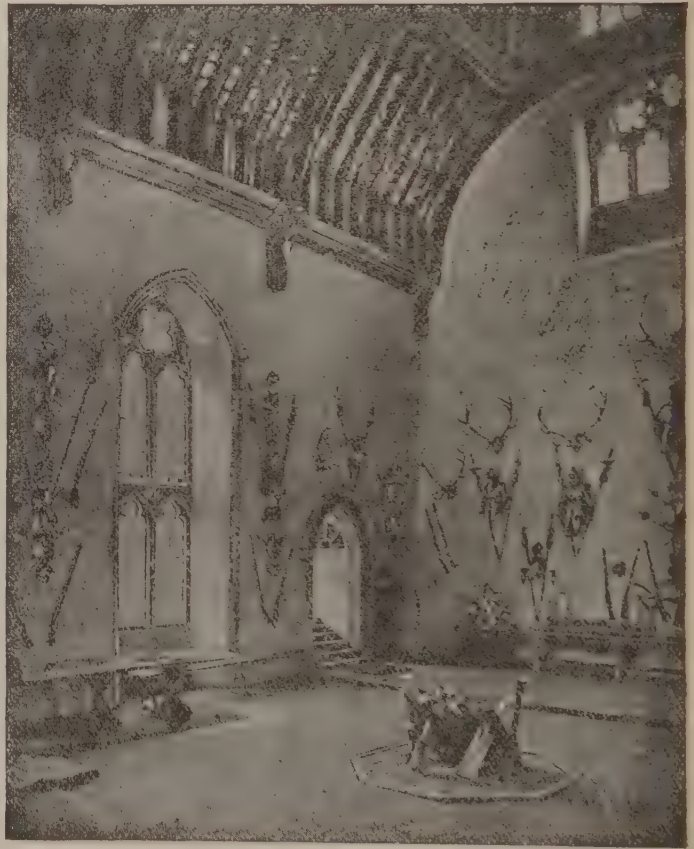
make their cause his own; and when the end came, the grateful people of Holland begged to be allowed the honor of his burial, desiring to erect to him a princely monument. But, to this, Elizabeth would not consent. For the first time on record, except for royal personages, general mourning was ordered throughout England.

There is a curious mingling of irony and pathos in the fact that Sidney received his death while fighting against that king whose namesake he was, Queen Mary herself, in whose reign he was born, having given him the name of her husband; and it is an interesting example of the compensations we sometimes see, that this name of Philip, which the King of Spain made execrable, has when joined with Sidney, become for all ages a synonym for the noblest type of Christian manhood.

It was to commemorate the birth of the baby Philip on the twenty-ninth of November, 1554, that the Sidney oak was planted at Penshurst, the home of the Sidneys — “the stately Sidneys: stately in their character, in their careers, in their patriotism, in their heroism, in their rectitude, and in their verse.”

The County of Kent — that part of it in particular in which Penshurst is situated, has been called the garden of England. The castle is on a slight elevation in a broad valley, with beautiful, wooded hills in the distance.

The park at Penshurst consists of about four hundred acres; it contains numerous trees, noteworthy from their size, or their picturesqueness, or still more from their associations. It is easy to imagine many of them as “talking oaks,” each with its own fascinating story to tell: of Spenser, perhaps, who was often the companion of Sidney at his home, and who wrote here, it is said, a part of “The Shepherd’s Calendar,” the first of his poems that was published;



INTERIOR OF THE OLD HALL AT PENS HurST.

(In this chief room of the old castle the lord of the manor and a hundred retainers gathered for feast, conference and revel.)

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perhaps he drew the graphic description of an aged oak contained in it from one of these very trees; of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was also Sidney's friend; or of other poets and heroes who frequented the park of Penshurst then and in succeeding generations; and it is pleasant to linger

"Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade"

for the sake of those who enjoyed their shelter so long ago.

But undoubtedly the most interesting of all is the oak that was planted "the day that shone on Sidney's birth." This tree, whose trunk has been



THE OLD HALL AT PENSHERST PLACE, THE HOME OF THE SIDNEYS.

(This old hall was built in the fourteenth century, and is filled now with relics of Sir Philip Sidney and his ancestors.)

hollow for more than a quarter of a century, measures at three feet from the ground about twenty-six feet in girth, having increased four feet in circumference in one hundred years. It stands by itself on low ground near a beautiful little sheet of water, called Landcup Well.

William Howitt, who visited Penshurst nearly fifty years ago, refers, in his account of the visit, to the "everlasting attraction" given by past events and characters to many objects at Penshurst;* and first among these he mentions this venerable tree.

* Among the things seen by Mr. Howitt was a manuscript entitled "Inventory of Household Furniture, etc., at Kenilworth Castle, belonging to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. An. Dom. 1583."

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With a similar feeling Washington Irving speaks of the ancient groves of England as "haunted by the recollections of great spirits of past ages." "Who," he asks, "can walk, with soul unmoved, among the stately groves of Penshurst, where the gallant, the amiable, the elegant Sir Philip Sidney passed his boyhood; or can look without fondness upon the tree that is said to have been planted on his birthday?"

In early historic times, England was covered by vast forests. Cæsar, the first authentic historian of Britain, called a British town nothing but a thick wood fortified by a ditch and a rampart; and when his army landed at Cantium (Kent), the southeastern corner of the island, it was into the woods that the inhabitants fled. That, in the native forests, the oak prevailed extensively is indicated by numerous names of places throughout England, in which may be found the word oak or some variation of it, or the Anglo-Saxon form *æc*. as Acton, Oakthorpe, Ockbrook, Okeburn, Okendon, Hockwold, Woking, and so forth, one town near Windsor Forest being called both Wokingham and Oakingham. A market town near Penshurst is Sevenoaks.

As the population increased, and there was greater demand for cleared and cultivated land, as well as for timber and fuel, the old forests were destroyed with the same reckless disregard to the future that has begun to cause alarm in the minds of many in respect to the woods of our own country. In the reign of Henry VIII. laws were enacted for the protection of the forests, and during the sixteenth century it became a custom to plant oaks.

November being, in England, the proper month for planting the oak, it might seem that an oak-tree was selected to be the "sacred mark of noble Sidney's birth," without special design, but simply because it had become the fashion to plant these trees; but this is not probable.

"The oak is Britain's pride,
The lordliest of trees,
The glory of her forest side,
The guardian of her seas."

To an Englishman, the oak, among trees, seems a representative of the English race. It is of slow growth, but on that account more substantial. Its size renders it very impressive. The British species is one of the largest of the genus, the ordinary height being from sixty to eighty feet. Old oaks are, however, often more remarkable for the size of the trunk than for lofty growth. I have seen an account of one which was twelve feet in diameter, in the hollow of whose trunk twenty men could stand upright. Another at five feet from the ground is said to measure forty-seven and one half feet in girth. In suitable soil the oak sometimes reaches a great age and shows no decay for centuries. Many of the ancient oaks of England are thought to have been standing a thousand years or more — majestic patriarchs of the forest, whose picturesqueness is even heightened as they decay.

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These characteristics render the oak peculiarly suitable for a memorial tree. Milton speaks of "twilight groves, and shadows brown, of pine or monumental oak." I do not think that Milton's association of the pine with the oak was accidental. When young, oak-trees need shelter, and a customary way of protecting them is first to set out young pine-trees, and after they have reached a sufficient height, to introduce the oaks, thinning out the pines gradually afterwards.

However it came to pass, an oak it was that was planted to commemorate the little Philip Sidney's birth. And this tree, in whatever way it was nurtured, lived, and grew and became a "monumental oak," and still, after more than three centuries, it —



"SIDNEY'S OAK" AT PENSURST.
(Redrawn from an old sketch.)

" — shades
Delightful Penshurst's classic glades ;

Most honored for its birthright claim
To bear the gallant Sidney's name."

Sixty or seventy years are required for the oak to become of considerable size. We may judge that Sidney's namesake had a vigorous and uninterrupted growth in the beginning of its life, for it could not have been more than sixty years

old when a very circumstantial poetical description of Penshurst was written by Ben Jonson, in which this oak was referred to as —

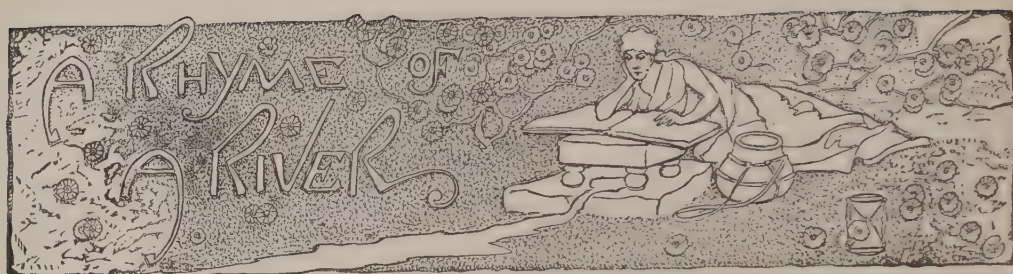
" That taller tree, which of a nut was set
At his great birth where all the Muses met ; "

From this we may see that " Sidney's oak " was then conspicuous by its height. •

Sidney himself never had an opportunity to see it beyond the period of its youth. We are told that, many years afterwards, the tenants on the place had the custom of adorning themselves, when they came on festival occasions to pay their respects to the lord of the estate, with boughs from this venerated oak in memory of Sir Philip ; and for centuries yet to come, many, who have been inspired and encouraged by the story of his life and death, will continue to regard his birthplace as sacred, and will —

" — tread
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts,
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born —
Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feigned."

Harriet C. W. Stanton



A RIVER runs on through a populous town —
A blue rippling river that flows gently down ;
It has many foam-flakes set whitely along,
And sings to itself a monotonous song.

The trees on the banks, and the green grasses too,
Bend over to whisper a "How do you do?"
And when a small boat through the clear ripples slides
The water comes washing against its dark sides.

A bright little maiden went over one day
From this shore to that for an afternoon's play ;
And the boatman, midway 'twixt the emerald shores,
Let the boat slowly drift, resting long on his oars.

The sweet child knelt down on her little bare knees
And looked in the river the same as the trees ;
She saw there reflected her own merry face
That shone and that smiled with a wonderful grace.

.

And when the long years had slipped into the past
And the maid had grown up to a woman at last ;
She rowed o'er the river and stopped once to see
How fair its clear water might show her to be.

And there at her side was her own little child,
A bright little maiden, so sunny and mild ;
And her face like her mother's reflected below
Made the mother exclaim as she watched the waves flow :

A RHYME OF A RIVER.

“Why, I thought when I first saw those sparkling eyes
Aglow with delight and a wondering surprise,
That the image of my long-ago childish face
Had been kept through the years, never changed from the place

“Where once I had seen it. But I see now, my dear,
That this is but you pictured perfectly here ;
And no one would dream that this child-face a-shine
Might once have been called a reflection of mine.”

The little girl laughed with a new-found delight,
And caught in her fingers a foam-flake so white,
That was floating, as only white foam-flakes can float,
On the top of the water alongside the boat.

And still when the wind shakes the boughs of the trees,
They bend to the river that flows to the seas,
While the river itself as it ripples along
Sings over its one old monotonous song.

James Berry Bensel.



A GOOD STRING OF FISH.

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.

(First Paper.)

MY "happy hunting-ground" is a big, billowy country yard, over which Nature, in the zeal of spring house-cleaning, has just unrolled a heavy green carpet, and tacked it down thickly with gold-headed dandelion spikes. The whole breezy space is full of trees. And what a delightful home it is for my summer sweethearts — the little feathered darlings! Shady nooks and sunny nooks; blossoming boughs and sober green snuggeries; firm little evergreen hollows and dizzy, swinging sprays! Everything in the way of desirable sites that the most fastidious builder could wish, and every inducement offered to come and stay. No wise bird who peeps over that hedge, but immediately hops inside, and begins negotiations on the spot. What a carnival of birds! How they revel here through all the sunny months — from the busy

hurry and bustle of the early days of prospecting, building and general spring house-cleaning, through the long weeks of more sedate domestic pursuits, down to the important time when the anxious parents launch their pin-feathery tribe upon polite feathered society, even to the chill, short days of autumn, when the last little wing flits over the crisp hedge, and my sweethearts are flown.

I believe that naturalists generally consider the robin-redbreast a bird of sagacity and judgment, but I differ from them. I have lately become slightly acquainted with a young matron of the robin family. I believe she came North on her wedding tour;

and until a few days ago I considered her a model of sense and propriety. Then the house-building mania took possession of her, and she was a changed bird.

Instead of going about her work quietly, selecting a safe, secluded spot, and conveying her mud, sticks and straw by a private route, she no sooner decided



MRS. ROBIN-REDBREAST AND TABBY.

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.

upon her plan than she seemed to call heaven and earth to witness her doings. The indolent old family cat saunters along the walk, with no thought of guile in her feline heart. Her yellow eyes are only little slits; she contentedly licks the milk off her whiskers, and enjoys the sunshine.

She hath purposed within her to take a nap in the haymow; but Mrs. Robin sees her, and screams and scolds at the top of her shrewish voice.

She flounces and flutters from tree to tree, and from bush to bush, getting a little nearer and growing more excited all the while, till finally she makes a frantic swoop and dashes into the very face of the enemy. At length this grows too much for even the meekest of cats to bear; the yellow eyes open wide with a wicked gleam of suspicion in them, and observing that the demonstrations are especially violent about a certain spot, the virtuous Tabby crawls up to investigate, and calmly breakfasts off the tender nestful.

Truly the robin is not what we would call a diplomat. She is the most feminine of all birds. Every note of the sharp, querulous voice, every worried and anxious glance of the beady black eyes, and every nervous quirk of the plain little body proclaim her an over-anxious Martha—"cumbered with much serving"; but in spite of her worldly ways she is a lovable little body.

In gay contrast to this over-worked housewife comes, heralded by the jangle of his silver bells, the jolliest little jester of all the summer-time—our rollicking bobolink, the rice-bird of the South.

There, he is the scourge of the great rice crops, and his depredations make him an outlaw; here, he is the courted autocrat of flowery fields, and we loyally wish there were more of him. To this rattle-headed fellow life doesn't seem a serious business at all. He swaggers about in his clownish black-and-white suit as if he had his hands in his pockets, and his rakish little cream plush cap has a suspicious look of being canted a little to one side. A sense of family dignity does not oppress him, for all his ancestors for generations back have been notorious for these same lawless habits and happy-go-lucky manners. He is the personification of "folly as it flies," and all his days are spent in foolish revelry.



OUR ROLICKING BOBOLINK, THE RICE-BIRD OF THE SOUTH.

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.

You will see him, with a sly glance around, slip down among the buttercups, chuckling and muttering as if in cautious asides to some elfish "familiar." But trust him not, he's fooling you; no lowly nest hides there. If all his make-believe nests were real ones, he would be lord of as numerous a harem as any Eastern pasha. He has but one plain, brown little wife, and all these feints and dodges are simply his little joke; he is an adept in cunning and duplicity.

As he tips and slides on a bending spray, in a perfect ecstasy of grotesque contortions, you would set him down at once for a half-witted fellow, if he did not tip you a knowing wink to explain that he is only playing the fool. How he chokes with laughter; how he turns his musical somersaults; how he tosses up his cap and bells in the tangle of the tall grasses! Melody fairly leaks out of him, and he seems to flick and shake it from his wings like tormenting sweat-drops. His bewildering song-medley used sorely to puzzle my childish wits; and though assured that he continually repeated, with impromptu flourishes, "Bob-o-link-'em! bob-o-link-'em! spink, spank, spink 'em!" I still feel, as I suspected then, that this is rather a free translation.

There is something in the first low gurgle of song that reminds me of John Burroughs' tribute to the lark; a clear, thrilling resonance in the prelude like

"the hum of silver wheels over a pebbly beach." But language is a phonograph too imperfect to transmit such liquid cadences. The song is simply indescribable; and the "sweet singer" himself, my wayward bob-o-link, is one of the most bewitching and irresistible of all my summer sweethearts.

The phoebe-bird is a peculiar study. I have long tried to win her regard, or even her confidence, but I feel that I do not gain ground. So coolly have my advances been repulsed that I begin to feel a reckless indifference to her charms; she may go too far. I am convinced that she is the victim of a secret sorrow; an air of gloomy mystery surrounds her.

But whatever her sorrow may be, the world will never know it. She is a sort of feathered Spartan, hugging her wings over the secret that is gnawing at her heart. But though she guards it so fiercely, and seems to take pride in suffering alone, echoes of its minor music creep into her selfish little song. The plaintive, long-drawn "Phoebe" is melancholy itself, and escapes like an involuntary sigh of sadness from an overburdened heart. But there is nothing timid or shrinking about the phoebe; she is the most self-assured of birds. Where she determines to lay the corner-stone of her dwelling, there she will lay it.



THE PHOEBE-BIRD, "THE MOST SELF-ASSURED OF BIRDS."

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.

It is useless to argue with a phoebe-bird. If the site this obstinate builder has chosen happens to be the front veranda, and the tidy housewife mildly expostulates, even going so far as to demolish the rising structure, it is erected again and again before the enemy's eyes, until hostilities cease in despair, and the flag of triumph waves from its mud battlements.

After having one's feelings lacerated by the phoebe's systematic snubbing, it is comforting to turn to the society of the unassuming little song-sparrow. Here good faith is the only passport necessary.

Last summer the busy pruning shears nearly performed what is known in Ireland as the "eviction act" for one of these little householders.

A low cedar clump was undergoing the rounding process, when the clipping suddenly exposed a snug little nest on the very top, where every sheltering sprig had just been snipped away. On clearing out the débris of fine clippings, three warm eggs were revealed.

The pruner debated within himself, and deciding that the case was hopeless, brought the nest in for family inspection.

Feminine faith was great, however, and the precious nestful was again deposited in its old place, with the hope that the bird, who was a fearless little thing, might not forsake it. On returning from her untimely constitutional, in spite of the changed surroundings, she plumped down on the beloved nest in full view of the public, and sat there through all the long days till hatching time. It was really touching to see her in the hot afternoon sunshine, without a twig to shield her from the steady blaze — a wet, ragged little bunch of feathers, limp and gasping, with thirsty beak wide open.

At last devotion had its reward; and what a clamorous, hungry life those frail shells had confined! The moment they opened, the law of necessity prevailed, and the poor little mother knew no rest.

Early and late she flew hither and thither, to be greeted on each return by the sight of three wavering, scrawny necks topped by as many yawning red mouths. She was a veritable slave to the undisciplined appetites of her family. As they waxed strong their exactions increased, and the distracted parent redoubled her exertions. Things came to such a desperate pass that we undertook to lighten her labors by furnishing a daily supply of soaked bread, and no false notion of independence withheld the harassed mother from making use of it. Flying to the neighboring hedge to make a hurried analysis of the first mouthful, she found it to contain no poison, and joyfully returned to feast her crying babies.

This bread-feeding became a part of the regular programme, and proved a grateful burden-lifter to the overtaxed mother, especially as the head of the house was most improvident and irregular in his habits.

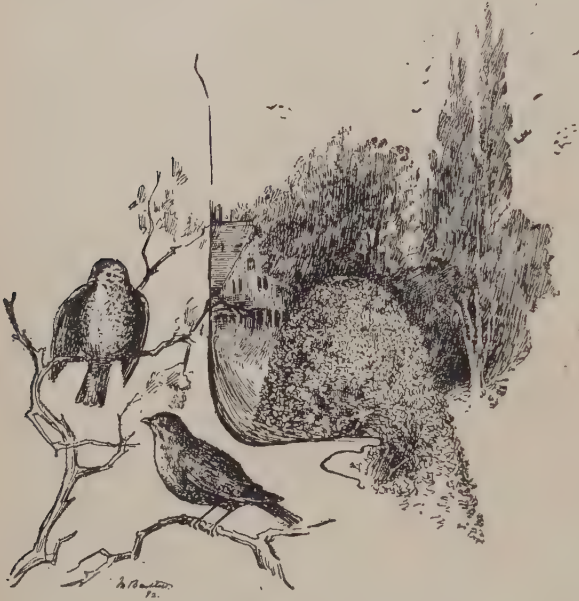
Another domestic institution maintained under difficulties, was a sparrow's nest built in a tangle of clematis over the veranda. It was finished early, and

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.

in May, when the house was to receive its new coat of paint, it seemed inevitable that the small home must be sacrificed.

However, the courageous little matron stuck to her nest so persistently, that when it became necessary to unfasten the climbers in order to paint behind

them, the admiring knight of the brush tenderly gathered up the branches that held the nest, and tied them to the side of his ladder. In this wildly rocking cradle the bird kept her eggs warm, while the workmen ascended and descended the ladder, and painted all about her. Many times her courage failed, and she would flutter away; but always to flit back again and drop into the imperiled little nest.



MR. AND MRS. SONG-SPARROW AND NEST IN THE CEDAR CLUMP.

In another sparrow home were stowed five eggs — four small, freckled ones of the song-sparrow, and one big round one which was evidently a contribution. This strange collection

was watched with great interest, and much speculation as to what the old bird would “say” when the shells were opened. She did not appear to philosophize on the dissimilarity of the eggs, but the advent of the foreigner in person we considered a circumstance calculated to arouse comment. When the last shell cracked, a great hulking fellow of a cat-bird elbowed four little song-sparrows to the very brim of the crowded nest. Whatever the astonished mother of such an “odd chicken” may have felt at the sight, her heart was big enough to take in the whole nestful — foundling and all.

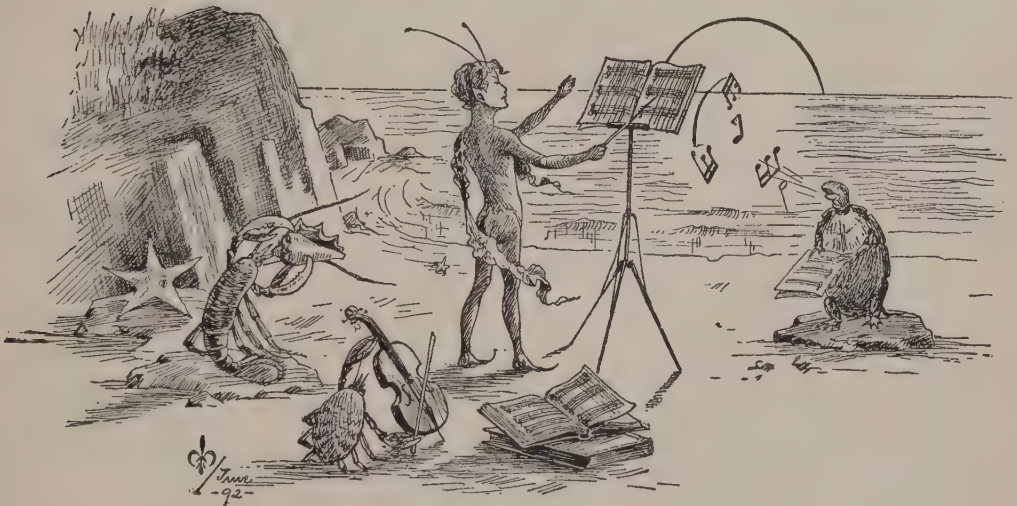
She fed and mothered the ugly dark thing as tenderly as she did her own dainty brown babies, who developed into smooth, spry young birds, and were crowded over the threshold long before the backward foundling put off his coarse pinfeathers. I am afraid the legitimate children were even “turned off” a good deal on account of the more vociferous demands of the “foreign element.” When this ungainly youngster did at length flounder over the top of the outgrown nest, it was a comical sight to see him shamble about the garden in pursuit of his tiny food-giver. He looked like an unwieldy bat, with his great dingy wings shaking and wavering, and his mouth stretched wide to receive the worms popped into it.

THE ELF'S SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The ungrateful thing never seemed satisfied, and I quite blushed for the shameless way in which this overgrown fellow depended on his weak little foster-mother, who never seemed to think any demand too much, so proud was she of her odd fledgeling.

These song-sparrows are devoted little mothers, and faithful home-makers. If they were all aflame with tropical colors they could not be more winning to me than they are in their sober little frocks of brown, for I love them for their many virtues, rather than for "fine feathers."

Jennie E. Thompson.



THE ELF'S SYMPHONY CONCERT.

DID you never hear, mid the rush and roar
Of the waves that swash on the ceaseless sea,
A melody whispering softly o'er
The tide that flows from the coral key?

'Tis the little brown elf and his band of four
That haunt by night every sea-beat shore,
Singing echoes of yesterday, sweet and low,
That rhyme with the chimes of the long ago;
While the joyous crab plays "Fiddle-de-dee,"
And the voice of the turtle sings "Do, re, mi."

Lilian Crawford True.

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.

(*Second Paper.*)

I KNOW a place where tall willows lean over a stream, and the very spirit of summer broods. Others know it, too, for it is the oriole's paradise. From the lithe willow branches he swings his brown-meshed hammock, and slides in and out amidst the tender green of the willows.

Through the old elm's dim aisles his gorgeous vestments flit flame-like, and his clear voice sings Nature's hallelujah. Such a glorious voice! I have listened and listened to discover its mystery — its promised revelation. Some bird voices affect the senses like the fragrance of certain flowers, bringing to us, each, different associations. One of our own poets, wise in bird-lore, has heard her message from another songster than mine :

" Oh! lark of Europe downward fluttering near,
Like some spent leaf at best,
You'd never sing again if you could hear
My bluebird of the West! "

But the oriole I must worship at a distance. I feel no equality with this radiant songster, much as I love him. He is a bright, illusive presence, deigning sometimes to rest among the white garlands of my "happy hunting-ground," but oftener blowing back notes of mocking sweetness from his enchanted flute, as he darts away in fiery flight.



THE ORIOLE.

(*"A bright, illusive presence."*)

Last summer I had a particularly enjoyable flirtation with a plain little humming-bird. Indeed, this was quite a protracted affair, our intimacy continuing unbroken through the greater part of the season. Just under my window was a geranium bed, surrounded by a hedge of sweet peas, and here was one of the favorite feasting-grounds of my tiny hummer. I grew to listen for the noise of his wings outside the open window, where I would

screen myself behind the shutters to watch his unconscious flittings. I noticed he showed a decided preference for the geraniums. Darting headlong at the bright clusters, he would push apart the petals, plunge his beak deep into their hearts, and linger long at his flowery wine cup. At length he would reel from his carousal and perch tipsily on the wire netting, uttering squeaky notes of happiness,

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.

taking in everything with his sharp little eyes, and going through a series of graceful motions the while, with the freedom of one unobserved.

After this necessary pause to regain breath and clear away the cobwebs from his dizzy brain, he would lurch suddenly forward and away on his aerial voyage once more, this time toward the goodly island of nasturtium blooms lying like a tropic tangle, rich and glowing, in a sea of melting sunshine. Again that ever-thirsty beak dives deep into the fairy drinking-horns, and my little hummer revels like a veritable bacchanalian over their honey-filled brims. He must get sweet nectar here, and I marvel that he should leave the generous little cornucopias to rifle the fuchsia's tasteless pendants. But he is a volatile little fellow, sowing his wild oats, and must sip at every cup. Now he is off again, darting in and out among the tall white lilies. I can hear him buzzing, busy as a bee, out of sight in the hollow of the waxen bell, from which he emerges like a floury miller, his little jacket dusted thick with golden pollen.

In my childhood days I think I used to have a vague notion that humming-birds never alighted. Anyhow, I was never fortunate enough to see one in rest. A flash of embodied rainbow tints, and a brief, confusing whir was my childish idea of the bird with which I have now become more familiar.

My last year's sweetheart convinced me that he was a very ordinary little fellow in his habits. He never sought to veil himself in interesting mystery, but came frankly to the light and acknowledged that he was but a bird, after all. Indeed, he seemed rather to enjoy feeling the public gaze centered on his comfortable, if plain little person, and never blushed under the most trying scrutiny. I think, however, that he was quite free from vanity, and simply received attention in a friendly, off-hand way.

There was nothing in his appearance to encourage a too fond self-consciousness; for Nature had not been lavish in the use of her iridescent flitters, and he was quietly but neatly clad in a dullish green ulster, with a Quakerish vest of drab. He was not beautiful like his more favored brother, the gorgeous "ruby-throat;" but he had winning ways, that compensated for the absence of the metallic glitter of emerald, and the ruby necklace that flashed out upon the throat.



THE VOLATILE HUMMING-BIRD.

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.

He was as much a lover of color, in his way, as Titian; the flame and gold of the nasturtium blossoms were especially dear to his eyes.

I was coming up the walk one day with a bunch of them in my hand, when I heard the well-known beating of tiny wings, and saw that my flowers were the object of envy. I stood still and held them toward him, my heart quite fluttering with the hope that he would be enticed to taste their sweetness. He refused to come to closer quarters, however, but tantalizingly poised a few feet from them, beating the air wildly with his wings, his longing gaze fixed on the blossoms, and his little heart evidently torn with conflicting emotions. Modesty finally overcame all else, and he retired to a branch close by to calm himself.

I suppose his agitated feelings found vent in the vigorous scratching he bestowed on his ear, for he soon settled himself to absorbing toilet duties, arranging his feathers carefully with his slender, one-toothed comb, and except for an occasional glance out of the corner of his eye, pretending to ignore me utterly.

Among numerous accomplishments, his graceful trapeze performance attracted admiring attention. His swings and appliances were the lithe, wind-tossed clematis trails, and upon them he would execute all sorts of dainty feats, perfectly aware that he was watched, but quite indifferent to applause.

I am now convinced that this artful deceiver was a gay young bachelor, but he succeeded, by various little wiles, in beguiling me to hunt for a possible nest, presided over by a stay-at-home little wife, in all sorts of improbable places.

Indeed, I got up quite a romantic interest in this rather mythical domestic character, and it is with a feeling of having been trifled with that I must confess that my search resulted like Lord Lovell's for his missing bride—I, too, "sought wildly, but found her not."



THE BARN-SWALLOW — WITH THE SWEEP OF BLADE-LIKE WINGS.

Among my summer sweethearts that I welcome most joyfully are the shy barn-swallows. When the long sweep of their blade-like wings cuts the air, my heart rejoices, for I know that summer is near — "even at the door."

Their nesting-place has always been consecrated ground, and year after year the little mud hovels have globed themselves thickly under the overhanging brows of the swarthy old barn, and clustered in regular colonies of "populous

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.

nests on the rafters." No prying Gabriel and Evangeline were ever allowed to climb here —

"Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledgelings."

It would be a decidedly unpoetical moment for any luckless explorer caught in that unlawful quest. But curious eyes may watch, if meddling fingers must not touch, and it is a liberal education just to lie on the scented haymow through the still summer afternoon, and, like an astronomer leveling his telescope at some far-off sphere, look up into the brown dome of the loft and watch the busy, chattering life effervescing there. It is a delicious, dreamy kind of lotus-eating which is followed by no evil effect. One never so longs for wings as then. From



THE USURPING ENGLISH SPARROWS.

a thousand chinks pour in the floods of golden-moted sunshine, through which the swallows glide like fairy boats, rowed by flashing, oar-like wings. It is a marvel that such sleek and glossy feathers can emerge from those crowded quarters, but the shiny little dress-coats are always spick and span, and the generous expanse of shirt front beyond reproach.

I think the swallow is the type of a self-made bird. He ought to point to his humble mud hut with the same complacency with which the rising public man alludes to the log cabin of his birth. It is a delicate way of saying, "Behold how high I have risen!"

But this comparison is open to criticism. For "when the swallows homeward fly," it is to those same mud walls, dear to their constant little hearts.

Now at this moment I have a particular grievance. This spring it was noticed that the arriving flocks retreated in a body from the favorite nesting-grounds under the eaves; and a little amateur detective work disclosed a plot on the part of two English sparrows to usurp the rights and privileges of the lawful landowners.

These small belligerents — true domineering Britons — had stuck up their own dab of mud, and begun housekeeping on the squatters' principles. The meek little swallows, too frightened to protest, fled before the violence of their charge, and retired to the rafters within, to set up their household gods in peace.

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.

So the crowded clusters of mud bubbles beneath the eaves hang empty and still, and it gives me a feeling almost of homesickness to see no bright eyes peeping from the open doorway, and no clinging little mason at work with his busy trowel on the cracking walls.

Another tormentor of peaceful birds, who, in spite of his good looks and jaunty air, has incurred my dislike, is the king-bird. He is a born gladiator, and though he fears no foe, it is his special pleasure to sit behind a leafy screen, and dart down like an arrow on every inoffensive little bird that comes that way. He is a conceited braggart, and his trick of perching on a conspicuous twig, and sounding his impudent, mocking challenge, must be very exasperating to less pretentious birds.

Among the blithest and brightest of my summer darlings are the gay little yellow-birds. They light up the green spaces like a bed of daffodils, and their sunshiny flight through the air reminds one of a flock of happy children bounding out of school. It is always merry playtime with them.

Their chirpy, conversational tone and gurgling, canary-like little song are as cheerful to hear as their trim yellow jackets are pretty to see; and their buoyant hop, skip and jump through the air come as a real inspiration.

The least whisper of these "out-door canaries" sets our indoor pets wild. The ties of relationship are cordially acknowledged, and sometimes the little yellow bodies get soundly bumped against the window-pane in their zeal for a family reunion. In the sunny days, when our canaries enjoy life on the veranda, they often entertain these inquisitive callers, who perch on the vines near their cages, and hold long interviews with them.

The conversation is carried on in a tone of persistent interrogation, chiefly by the visitor, who seems to be a prey to consuming curiosity.

Frequently he comes closer, and a pretty little balcony scene is enacted, the feathered Romeo and Juliet billing and cooing very sweetly between the gilded bars.

Nature lavishly provides for these most improvident of her children; "she goes about with all her pockets full of seeds," and they may rifle them at their own sweet will. How they revel among the dark lettuce stalks; and how lightly they scale the thorny thistles, and toss the blossom-down into the air!



THE KING-BIRD.

("A born gladiator, a conceited braggart.")

SUMMER SWEETHEARTS.

Early last summer armies of caterpillars ravaged the trees, wrapping their limbs in ghostly winding sheets, and even swarming out upon the hedges and walks. As these disgusting worms happen to be my pet aversion, I gave them as wide a berth as possible ; and when I chanced to notice a rather matted, filmy spot among the leaves of a certain plum-tree, I immediately felt a squirmy conviction that there was another worm's nest, and promptly looked in the opposite direction.

One morning, however, I was astonished by a series of peculiar little squeaks unmistakably coming from that very spot. For an instant I was quite dazed, and hastily reviewed my entomological knowledge for a precedent. But reason returning, it occurred to me to solve the mystery in a practical way.

There, behind the leafy lattice-work, a little yellow-bird was feeding the occupants of a very woolly nest, and this was "the unclean thing" from which I had stood aloof.

In the fall when the sharp-eyed pruner went his rounds, the very branch that supported this summer cottage was found covered with the black knots familiar to fruit-growers. A scientific council decided that the deceased member must be amputated, in order to save the patient's life, so the pretty home was doomed.

This summer when the yellow-birds were returning, I witnessed a pathetic little scene. A happy pair flitted over the hedge, and flew straight to the old plum-tree. The male bird skipped among the limbs where the home-branch used to be, peering distractedly in every direction, and chirping in distress and alarm. Again and again the anxious little eyes searched the same nooks, as if their owner could not believe their evidence ; but at last he seemed to realize the bitter truth, and dropping into a shrub below, sat there as if quite dazed and disconsolate.

Now I did not see "the strawberry mark on his arm," but the evidence all set in one direction. I am morally certain, and shall always insist, that this was my little friend of last summer, returning to the shelter of his own vine and plum-tree.



THE YELLOW-BIRDS.
("Blithest and brightest of my
summer darlings.")

Jennie E. Thompson.

THE GREAT DORY RACE AT 'SQUAM.

THE white sails of the numerous yachts were merrily dancing over the blue waters of the 'Squam River one bright August afternoon, when suddenly all eyes were attracted toward a strange-looking craft that had just put out from the shore.

"What is it?" was the question that arose in chorus on board the *Merryweather*, the yacht that was rapidly bearing down upon it.

Margery Applin said it was a much demoralized Venetian gondola; little Dick Carroll, who cherished an ambition connected with porgy-boats, was sure that it was a new invention in that line, while, as they came near enough to catch the dazzle of a rainbow-hued sail, Lena Craigie declared that the Fourth of July had gone to sea.

Then up spoke little Joby Fear, the grandson of the skipper whom they had taken on board at Gloucester:

"'Tain't nothin' but Babsy Burnham's old dory, with Gran'ma Furber's shawl for a sail! Babsy Burnham'll get there if he hain't nothin' but a chip to go to sea on. He's a-racin' summer folks in Lot Souther's boat. He ain't goin' to get left, Babsy ain't! Nor Jim and Robinson Center, that's with him."

The gentlemen on board the *Merryweather* hailed the lads with encouraging cheers, inquiring what their intention was. A ringing boy's voice replied:

"We're going to enter for the great International Race!"

"That's Babsy! You can bet on Babsy!" cried Joby, the small skipper, enthusiastically. "That's a hop-pole that he's got for a mast. He sailed clean out beyond the P'int once, with nothin' but two parasols that some summer women folks had down on the rocks. He hadn't no oars, and Tommy Souther had cramps and was goin' down. The Human Society, they give him a meddle." The small skipper's face shone with honest pride in his friend. "But I'll bet you he's punched Gran'ma Furber's shawl full of holes a-fastenin' it to that hop-pole; she'll give him somethin' besides a meddle!" added Joby, from his experienced and prophetic soul.

"They hadn't ought to have took a girl out in that kind of a rig," said Joby's grandfather, who had sailed to the Banks and learned long before that, as he was always saying, "no human creturs needn't think they could fool with God's own winds and weather."

"That's Marilly Souther; she knows she can trust Babsy. 'Twas her brother Tommy that he saved," said Joby.

Babsy Burnham's shawl-sailed dory was winning the race; but the old skipper's forehead was "tied into a hard knot."

"It's all right as long as they're goin' with the wind," he said. "But when



THE GREAT DORY RACE AT 'SQUAM.

"He can't stop with the folks in the other boat callin' to him to come on."

WHAT THE LAMBS SAY.

they come 'round — he can't stop with the folks in the other boat callin' to him to come on. A boy that's racin' loses his head as nat'ral as a b'iled lobster turns red."

But when the time came for the boat to "come 'round," the anxious yachters, watching with bated breath, saw that Babsy Burnham had not "lost his head." Quietly the many-colored sail was dropped, and the knowing lads paddled themselves back to whence they came.

Shouts arose from all the yachts and fishing vessels in the vicinity — louder shouts than had greeted Babsy's triumph in the race.

"I calc'late Babsy will get there!" said Skipper Fear, his anxious features relaxing. "He's clear grit — jest like a chunk of Cape Ann granite — and not a mite of foolhardiness, neither. Clear grit and horse-sense; that's why the Cape boys gets there."

Mrs. Henry Sandham.

WHAT THE LAMBS SAY.

SAID the little shepherdess,
"Many wise folk cannot guess
What the lambs say when they cry,
Or what the old sheep do reply."

Can you tell? (I asked). "O, yes!"
Said the little shepherdess:
"All the young lambs say, 'Ma-a! ma-a!'
All the old sheep answer, 'Ba-a!'"

"If a stranger comes this way,
Or the young ones, in their play,
From their tender mothers stray,
And go searching all around
Every stone and bushy mound,
Then the young lambs cry, 'Ma-a! ma-a!'
But their mothers answer, 'Ba-a!' —
Just to shame them when they cry,
Silly lambs to be so shy!"

Edith M. Thomas.

SUB ROSA.

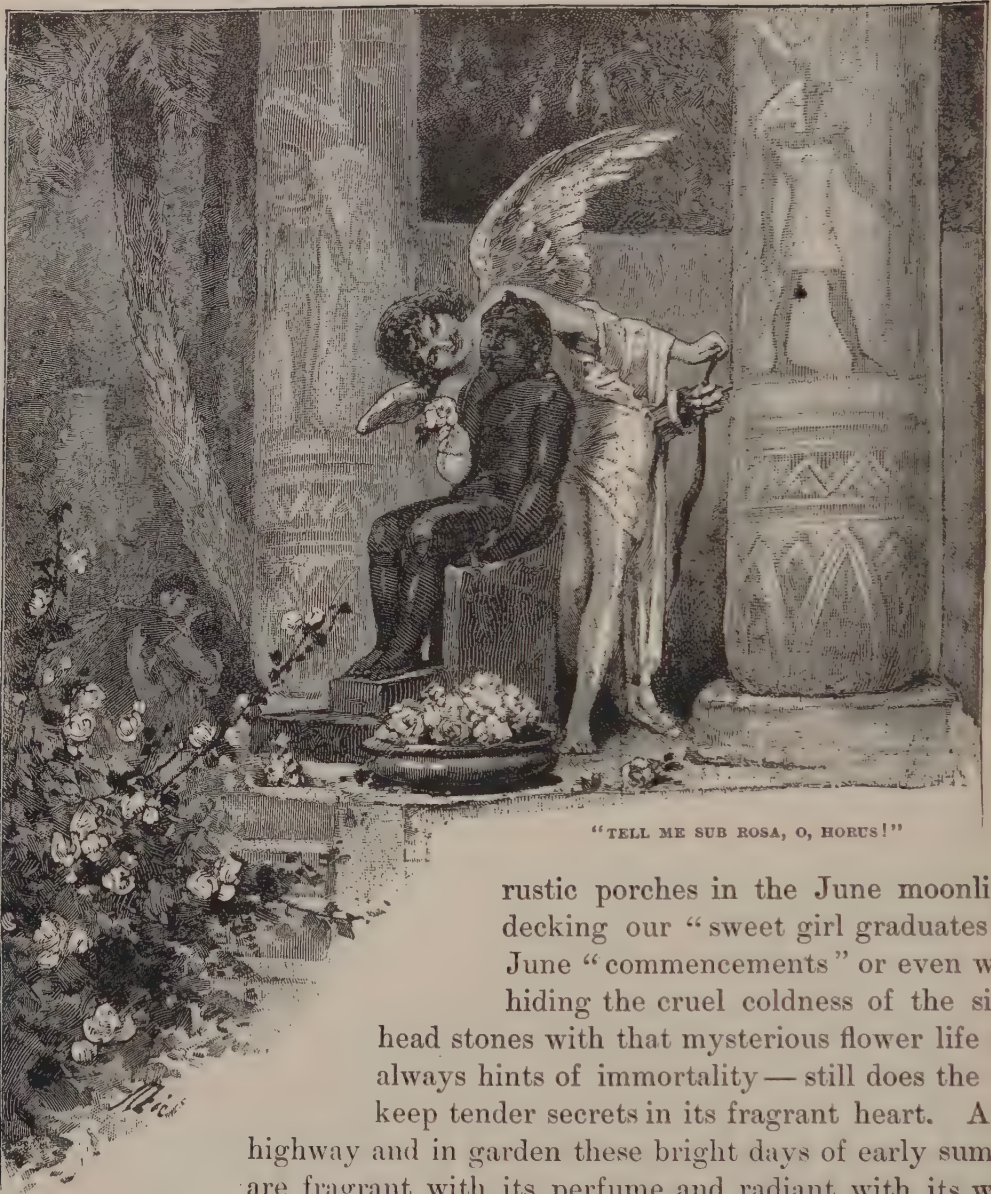
AGES and ages ago, when the earth was young, the people who lived in Egypt ascribed to everything they did not clearly understand a divine origin. The sun as it rode through the heavens bringing warmth and light and life to all things was the highest divinity — Osiris the sun god. But the sun had different phases. When he arose each day in the east he was the young sun, and, as such, he was given another divinity. This deity was called Horus the god of the rising sun. In the old Egyptian statues and paintings this boy god was represented with his finger upon his lips indicating silence, and in his hand he bore the national flower of old Egypt — the lotus. As time went on, this Egyptian boy god found his way into Greek and Roman art under the name of Harpocrates or Horus the child, and by the time he had found a place in pagan Rome the sacred lotus had changed to the flower dearest of all to the Romans — the rose.

Somewhere in old Rome stood this statue of the boy deity of the older Egypt, Harpocrates the god of silence; and often his shrine would be decked with roses so that, in time, the rose which for years had been to the Romans the emblem of purity, friendship and secrecy, became also the symbol of silence.

The rose had always been, as we have said, the favorite flower of the Romans. It was never missing from feast or banquet; the Emperor Nero had the revolving ceilings of his banquet hall so arranged that at certain times great masses of roses would shower down their flower and perfume upon the imperial guests. And at certain feasts when the talk had turned upon subjects that might be deemed hostile to the state or that demanded silence the host, pointing to the wreaths of roses suspended above the tables, would remind his guests that what had been said must not be told or repeated, for they had all sat and talked together *sub rosa* — under the rose.

'And, to this day, the old Roman time without its ancient floral accompaniment, lives in our own speech, as men and women who have secrets to tell often preface the telling with the remark: "Now this is *sub rosa*" — under the rose, or in confidence.

So can we link the habits of our every-day life with that far-away boy god of old Egypt — Horus, the god of the rising sun, of silence, and the rose. *Sub rosa* is now only a figure of speech. In joyous festivals we no longer really sit "under the rose," but still does our fairest summer flower hold its place unrivaled in our hearts. The scanty, though sweet yield of New England's blush and red, the old-fashioned Burgundy, the sweet-brier and all that fragrant bloom that makes our Northern June the month of roses, the luxuriant rose hedges of our sunny South, and the many queenly inhabitants of hot-house and of garden, alike speak to us each their message. Hanging heavy with fragrance over



"TELL ME SUB ROSA, O, HORUS!"

rustic porches in the June moonlight, decking our "sweet girl graduates" at June "commencements" or even when hiding the cruel coldness of the silent head stones with that mysterious flower life that always hints of immortality — still does the rose keep tender secrets in its fragrant heart. As on highway and in garden these bright days of early summer are fragrant with its perfume and radiant with its white and red, the rose does not speak to us of the sterner memories with which its flower is linked. We do not remember the cruelties of that historic Roman emperor—that rose-lover whose promising boyhood grew into a tyrannical manhood; we forget the fragrant garlands of roses that made the torture of Nero's Christian martyrs all the more terrible by contrast. We think of the rose only as the flower that speaks to us of youth and life and beauty, and that still typifies the unspoken words of condolence or affection, even as in those olden days when in imperial Rome the god of love held the flower that symbolized silence close to the sealed lips of the silent god—Horus the child.

G. D. Lieber.

THE DRAGON OF THE CHINA SEA.

SCARCE a Chinese junk ever sails the sea without more or less of a dragon for its figure-head. Sometimes it is only a block of wood representing an exceedingly economical dragon; but it is a dragon, all the same. And every dragon has at least one eye. It takes a rogue to catch a rogue, and the cause of these figure-head dragons is a firm belief in a real, live dragon that lurks deep down in the China Sea.

The greater part of Chinese theology and philosophy is made up of dragons. There are dragons in everything, and a Chinaman's life is chiefly spent either in conciliating or frightening dragons, or guarding against them.

I was crossing the China Sea with my native servant, pig-tailed Taosen. The name means "Run-for-life," and Taosen lived up to it.

He was very much opposed to the vessel I selected, because it had no dragon at the prow, and no eye.

"No got eye, how can see? No can see, how go sailee? Me no likee!" he muttered.

Then, as ill-luck would have it, a roaring storm set in.

Taosen knew all about it; he was certain that it would be the end of us; and aside from all dragons and philosophy, it did seem more than probable that he was correct.

If he had been out of my reach and beyond the danger of interruption, he would have beat gongs, rattled pans, fired crackers — anything to make a noise. He would have wailed and howled to try to frighten the dragon who was rolling about beneath us. If that did not work he would have killed a white rooster, if he could get one, sprinkled its blood on the water and nailed its head and some of its feathers to the mast. Many a storm-beaten junk comes into port with that talisman conspicuously displayed. Then he would have thrown rice into the sea, thinking the dragon might be hungry. Then he would have tried a little wine, to see if he were thirsty. Then he would have tried to frighten him again and kept it up till the junk went down under him — when, if he lived, he would have said that the dragon was too angry to be appeased — or until the storm abated, when he would have had stronger faith than ever in the grand Chinese system of philosophy and theology.

Taosen knew very well that for any such antics he would have his pigtail smartly pulled, be shaken out of his thick-soled shoes, or dumped into a tub of water by some of the English sailors, and his fear of the angry dragon was not so intense as his desire to keep himself and his cue out of the tub.

Something must be done, however; for, though he was Taosen, he could not run for his life when there was no place to run to, and he proceeded to do the

THE DRAGON OF THE CHINA SEA.

most inoffensive thing possible to appease the dragon: that is, to burn "joss-papers."

Joss means "a god" or dragon — any god and every god that the Chinese recognize; and joss-papers are little sheets of paper so prepared as to ignite easily and burn quickly. Sometimes they are plain prepared tissue paper. Sometimes they are gilt and silver sheets covered with a wash of powder to help

them burn. Some have pictures of special dragons for which they are intended, and some are all covered with printed prayers.

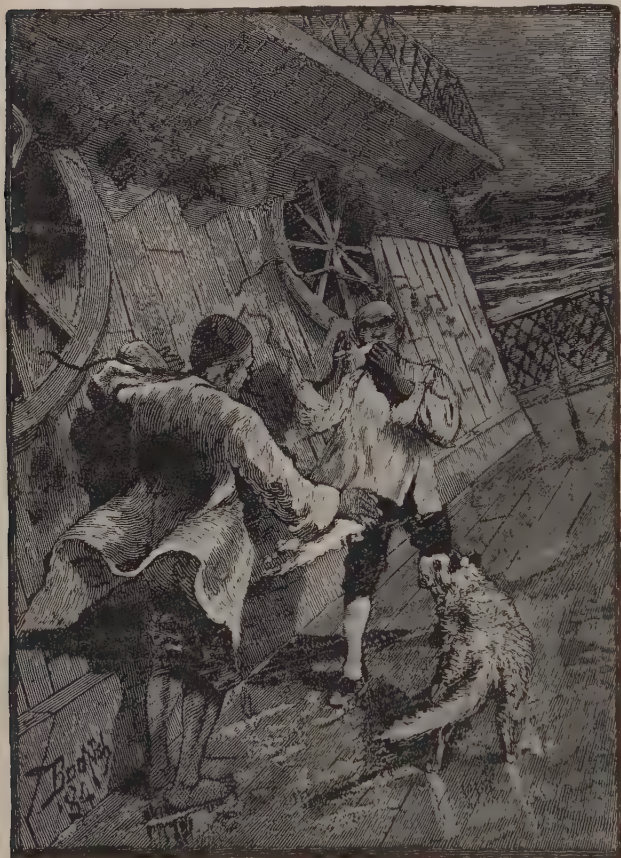
Taosén had no very fine joss-papers, for he was a poor boy and could not afford them. Such as he had, however, he burned; but the cranky dragon down below was apparently not satisfied, for the wind roared, and the sea rolled more fiercely than ever.

My dog Tag was with me. Tag was always with me. He was not a handsome dog, but I loved him and he loved me. He was never with Taosén, for he and Taosén never got on very well together; so when I missed Tag, the last place I thought of looking for him was where Taosén and a Celestial friend were burning joss-papers out upon the deck. Tag must be found, however, and at last

I found him. Taosén was on one side, burning joss-papers; his friend was on the other, burning joss-papers, and in the middle was Tag, howling in shrillest falsetto as if to sing down the storm.

He was a real Chinese dog, that little Tag of mine, and though he hated Taosén and Taosén hated him, the storm had reached a point where something must be done, and they had joined forces. They proved too much for the dragon of the China Sea. He subsided as quickly as possible, but the exigencies of that hour left Tag and Taosén ever the very best of friends.

Henry Willard.



TAG AND TAOSÉN JOIN FORCES.



THE END OF THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.



MANOEL'S HOME IN THE AZORES.

“MANOEL.”

THINK of living in the very mouth of a crater! And yet Manoel, our Azorean donkey boy, has never known any other home, and sings in his own native tongue :

*“ Mas em bellezas que encerra
No mundo nao tem rival !”*

*“ The beauties that surround thee
In the world unrivaled stand !”*

Close by the little tile-roofed cottage where he lives, the hot sulphur and iron springs seethe and bubble and roar, day and night, with a frightfully ominous sound ; but Manoel is so accustomed to the noise, I doubt if he ever notices it. Indeed, it seems to him the most natural thing in the world to have the boiling water so conveniently at hand whenever he wants to cook potatoes, yams or eggs.

Centuries ago this Valle das Furnas where Manoel lives was a volcanic peak on San Miguel, the largest of the Azorean Islands. When the terrible eruption came and the whole peak fell in, the hot lava ran down thousands of feet into

the hollow, bowl-like formation, leaving a jagged series of high hills on every side save one where a deep cavern opens out into the sea. Were it not for this outlet, nothing could live in the Furnas valley, for sulphurous fumes and carbonic acid gas rise constantly from the boiling springs or “caldeiras.”

For a long time no one dared venture into this marvelous valley, but now a busy little village of more than seven hundred people has grown up in its center, and wealthy Portuguese from Lisbon and Oporto have put up a number of pretty summer villas here, and laid out many beautiful gardens.

♪ “Passa ca! Passa ca!”

We remember the rich, musical voice that calls out to the loitering donkey, and look again from our hotel window. Yes! it is Manoel — Manoel Aogusto

1. N'esta Cin - tra Mi - chael - leuse, N'estes bosques se - duc - tores, No Ca - sal que me
 2. Mui brillantes dis - trac - coes, Tem a vi - da na ci - dade, Mas a - qui os cor - a -
 3. Es - te valle e min - ha te - na, E' min - ha te - na - tal, Mas em bellezas que en -

per - tence, Pas - so a vi - da com sabor. A ven - tu - ra que a - qui dura No
 co - es, Ba tem, com mais lib - er - da de.
 cer - ra, No mun - do nao tem ri - val.

al - berque do Pastor, Tal mis - tu - ra de ver - du - ra, Diz esp'rança; Diz a - mor!

(Manoel's Song.)

Pereira Robera is his full name, he tells us—and he has come down to the village this morning with some fresh onions and yams he has raised in his little lava-walled garden.

Now we do not want either onions or yams, but we do want to see Manoel and to put some silver *reis* into his pocket. Yesterday he was our trusty guide up the steep Pico Vigia where we saw that wonderful opening toward the sea, and since then we have learned his story.

He is the only boy among seven children, and one of his six sisters is a help-

less cripple. The mother is dead and the father, a thrifty, hard-working farmer until a few months ago, is now suffering from a paralytic stroke. So Manoel and his patient little donkey, Fadista, are really the only bread-winners of all the large family.

Manoel can speak a little English, and he has promised to show us to-day just where he lives. So when he has sold his onions and yams at the village

store, we go home with him. On the way, we meet one of his pretty sisters, Filomena by name, coming from the wayside spring. Like all the Azorean peasants, she carries the heavy earthen jug — brimful of water — on her head, and poises it with perfect ease as she walks and talks. That is the reason she is so straight and carries herself so gracefully.

A typical Azorean ox-cart with wicker sides and wheels of solid wood passes us in the square, and we hear — long after it is out of sight — the unearthly



MANOEL AND HIS DONKEY FADISTA.

“squeak” of its ungreased axles. The peasants say this noise drives the witches away, and makes the oxen move faster! Doubtless it is of such an ox-wagon Cervantes writes when he says, “from the harsh and continued creaking of its wheels even wolves and bears fly away!” The cart itself is really a rude copy of the *biga*, or two-wheeled chariot used by the old Romans.

A few steps farther, and we have reached Manoel’s home — a neat-looking little cottage built of the porous lava stone and then plastered and whitewashed.

The donkey walks right into the front door with us, and Manoel shows us with great pride his large, airy room that opens out of the kitchen — evidently Fadista is considered a most important member of the household. And indeed he is! For without the help of this faithful little creature, Manoel could never earn enough *reis* to feed and clothe his large family.

Every day — all through the fashionable bathing season from June to September — Fadista is in constant demand at the hotel. The guests all like him; he is so gentle and so sure-footed, and then Manoel himself is considered the best donkey driver at the Furnas. He talks to Fadista just as if he were a human being, and it is very funny, when the donkey begins to stumble, to hear Manoel call out in Portuguese:

“You poor lost soul! Why don’t you look at your feet?”

In going up and down those rough mountain paths of the Furnas, one is completely at the mercy of his donkey and driver. The only bridle used is a kind of rope halter tied around the animal's neck and fastened to one of the saddle-arms. Even this is more for ornament than use, for you are never expected to touch it.

The donkey-boy calls out “*Ye-e-e-e!*” when he wants the animal to stop, and “*Passa ca!*” when a faster gait is desired. Walking beside or behind the donkey, he guides him with a long pole or goad when he is inclined to wander; and pulls vigorously upon his tail whenever he makes too rapid a descent in steep and perilous places.

We ask Manoel if he does not get very tired when he takes (as he often does) two or three long “mountain-trips” a day.

“Nao, nao!” he replies with a beaming smile; “more miles—more *reis*.”

“And how many *reis* do you and Fadista usually make a day?”

“One trip—not long, two thousand and five hundred *reis*” (about thirty cents). “But Fadista strong donkey—go twice—three times a day. Sometimes make one long trip in one morning, five thousand *reis*.”

All the time we are talking Fadista is taking his noon-day rest, leisurely munching his dried corn stalks and watching us out of the corners of his eyes with a calm, meditative air. Passing through the clean little kitchen where a corn cake is baking on the stone hearth for Manoel's dinner, we go into the front room and talk with the invalid sister. She has a dazzling orange-colored handkerchief twisted round her jet-black hair, and looks very bright and happy as she shows us how many yards of crochet trimming she has made this week. It is only on the island of Fayal that we find the lace-makers and the crevo-embroiders, but the peasant girls of San Miguel do marvelously fine work with their knitting and crochet needles.



A FARMER OF THE AZORES.

This little front room has only the bare earth for a floor, but it is covered with fragrant pine needles that Manoel gathered fresh this morning. The rough beams and rafters are festooned with long strings of Indian corn, and on one side of the room is a low table arranged as a shrine, with crucifix and candles and bright paper flowers.

“Next week—silver crown come here!” the invalid sister says with a smile.

HOW TO MAKE A MINIE-DART.

We look a little puzzled, and then Manoel, who speaks English more readily than the rest of the family, tells us all about the curious "procession of the crown."

Each Sunday, from Easter to Pentecost, a small crown of solid silver—representing the Saviour's crown of thorns—is carried with much ceremony from house to house through the village; and the roof under which it remains for the week is supposed to be especially blest. Candles are kept burning before it all the time, and the whole neighborhood comes daily to the favored house to count their beads.

Manoel's religion is certainly very different from ours; but as we look into his kind, honest face, and see with what a brave, cheerful spirit he takes up his daily burdens, we realize that one's life, after all, is the best expression of one's creed.

Emma E. Brown.

HOW TO MAKE A MINIE-DART.



Figure 1.

THE toy I am about to describe is one which will, I am sure, entertain all the boys; it is one that is easily made from material within the reach of every reader of the *WIDE AWAKE*.

A pine stick two feet long and one half inch thick, two brads, a piece of pasteboard or stiff card five inches long and two wide, an ash stick three feet long and a piece of stout string constitute all the material necessary.

Whittle your pine stick perfectly straight and round, a little larger in diameter than a lead pencil. With a small saw cut in one end a slit about five inches deep. Into this slit insert the piece of card, first cutting it the shape of Figure 1. Tack it on with two or three brads, clinching them on the other side to insure their firmness. When this is done (and not before) balance the dart on your knife-blade to find the "center of gravity," and at the point where it balances cut a notch slanting in the direction of the point away from the card end.

If you cut this notch in the center or near the end the dart will not work. It must be just where it balances.

Be sure you get this notch right, for on it depends the success of the toy.

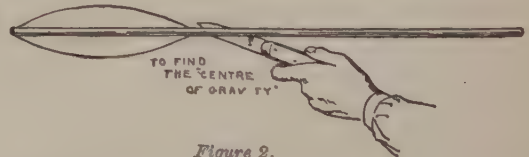


Figure 2.



Figure 3.

HOW TO MAKE A MINIE-DART.

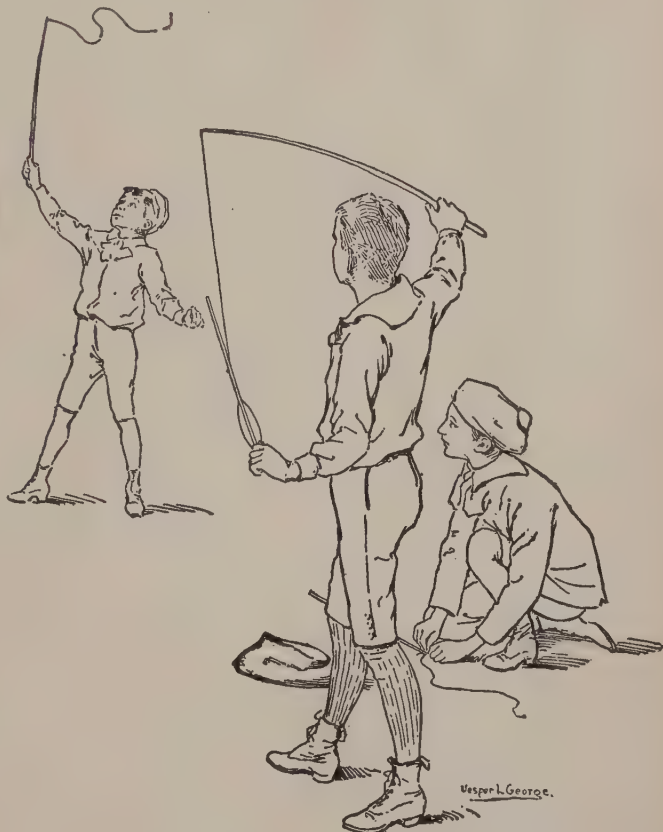
The dart being finished, the next thing is to construct the lash to throw it with. A piece of ash or some springy wood is better for this purpose, but pine or spruce will do.

Cut this about three feet long and the diameter of a whip handle, so you can hold it comfortably in the hand, yet thin and springy, tapering toward the end.

To the small end of this stick fasten a piece of stout string about two feet long, and at the other end of the string tie a knot.

To shoot the dart hold it with the left hand, near to the tail or paper end, holding the whip in the right. Throw the string over the dart and draw it through the notch until it catches on the knot. Then, with a rapid upward motion switch the whip into the air, letting go the dart at the same time. The dart will leave the string and soar high into the air.

The lighter the dart is made and the more springy the whip, the higher the minie-dart will fly. Be correct in your aim and you may learn to hit the mark as well as did the old-time slingers. But be careful not to break windows or "smash things" in your training for sharp-shooters, for I do not like to have the minie-dart from which I have derived so much enjoyment set down by worried housewives as "a nuisance."



FUN WITH THE MINIE-DART.

Vesper L. George.



TRYPHENY'S BICYCLE.

(A Story of "the Sky Country" of North Carolina.)

"YOU sha'n't keep that thing any way, Trypheny, so there now!" said Mrs. Banks, cutting off each word as a finality. "I shall tell your pa not to let you."

"Of course you will," exclaimed Trypheny at white heat; then she turned a wretched scarlet, and stood still.

"You're as naughty a girl as I ever see," said Mrs. Banks in a serene way, and snipping off the end of her thread with the scissors, "and the impidentest hussy, as well."

"Trypheny, do beg your step-mam's pardon for them hasty words," said an old woman anxiously, whose long, thin fingers were winding woolen rags on a ball. "Do, Trypheny."

"No," said Trypheny under her breath, and folding her brown hands stubbornly, "I jest can't do it, Gran'mam, 'cause I ain't sorry, not a mite."

"I don't care whether she does or not," said Mrs. Banks; "it's too late; the first thing he steps in the house I'll tell him. Bobby, you run in t'other room now; I won't have my boy a-catching such evil ways," she added virtuously.

Bobby dropped the hammer with which he was trying to pound a nail into the floor, and finding his feet he ran over to his sister. "Bad, naughty 'Pheny," he ejaculated, striking at her blindly with his two fists; "I'll tell pa too."

"That's it; all pitch into me," cried Trypheny bitterly, yet not offering to return a blow, nor even to avoid the little fists.

"Now you see," said Mrs. Banks, not pausing for an instant in her vocation—the mending of her husband's pantaloons—"what a sinful example will do. Come here, Bobby, there's a dear, and let that naughty girl alone till her pa comes home."

"Don't you strike Trypheny again, Bobby," interrupted gran'mam, letting her withered hands rest a bit while the ball dropped to her lap; "that's naughty."

"You mean Trypheny is naughty," corrected Mrs. Banks sharply, sending a keen glance from a pair of steely blue eyes over to the old woman's corner.

"Well, Bobby shouldn't—I mean, yes, Trypheny oughtn't to 'a' spoke so to you," mumbled gran'mam; then she caught up her ball and ducked, from habit, glad to escape the sharp little eyes.

The outer door was opened suddenly, and firm steps were heard in the small entry. Mrs. Banks found it impossible to suppress a little chuckle. Trypheny clasped her brown hands tightly together, and thrilled once; then she stood perfectly still and waited.

"Well, well," cried the man, coming in. He was thin and wiry like his

mother, "Gran'mam," who sat in the corner; but unlike her, he had a decided way of shutting his mouth that augured ill for any one who went against him. Then he stopped and looked at his wife.

"Oh! nothing," said Mrs. Banks airily, answering the look, and she pursed up her thin lips as if horses couldn't draw any communication from her.

Bobby piped up shrilly, "'Pheny's been 'n awful bad girl to mammy."

"That so?" said Mr. Banks sharply, and he shut his mouth unpleasantly, to flash a look at his girl.

"Trypheny didn't mean anything, Thomas, I know," struck in gran'mam quaveringly, and her hands shook so that the big ball flew out of her fingers and ran along the floor to hide under the table.

"Never mind, mam," said Mr. Banks, "it's what she's done, not what she meant or didn't mean. Sue, speak up; what's the girl been up to?"

"I've nothing to say," repeated Mrs. Banks, wetting her thin lips, to shut them tighter. Then she suddenly opened them. "Thomas Banks, you won't ever let Trypheny keep that thing on wheels, will you?" She glanced up at him.

"Trypheny's earn't it," mumbled gran'mam.

"Has it come?" asked Mr. Banks sharply.

"Yes; this morning. Jenks brought it on the stage, dumped it in the woodshed and drove off. I was upstairs, and didn't know the first thing till I looked out the window, and there was that girl a-straddle of that dreadful machine, rattling up and down the road. I thought I should die!"

She threw down her mending in her lap, and sat straight in her chair like any fine lady. "What do you s'pose our folks Down East would say to that, Thomas Banks?"

Mr. Banks took a deliberate step or two that brought him face to face with his daughter. She didn't stir, but looked at him with perfectly defiant yet hopeless eyes.

"You've rid on that thing the last you will," he declared through lips so nearly closed they appeared motionless. "The first chance that comes to me I'll sell it for what I can get."

"Pa!" Trypheny gave one little scream of protest; then pulling herself together gazed at him without making another sound.

"O, Thomas!" ventured gran'mam.

"Now do you go up to your own room, and stay there till I call ye. After you've been bad to your ma, and she so good to ye, I don't want to see ye."

His displeasure was so great, although he did not offer to touch her, that even Bobby shrank away to pick up a corner of his mother's apron and huddle under it.

Trypheny, a great girl of fifteen, walked the kitchen floor as if treading on air, and not glancing in her step-mother's direction, went out, and up the steep stairs to her own little room under the eaves.

TRYPHENY'S BICYCLE.

"When did the thing come?" asked Mr. Banks, going over to his wife.

"This morning," she said, surprised that he must be told the second time; "you'll be sure to get rid of it for money as soon as you can?" she asked eagerly.

He nodded, stroking his red beard up and down with a long hand.

"Trypheny rides splendid," gran'mam made out to mumble; "I seen her



"YOU'VE RID ON THAT THING THE LAST YOU WILL," DECLARED MR. BANKS.

from the window," and her old eyes peered for any glimmering pride in his daughter's performance.

Instead, his anger leaped out. "How'd she do it? By stealing over to practice on M'rinthy's, jest to spite her ma."

"When we thought she was learning how to knit those wool slippers that M'rinthy makes so much money by;—oh! such deceit," finished his wife.

"Trypheny warn't never a deceitful child," said gran'mam, with a final plea for her pet.

"Mam," said Mr. Banks, whirling around on her, "I'll ask you to keep quiet. This is between ma and me."

"It's perfectly scandalous for your brother Mark to allow M'rinthy to be

such a tomboy," declared his wife. "But that ain't nothing to us; only she bewitched Trypheny into getting all them subscriptions for the children's magazines. I don't blame you, Thomas," with an affectionate glance at her husband, "for letting her do it."

"No; I didn't sense what 'twas, 'xactly," said Mr. Banks, glad that she approved of him; "and the Bungtown man—it's Ed Hicks, you know, Sue, come from our place in Maine — has taken the agency for the subscriptions, and I was afraid 'twould hurt my trade in Bungtown if I said 'No,' 'cause everybody's tryin' to help Hicks since he lost his leg. You see I had to, Sue."

"Yes, I see. Well, never mind; only I'm sorry M'rinthy got her machine first, so that Trypheny learned to ride it. She'll only try to get another if you take this one away."

"I'd like to see her play that game," said Thomas Banks. "I've never laid hands on my girl, but I'll say it now, right here, if she'd do that, I'd horse-whip her."

Gran'mam gave a low groan.

"Well, shake it off, Sue, and don't let her bother you any more. I'd dispose of the thing to-morrow, but I've got to go to Ratherston to paint Sawyer's barn."

"You got that job?" cried his wife, with sparkling eyes.

"Yes; 'twas hard sledding. Tim Smith sent in a bid, and Rogers Brothers of Bungtown, they bid for it too."

"And you got in ahead of 'em all? Good for you, Tom!" She laid a small shapely hand, its first finger needle-pricked, on his shoulder. He turned his head, careless of gran'mam, and kissed it where it lay.

"Nonsense, Tom!" she cried, giving his long bronzed cheek a pat. "I wish I was going with you."

"Cheer up, my girl! I won't be gone long; we'll make quick work, Dick and I. Put up a kit of doughnuts for me; we can't have too many of your making."

"So I will, and I'll set some sponge now; you'll want plenty o' bread. And as for Dick—my! it'll be a charity to give him a bite of something besides his mother's cooking," and she turned up a little nose in disdain, while she ran to get on her baking apron. "Hadn't you better lock up that bicycle thing?" she asked, from the corner by the baking-table, over her shoulder, as she broke the yeast-cake into small bits.

"I guess Trypheny won't meddle with that," he replied carelessly. "Well, hurry, ma, and give me a dish o' tea, I'm dead tired; and here's the money," tossing a small leathern bag to her. "Look out for it; there's a whole month's pay in there; I'll get it into the bank as soon as I'm through with Ratherston."

She dropped the yeast-cake, gave a little scream of delight, and caught the bag deftly. "And you ought to get fifteen dollars, if you get a cent, for Trypheny's machine," she said. "Oh—ah!"

"What's up?" cried Mr. Banks, yawning, and beginning to pull off his boots.

"Oh! it's Jake Smith," panted his wife, running over to throw her arms around her husband. "My! I saw his ugly face as plain as day, popping up under the window."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Thomas Banks, holding her closely a moment; then he sauntered over to the window, kicking his foot free from the boot as he went.

"Nobody here," he said, leaning his brawny hands on the sill to peer on all sides; "you're nervous, Sue."

"Well, there was," declared Mrs. Banks. "I saw Jake Smith as plain as day," she repeated shakily.

Mr. Banks slammed down the window. "Well, you can't see him now, any way," he said. "Hurry up, ma, with that supper, I'm hungry as a wolf."

The next morning Trypheny clung to the window-sill of her little room, hoping against hope till the last moment, that her father would send her a pleasant word, maybe a release from her prison, or at least bid her good-by as he rode off in the wagon with Richard Corcoran, who called for him with the painting kits.

But he was off, turning back more than once to kiss his wife, and pick up little Bob, who clung to his feet and begged shrilly to go "along with dad."



GRAN'MAM HOLDS THE FORT.

Trypheny threw herself face down in an agony on the hard floor, and lay there till Mrs. Banks brought up a breakfast that, set on the edge of the pine washstand, lay untouched till the plate of dinner was put beside it.

"See here now," said her step-mother unpleasantly, "you're only adding to what'll be told your pa, till there'll be a pretty story. Now take them towels," throwing her a couple of rough crash ones, "and hem 'em lively." With that she left her to the long, slow afternoon.

Trypheny started and rubbed her swollen eyes. She didn't know it was midnight, but she felt cramped and chilled to the bone. Was it step-mam's

voice, that sharp cry, or granny calling "Trypheny"? Trypheny sprang to her feet as well as she could for her stiff position on the floor, tossed back her disheveled hair, and rushed downstairs.

"Oh — oh!" Mrs. Banks was running from one room to another and screaming, "There's a man in the house, and your pa away!" wringing her hands all the while, and carrying a shaking candle, guttering on one side.

"Nonsense!" said Trypheny, growing cool at once.

"I tell you, girl, there's a man in the house, a man in the house!" shouted Mrs. Banks wildly, "and we'll all be killed and murdered, and chopped to pieces. Why did your pa go away and leave all his money here? Oh — oh!"

"Hush!" said Trypheny, longing to shake her. Bobby was sitting up in his small bed, screwing his fists in his eyes and howling.

Trypheny rushed into gran'mam's room.

"Where are you, Gran'mam?" But she was talking to the air.

"She's downstairs, and the man'll come for us as soon as he's killed her," gasped Mrs. Banks, crouching down so as to be as small as possible, and inching along the hall. "You sha'n't go and leave me alone," seizing Trypheny's dress suddenly.

Trypheny shook her off, and sped over the stairs.

"Here I be," said gran'mam. The old woman, her white hair blown from the confining border of her night cap, stood in the back hall before a closet door, her face alight, and her eyes flashing. Her mouth now looked like her son's.

"There's a man in there," pointing to the door. "I heard him and bolted him in; he won't get out 'thout he comes over my dead body."

"O, Gran'mam!" Trypheny tried to plunge forward, but the old woman pushed her back and edged off with her out of hearing of the occupant of the closet, who was now beating the panels, and using all the direful threats he could think of, interlarded with dreadful oaths.

"Trypheny" — whispering fast — "time's short to talk; but if he breaks the door down — well, you must just run now, this minute, and be quick about it. Kiss me, child" — she put her withered old cheek up against the fresh one — "and take Bobby, 'cause he's part your pa's.

"Gran'mam," cried Trypheny, all her young blood at the lips close to the old woman's ear, "you go; I shall stay."

"You'll go!" said the old woman, gripping her arm; "I command you!" All the fire in her son's nature was as nothing to the fierceness of her determination. "Just get me the hatchet, and then I'll take care of myself."

Trypheny ran out to the woodshed, never thinking of deserting gran'mam, and picking up the hatchet, and the ax for herself, she caught her foot in the bicycle wheel standing near the door. "Why can't I ride to the 'Settlement' and get help?" flashed through her mind.

TRYPHENY'S BICYCLE.

She hurried over the stairs, thrust the hatchet into gran'mam's hand, who was waiting at the head. "Granny, I'm going to ride to th' 'Settlement' on the bicycle," she whispered; she did not say "my bicycle."

"Eh?" said the old woman.

"I'm going to ride to th' 'Settlement' on the bicycle and get help," said Trypheny. "I won't be gone long."

"The Lord be praised!" ejaculated gran'mam, clasping her hands as well as she could for the hatchet. A little crackling noise, as if a man's knee were pushed against a weak place on the closet door, and gran'mam sprang back to her post.

"Go!" she said hoarsely. "Look out; there may be other robbers outside. Hurry!"

Trypheny opened the woodshed door noiselessly and peered out. Was that a man skulking back of the lilac bushes, in the dim light of the late moon? No; only the bushes themselves waving. She drew the bicycle out, closed the door, locked it, and put the key in her pocket, then sprang lightly to the seat, and with teeth set, was off. Yes, that was a man, after all, moving out from the shadow of the bushes to meet her. Could she pass him?

Just then a low whistle came from the other side of the "open" on which three years before Thomas Banks, trying his fortune in North "Car'liny," had built his little house. At the sound the man turned. Here was Trypheny's only chance, and with a supreme longing to see her father's face, and hear him say he forgave her, she struck blindly out for the road. A loud yell smote the air, and Trypheny needed no eyes to know that she was pursued.

She had need of all the training she had received on M'rinth's machine. Every victory she had gained over her cousin stood her in stead now. Like a bird she flew on down the winding thoroughfare, with tense nerve and a steady hand. She knew the road better than the robbers; here was one chance for her. This was the piece that step-mam had seen her riding over when she looked from the window this very morning. How long ago it seemed! Trypheny bent lower and held her breath, while she urged herself on. Could she—could she reach the "Settlement"?

The rhododendrons fringing the Branch looked pale and ghostly in the late moonlight, with here and there a lingering blossom. Trypheny could smell the subtle perfume that floated on the air as she spun along. The sycamores, bent and twisted, seemed to threaten her as if they would turn into robbers and pursue her too. She drew in her breath, and pushed on her race with death.

A moment longer, and she dared to hope. The thud, thud of the heavy feet on the road back of her surely did sound fainter. Maybe the men were going to head her off by running "'cross lots." No; there was the Branch to ford, and several broken and uneven meadows full of marshy pools to traverse. They would never attempt it. O, joy! and the "Settlement" only a half-mile



away. Something whizzed by her ear dangerously close. It was their last hope, and Trypheny, at that sound of the flying bullet, pushed on with another spurt of strength.

Yes; there is John Farrington's house, and a light in the window. Courage, only a moment or two more, and father's household are safe. If only gran'mam can hold the fort!

"What's up?" cried John Farrington the old man, throwing wide his window, as Trypheny, spent and panting beneath, could only call the one word, "Help!"

She told him, and hurried on to the next house, and with the spirit born of such emergencies, a band of sturdy New Englanders proceeded to protect one of their new homes in the sunny Southern land. A wagon-load of boys and men, armed to the teeth, was ready in a trice; Trypheny was among them; the bicycle was dropped at the last house, and the horses leaped forward.

"For Gran'mam, for Gran'mam!" urged Trypheny, with clasped hands. "Oh! do hurry!"

Whirling over the dusty road, every man and boy in that wagon cocked his rifle at thought of that old woman at her post; and John Farrington the younger lashed his horses as the creatures had never been whipped before, till they plunged, reeking and panting, up to the Banks's woodshed door.

None too soon.

Another half-minute and old "Gran'mam Banks," with her uplifted hatchet poised over a broken upper panel whose whole length shivered under its last strain, was put quickly one side, and a half-score of trusty rifles cocked on both sides of the door.

Crack! a long splintering rent, a shiver, a breathing space, and with a volley of curses from the victorious robber, the door is down, and he springs out into the mouths of the rifles.

"My soul and body, but it's Jake Smith!" cried young Farrington.

"Lynch him! lynch him!" cried a half-dozen voices, as all the other men recognized him, one of Bungtown's worst ne'er-do-weels.

"The clothes-line will do. Come on!" cried one of the boys, clattering down the stairs.

"Murder!" screamed a thin, shrill voice upstairs. "Oh! don't kill me, don't. Oh! why did your pa go and leave me here, and all this money? Oh, oh!" while Jake, in his turn, was begging his life of his captors.

The men grinned.

"Come on!" roared the boy on the stairs, looking back, wishing he "had the say" on the "Settlement" matters.

"I could forgive ye everything," said old man Farrington, shaking his fist in Jake's face, "but I can't, ye villain, when I think o' that old woman" — pointing to gran'mam — "a-standing here, and that girl a-riding, chased by those imps. Ye ought to hang, sure."

"Lynch him! lynch him!" shouted the others. Old man Farrington was an authority; a law-abiding citizen, and held in high repute.

But gran'mam, holding up the withered hand that had wielded the hatchet, said: "There ain't no hanging going on in these parts; d'ye hear?"

"We've got to punish him," said one of the men doggedly, and jerking hungrily at Jake's arm, "else our houses'll be broke into. We make our laws down here. Come on, boys; I'm for hanging."

"And I too," said another. Jake howled and groveled in fear. "No time for nonsense; let him swing."

With a spring, Trypheny pushed herself in between the determined faces.

"Save me!" cried the poor wretch, trying to raise his poor wicked hands.

"You sha'n't do it," she cried, with flashing eyes, at them all.

"What! you want him saved — you, girl?" cried one.

"After that ride you've took? Well, I guess not!" said another.

"I don't want him hung just 'cause I'm afraid of him," she said scornfully.

There was a sudden pause, while some of the men looked ashamed.

"The girl is right," said old man Farrington; "we'll jail him, boys."

So Jake, more dead from terror than alive, was tumbled into the wagon and driven over to the Bungtown jail, while two or three of the "Settlement" men staid to guard the premises from his confederates.

Thomas Banks walked in from Ratherston the third day, and up straight to Trypheny.

"I've heard the whole thing at the 'Settlement' as I come through; and, Sue," turning to his wife, "you've just got to up and ask Trypheny's pardon."

"I?" she cried, bridling, "why, Thomas Banks, do you know what you're a-talking of? I'm her step-mother."

"Step-mother? Yes, a good long step under Trypheny, that's a fact. Well, you've got to ask her pardon; and so have I too, and I'm her dad."

"O, pa!" said Trypheny, "don't, please."

"Let him," said gran'mam, pulling her sleeve; "it's good for him."

"Trypheny's my girl," declared Mr. Banks, bringing down his hand heavily on his knee, "I'd have you to understand, Sue; and being so, she's going to be treated according."

"That I should live to see this day," whimpered Mrs. Banks behind her apron. "I s'pose if she wants the moon now she can have it."

"She don't want nothing but her own bicycle," said gran'mam boldly, looking at her son. Trypheny held her breath.

"Bicycle? Yes! why not?" roared Mr. Banks; "two of 'em, if she wants 'em; and she can ride wherever she pleases. Stop there, Sue, I say! I'm proud of our Trypheny, and so shall you be. She and mam are jest grit to the backbone, and that's a fact."



"SUDDENLY THE COOLIE BEGAN TO RUN."

AT THE TOMBS OF THE MINGS.

THE mandarin junk upon which I was sailing down the Blue River of China lay, for the day, at the wharf of Nankin.

I left it early for an inspection of the ancient capital. In the afternoon I took the common wheelbarrow conveyance, to visit the tombs of the Mings. The coolie who trundled it said he could take me there and back by sundown.

A thunderstorm delayed us, and the sun went down while we were among the hills, two miles, at least, from the city.

The coolie insisted upon my stopping at one more ruin, in a grove just off the road. It was so dark that I could not have seen it, at the best, and I told him to hurry back to the city. It is hard, however, to convince a Chinese coolie of anything, and I was not surprised when he turned deliberately toward the ruin.

It was almost dark in the grove, and as we approached the indistinct masses of masonry they gave me a very strong suggestion of all sorts of ghosts and goblins.

Suddenly the coolie began to run. If he had been going the other way I should have thought he was frightened. Before I had time to think, however, the barrow was tipped sharply to one side and I was floundering in the tangled undergrowth.

As I sprang to my feet every rock and shrub about me seemed alive.

Out of the very ground men seemed to rise. I thought there were at least a hundred. Probably a dozen would be nearer right.

It would have been folly to struggle, yet I was upon the point of at least entering a vigorous protest, when my arms were unceremoniously caught in a noose and securely bound, my feet were tied, a cloth was bound over my face, and I was laid upon my back in some sort of a box.

It was all done so quickly that when it was over I could still feel upon my hands the imprint of the branch which I had caught when falling out of the wheelbarrow.

Not a word had been spoken, but I knew by the motion that I must be in some sort of a palanquin, and was being carried somewhere. I wondered where.

The air was stifling. It was rank with opium. Some of the fellows must have been smoking there while waiting for me.

Between the cloth over my face and the opium fumes, which were all the air I could secure, I was suffocating. I shouted, but it did no good; the steady, silent swing kept on. Evidently the fellows knew what they were doing, but did not propose to tell me.

The scene changed, and changed again, and yet it did not change at all. A thousand different things seemed going on about me; then there was nothing at all going on, and I was very comfortable and very sleepy.

I shut my eyes for a short nap. When I opened them again I was in bed in my gaudy little stateroom upon the mandarin junk, miles away from Nankin, on the great Blue River.

How came I there? Two men had brought me down to the wharf in a palanquin.

They said they came from an opium den, and the officers of my escort, thinking I had yielded to a very popular weakness among themselves, paid the fellows well for having saved them the necessity of hunting me up.

My watch was gone; so were my money, my pocket-knife, my handkerchief even. Everything I had about me that could be of service even to a Chinaman had disappeared.

They had put me to sleep by burning an opium rope in that closed palanquin.

It was the gentlest, most complete and courteous highway robbery that I ever heard of.

Lieut.-Col. Thorndike.

JOHN ALDEN'S PERIL.

I.

IN the morning of one of the early June days of A. D. 1692, four members of a Duxbury family sat outside the door on the shady side of the Alden farmhouse, hulling wild strawberries. They were Mrs. Jonathan Alden and three of her sons, Andrew, John and Benjamin. There was a fifth one in the group whom any one of the boys would have named first instead of last — their bright little cousin Sarah, eleven years old, a summer visitor for a few weeks from her home in Boston.

The house — one of the broad, comfortable, two-story colonial piles, with long-slant roof in the rear, like the wing of a brooding hen — looked out over Eagle-tree Pond, and the fair stretches of meadow and pine land that followed the valleys to the sea. Humming-birds spun round the primroses under the front windows, wrens twittered in the orchard, cat-birds mewed in the alders over Houndsditch brook, and the soft west wind brought thrush and robin songs from the oaks in the north cow lot and the willow-banks of Bluefish River. Down the mill road could just be heard the rumble of a cart; and the measured sound of a chopper's ax came mellowed through half a mile of grove and forest, where the smoke of a distant tar-kiln hung its blue flag in the sunshine.

Life and nature were what they always are where a New England homestead centers; and a summer day was never sweeter than the one that sang and smiled for the home-circle in the Alden dooryard among their baskets and pans. The father and another son had gone to the "Nook," but would be back at dinner.

The tongues of the little company were as busy as their berry-stained hands. Last Sunday's meeting had gathered up at noon and scattered far and wide at night all the latest news. It had heard the fresh reports of what the French and Indians were doing, it had talked over the acts and orders of the lately arrived English governor, Sir William Phipps, and the new charter from "their Majesties," that made Massachusetts and Plymouth one colony, and had listened to the even more uncanny tidings of the excitement in Salem.

For a year and upwards they had been hearing of the strange things that happened there in Minister Parris's family, and the trials and imprisonment of poor Indian Tituba and Rebecca Nurse, who "had familiar spirits"; and now it was told that nine or ten more of the accused persons had been convicted, and the new governor had ordered them to be put in irons! The children could not understand it at all, and the mystery concerned them more because some of the parties in the sad matter were said to be young girls scarcely older than Sarah.

"I thought that witches couldn't hurt good folks," said little Benjamin.

JOHN ALDEN'S PERIL.

"So did I," said John. "And ministers' folks should be good, if any. How did that Parris girl know who it was that pinched her?"

The mother shook her head. "They call it 'spectral sight,'" she said. "People troubled as these girls are think they see the shape of some one, and they say that person torments them."

"Mother," said Andrew, "what if I should get up in the night and scream and spit and make faces and cry out 'Aunt Standish is pinching me! See, there she is now!' wouldn't you think I was making it up?"

"I should think you had a bad nightmare, my son," said Mrs. Alden, smiling.

"But suppose Uncle David, and old Deacon Done, and Squire Bradford, and Governor Hinckley and all the ministers should see me and hear me cry out, and every one of them should believe me, and say, 'Yes, yes, the boy is right; Mistress Standish is a witch!'"

"O, Andrew! that is too bad altogether. You are growing terrible," protested Mrs. Alden.

"Father said that when Elizabeth Parris and Ann Putnam cried out that they were choked and bitten and pinched, and laid it to Martha Corey, Judge Curwin and Judge Hathorn and Minister Noyes all believed them, and said they knew she was a witch. That was a year ago last March, and Goodwife Corey is in jail now," said Cousin Sarah. "It is terrible, isn't it, Aunt Abigail?"

Mrs. Alden made some evasive remark, and changed the topic. Somehow she felt that Andrew and Sarah had sketched the sad situation exactly. Alas for the people when their leaders are blind! Her thoughts were unpleasant, but she could not let the conversation continue so. And the children were too light-hearted to distress themselves long with an unhappy subject.

"You expected your father here about this time, didn't you, Sarah?" she asked.

"Yes; and I wonder why he doesn't come."

"And bring cousin Nathan!" cried John. "I hope he'll get here to-day."

"Yes; he said he was coming in his sloop, and Nathan should come with him, and maybe Zachariah, too, if he" —

"There's Doten Rickard!" broke in little Benjamin.

A swarthy man in buckskin breeches and jerkin stopped at the well curb to drink. Andrew walked down to meet him.

"Been to the cross roads?"

"Yes; here's a letter for Mr. Alden." And the man was gone.

Postmarked Boston. "It's Zachariah's handwriting," said Sarah. "Oh! I can't wait till Uncle Jonathan comes. Why didn't brother write to me? Do open it, Aunt Abigail! Mustn't you? I'm afraid it's — something."

"Open it, mother," said Andrew. "Father wouldn't care," and Mrs. Alden hesitated no longer.

To the little world of the Alden family the opening of that letter was almost like the uncovering of Pandora's box. Captain John Alden had been indicted for witchcraft, and was a prisoner in Boston jail!

Few words were said when the household took in the dreadful tidings. A kind of helpless and bitter amazement fell on them all, and almost silenced them.

The rest of that forenoon was a blot. From nine o'clock till twelve all went about as in a miserable dream, thinking, thinking. Poor Sarah was in tears, and little Benjamin cried with her. Even Indian Betty in the kitchen caught the gloomy infection, and muttered plaintively to herself as she worked.

The arrival of Mr. Alden at noon with his son, Jonathan, Jr., was a relief to every one. He read the letter, but it did not strike him dumb. "Leftenant" Alden (as all the neighbors knew him) was a strong, stern man. An officer in the militia, in the church and in the town since long before his marriage (when past his fortieth year), no one of all the sons of Priscilla Mullins had less sentiment in him, or less superstition.

His robust but dignified wrath as he read aloud the dismal details that his nephew had sent him broke the strain that had been on the family for hours.

Healthy hunger sent the young people to the table, but he read on — the story of the arrest, of the so-called trial, the indignities at official hands, the commitment of his brother to a felon's cell — punctuating the whole with vigorous running comments that showed how his serious soul was stirred.

"Ann Putnam accused him! a chit in pinafores, like the rest — and Tom Putnam is her father. I've heard somewhat of him — the parish clerk who has been overmeddlesome in this witchcraft business. He is no friend to John, and he'd fain put the girl up to it.

"Heavens! are they all stark mad? Can a witch send a demon to torment her neighbors? Who tells us that human beings have miracle power now to change their shapes, raise tempests, send plagues, or take or restore the life of beast or man? Bless our souls! these delusions are building a fire that will scorch New England black!

"Hear the chattering simpletons! — and the magistrates and ministers of Massachusetts Bay do drink all their nonsense down! Tell Mr. Hathorn and Mr. Parris and Mr. Mather and the rest, that Satan needs no help to pester and afflict. To think of shortening his mischief by punishing men and women for it! If they are 'possessed' they have the worst of it. I make no doubt, poor souls! They are more sinned against than sinning. Christ the Lord pitied such, and cured them — but he never accused them of tormenting other folk."

The account of the trial and sentence of Sarah Good (for Zachariah had illustrated his narrative with a few strong side-sketches), and the arrest of her child, little Dorothy, five years old, who was accused by the girls in the Parris family of "biting" them, wrought up the sturdy "leftenant" to almost fighting pitch.

"Given over!" he exclaimed. "Given over to believe lies — and to make



"THEY MADE HIM STAND ON A CHAIR THAT ALL MIGHT SEE HIM AND
THE MARSHAL HELD HIS HAND."

'em! If a hundred had compacted with the Evil One do they think any evidence could prove it? Yet they will take the distracted testimony of children who have fits! There sit the wise men of Salem, and reason it all out of the ravings of half a dozen wenches; and put leading questions to help on the abomination! By my faith, Zachariah is right. He saith 'in logic a false argument is worse than no argument' — and it was that very sort of worse stuff that put John Alden in prison — one of the most honorable and best known men in the two Colonies."

He laid down the letter and proceeded to eat his dinner. But his indignation would now and then break out, and when Mrs. Alden said, "God governs the world. Satan is here, we know, but he hath set him bounds that he cannot pass," the good man took it up, and would have gone on quoting Deuteronomy and Matthew and Acts and Second Timothy if little Sarah had not interrupted him.

"Uncle Jonathan," she pleaded, "I want to go home."

"You shall, child," said he, "and I'll go with you."

II.

In the Boston home the grief was deep, as became the nearness of the affliction. It was for a husband and father. The feeling that in Duxbury uttered itself in rebellious protest, had stunned the hearts in "Alden's Lane" with an awful surprise that at first was more like despair. The family knew not what to fear, for the new ruler had an iron hand.

"Would God that dear old Governor Bradstreet were still in power," they said. "He would not have the innocent condemned, and then loaded with chains."

Young Zachariah, a student at Harvard, and within but a few weeks of his degree, at the age of nineteen, had thrown aside his literary work, and faced his father's misfortune. Against the fatal fanaticism of the time he might be powerless to help, but he would do what he could.

The woods around Salem village were in their first tender green when Captain John Alden arrived there from Boston in the custody of a constable, on the last day of May, 1692. He never knew who originated the monstrous charge that caused his arrest. The accusing bedlamites called names as the whim took them, and one so well known as the tall Boston sea-soldier might easily occur to them and be "cried out upon" in some of their random babblings. If they had heard of him that was enough. Possibly some revengeful sailor in port, whom he had once disciplined, or some zealous prosecutor, offended at the old hero's too blunt disapproval of the Salem goings-on, may have dropped a hint to the "afflicted children." It does not matter now.

In the house of Deacon Ingersoll Captain Alden was brought before the magistrates, and the girl accusers, as they were expected to do, fell down and screamed and went through their fits.

"Who torments you?" asked the magistrates several times before there was any answer. Finally Ann Putnam pointed her finger at one of the spectators and cried out "Hill." Her "spectral sight" must have been at fault that day, for a man behind her prompted her, and then she called out "Alden, Captain Alden."

"Did you ever see Alden?" they inquired.

"No."

"Then how do you know it is Alden?"

"The man told me."

In any other time and place the case would have been thrown out of court after such an exhibition of childishness. But the magistrates had met for business, and they decided to continue the programme in the street. By the time "a ring was formed" in front of the house, the girl had apparently heard more from her prompter, and knew Captain Alden quite well.

She glared at him like a Pythoness, and denounced him for unknown crimes committed in his seafaring trade, and vulgar offenses on land that would have ranked him among savages. Incredible as it seems, the tirade of a crazy tongue was listened to as an oracle. Character, and long and honorable public service, counted for nothing against the hap-hazard railings of a young female crank. Her hysterical companions now chimed in, and complained loudly that Alden was pricking them with his sword. Thereupon the marshal was ordered to strip off the captain's sword, and take him into custody; and the magistrates retired for consultation.

Some time after he was summoned to appear in the meeting-house, where a crowd had already collected. Such gatherings had become a sadly familiar sight in Salem. Idle men and women, who should have been at work in their corn fields and kitchens, and children who should have been at school, swarmed across the green, trampling to death the beautiful grass. The epidemic of mingled curiosity and horror crazed them all. In front of the gaping multitude, near the high, bare pulpit, stood the captain. The autumnal silver of his seventieth year was on his head, but he bore himself erect like a crowned king.

They made him stand on a chair "that all might see him." Then the girl plaintiffs cried out that he pinched them, and the marshal "held his hands." Every time he looked at his accusers they fell down. It was the regular thing to do.

"Why does not my look strike you down?" said Mr. Alden to the magistrates.

Months or years later perhaps they felt the force of that question, but not then. They only bade him "Confess, and give glory to God."

"I hope I shall give glory to God now and always; but I will not tell lies and gratify the Devil," said the stout-hearted captain.

Judge Gedney, one of the magistrates, had long known Mr. Alden, and had been his shipmate at sea, but when the prisoner challenged any who had known him to impeach his character, Gedney said he had always believed him honest, but now he had changed his opinion. So perverse, under the frightful spell of the hour, became the gravest minds.

"The Lord make my righteousness clear to you, and set your judgment right again," prayed the captain. "There is not a true word in all these poor creatures have said against me here. I am an innocent man, and do intend to maintain my integrity till I die."

But his virtue was no defense in his present plight. He valued his life, but he could afford to be patient under a dark Providence, and let history render the justice that was denied him.

The picture is a solitary one in the grim annals of the witchcraft panic, of a man of his dignity and age flouted and hustled by paltry foes whom he could not strike, and hounded by an insane persecution that he could not escape.

Captain John Alden was the eldest son of that first John Alden of Plymouth, familiar to all lovers of Longfellow and his charming story of Myles Standish's courtship. For years, as sailing-master of the *Friendship* to England and Bermuda, he had served his country's infant commerce on the seas. Three times he had accompanied Major Church on perilous coast expeditions against the French and Indians. Virtually he was New England's naval commander; and his cannon on the war sloop *Mary* had forced threatening Canada to respect the British flag, and driven foreign invaders from the exposed settlements of Cape Cod. And but a few weeks before the date of this story he had concluded a troublesome diplomatic mission "att his own charges" to the Port Royal Indians, and re-captured the "bark *Speedwell*" from French privateers.

A brave man can be greater than his fate; and John Alden's spirit was not broken when the miserable scene in the Salem meeting-house was over, and he walked out in the sweet sunshine a guarded culprit, "committed without bail." The "mittimus" sent him back to Boston — but not to his own fireside.

The portents that shadowed the Puritans' sky in the spring of 1692 thickened over Essex County, and spread wider as the summer advanced. Mystery and imagination fed each other, and victims of the prevalent frenzy multiplied until their own terror forced some to confess themselves witches, not knowing what they did or said. The jails of Salem, Ipswich, Cambridge and Boston were filling, and the court dockets were crowded. It was this very pressure, probably, that saved Captain Alden's life. Before they could reach him, humbler cases than his gave the judges and juries all they could do.

John Arnold, the keeper of Boston jail, was a humane man, and the character and standing of the new prisoner compelled his respect. He could

not put irons on a man who, he felt, never belonged in prison. The law made it his duty to lock up the stately old commander, but otherwise he treated him as little like a criminal as possible. Zachariah, who graduated from college in June, made his father frequent visits, and the other members of the family were allowed to see him and bring him comforts.

But confinement was galling to the veteran seaman. It tantalized him sorely, too, to think he was so near his home—so near and yet so far. Zachariah, with his bright versions of the town happenings, his enthusiastic plans of release, and his hopeful way of telling even bad news, was a tonic for low spirits, and his visits were always refreshing. Still the caged eagle would fret.

More than once the captain's relatives from Plymouth Bay found their way to him. His brother Jonathan worked faithfully, with Zachariah and the older sons, to interest both magistrates and ministers in the prisoner's case. In that day the ministers were the supreme resort. But the bold Duxbury man found himself in another air, thirty miles nearer Salem; and things he could easily have brought to pass at home were dead-locked here with difficulties that grieved and disgusted him. No bonds would be taken, though repeatedly offered; no judge dared to issue interfering writs; and it was not till much later that an accused person could obtain service in an action of slander. Jonathan had urged such a prosecution; but he was too soon. He would have had all Essex County to deal with, and half of Suffolk and Middlesex. Public opinion seemed to consider an imprisoned witch an exception to all legal rules and remedies. The ministers told him they would lay his brother's case before the Lord; and with that he was obliged to be content. He could not fight the powers of darkness with "carnal arms."

The ministers kept their promise. The people of Boston, too, had heart enough to regret the captain's summary treatment, and many had enough calm reason left to question it. They were not willing to see the life of so useful and eminent a fellow citizen lightly sworn away. He had been among them thirty-two years—one of the founders of the South Church,* a leader of men and defender of the Colony, an upright patriot and Christian. On one of the days of that forlorn summer, while John Alden lingered in jail, a prayer meeting was held in his home (on the street that still bears his name)—and we can well believe that such a meeting would fill his house with friends. His pastor, Mr. Willard, prayed, and Mr. Moody prayed, and Mr. Allen and Mr. Bailey prayed, and Judge Sewall read a sermon. Other prayers were offered, and some prudent and strengthening words were said; and the burden of all was "Our afflicted brother, and his afflicted family." But there was no singing of psalms.

No doubt it consoled the worried prisoner to know he was devoutly remembered. As the weeks rolled on, the hint that the answer to those prayers partly depended on himself began to make its impression upon him.

* Now famous as the "Old South," at the corner of Washington and Milk Streets, Boston.

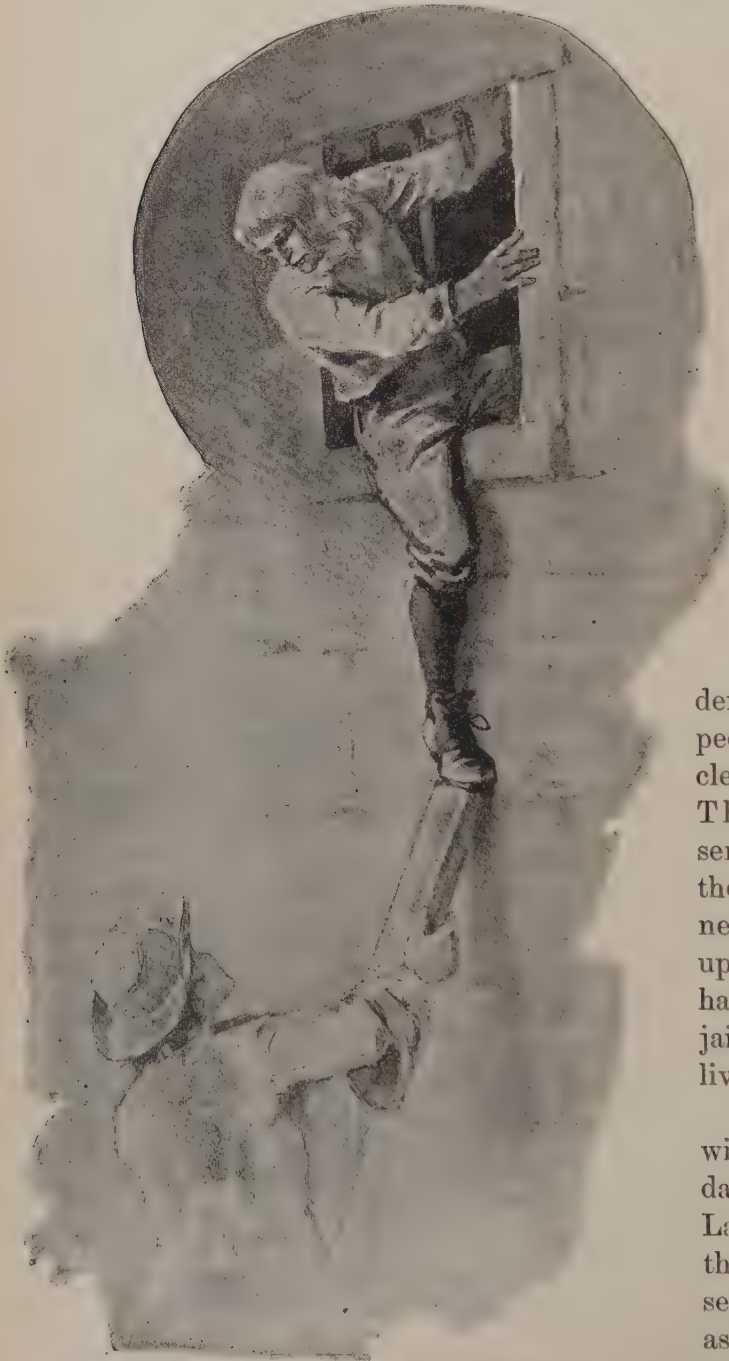
III.

The horrors of the witchcraft excitement accumulated, and trials for life succeeded one another with a fatal activity that was ominous for Captain Alden.

Five accused persons were executed on the nineteenth of July, five more on the nineteenth of August, and on the ninth of September six more. In one of his interviews in the prison Zachariah said:

"Father, you must needs get you gone from here. If you bide your time to be taken to Salem for the second examination, you will go like an ox to the sacrifice. What hope is there when idle, if not malicious stories, and 'spectral evidence,' are received against people's lives? You can see clearly which way it will turn. The same testimony that serves for one, serves for all the rest—and your last journey will be in the death-cart up Gallows Hill. Already one has escaped from Cambridge jail. Attempt the same deliverance for yourself."

The captain had said, "I will stay and face them, and dare them to do their worst." Later his answer was, "Let them fetch me out themselves, and clear me as openly as they have dishonored me." But, shaken now by long con-



ZACHARIAH SAYING HIS FATHER FROM BOSTON JAIL.

finement, and distracted by thoughts of his family — who all joined their entreaties for his self-release — his stubborn mood partially gave way. Of what good to him was the courage of innocence! It was only tempting the rage of a delusion that spared neither wicked nor righteous.

Late in the night of the fifteenth of September, the sleepless captive was startled by a slight sound at his cell window. In a distinct whisper a voice called from the darkness: "Father! father!"

He sprang to his feet. "Is it you, Zachariah?"

"It is I, father. I have come for you — and it is high time. I have been in Salem to-day; and verily the dragons of Revelations are loose, with their seven heads and ten horns. The court has sentenced Giles Corey to be crushed to death, and to-morrow he will be publicly murdered. Be still and wary. I have a rope, a lever, and a mill-claw. I know the set of these center bars, for at divers times I have used my eyes here. You shall come forth from this tomb, unless God forbids. Mother and Sarah are privy to the plan to-night, and I will not see their faces again till you are safe."

The old captain saw that he could not hesitate. Eagerly but deliberately, working with the utmost silence and caution, the two men strained at the hateful bars. In half an hour they had made a small but sufficient opening, and the prisoner's feet felt free ground for the first time in fifteen weeks. So carefully was the delivery managed that the watch was not alarmed. A moment of breathless listening, and the pair stole swiftly away in the deep darkness. Zachariah accompanied his father as far as "Frog Lane" (now Boylston Street), and bade him God speed for his life. It was decided that he should go straight to Duxbury.



"IT WAS OLD DANIEL QUILL."

When Captain Alden crossed the Neck it was past midnight. Long inactivity, followed by violent exertion, told perceptibly on the old man's strength, but he made light of his awkward steps. In his sailor fashion he said to himself he would soon get his "land-legs" on. Traveling through Dorchester, and over the Braintree line (where Quincy now lies) he began to feel his fatigue; but he

pushed forward. Far on his left he could hear the roar of the sea on the rocks of Mos-we-tuset, the region of the Squantum coast that gave Massachusetts its name. Day was beginning to break when he left the old forest realm of Chickatawbut, and picked his way over the little Manatiquot "river" on a fallen tree. In the edge of Wessagussett, or Weymouth woods, he stopped and looked about him. It was too light to travel further, if he had been less weary than he was. The trees were dripping with the heavy dew, but he threw himself down, thinking he would rest awhile, and then find a hiding-place. Among the branches squirrels sang and sported, and jays and pigeons flashed their blue wings. In the distance a wild turkey called his mate. As sunrise approached he saw the hewn stumps of a settler's clearing, and heard signs of human life. A few minutes later a large man wearing a raccoon cap appeared, with a water-bucket in his hand. He watched him narrowly. It was old Daniel Quill, one of Eliot's "praying Indians." A short greeting, and Captain Alden found himself in a dry cabin, sharing a comfortable breakfast with Daniel and his wife. They were friends — and very sphinxes, like all their race, for keeping a secret.

During most of that day he lay soundly asleep, while the old Indian kept guard outside with eyes and ears. In the early dark of the evening he set out again, greatly refreshed, but his progress was not rapid, for he avoided the public road. Through the corner of Hingham, and the still wild lands of the present Hanover and Pembroke, he found tiresome trudging, and by the time he reached North River he was glad to take the highway. Crossing the bridge, he kept the road, for he was entering familiar neighborhood, and felt more secure. Sometimes the frightful thought of what had taken place in Salem that day made the journey more lonesome, and the night more black; but glimpses of old landmarks by the wayside, and the silent houses of long-known friends, soon changed his mood. He reached the turn of the road where he knew his birthplace and the playgrounds of his boyhood could be seen. But the lights were all out — all save the beacon gleaming far away on Captain's Hill.*

It was eleven o'clock when the tired fugitive arrived at the old homestead and aroused the sleeping family. We can imagine the excitement that ensued. Jonathan understood the situation at once.

"Have you given the enemy the slip, John?"

"Even so, brother. But Satan is yet after my blood. I have fled thirty miles to get clear of him."

"You have come to the right place. We'll take care of you here, John. I told my wife that the ministers promised to pray you out, and she said, 'Why not? Simon Peter was prayed out of jail once.'"

"Well, they've done it, Jonathan; only it took longer than it did in Jerusalem, and the angel in my case was a young fellow just out of Harvard College."

It might be thought no easy matter to hide "the tallest man in Boston" (as

* Upon the crest of which Captain Myles Standish's monument now stands. See page 300.

JOHN ALDEN'S PERIL.

the old sea-captain was once called); but the freemasonry of liberty and love in the three households of Jonathan and David Alden and Sarah Standish proved quite able to manage it. It was not the first time that the Pilgrim had shielded the Puritan's victim. But one wonders if the Boston jailer and marshal really took much pains to track their escaped prisoner.

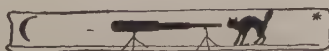
The dismal autumn of 1692 passed, with but one more death scene on Gallows Hill. Of the thirty condemned as witches twenty human beings had been executed — and one dog! One from Cambridge jail, and four from Salem jail had succeeded, like Captain Alden, in making their escape. Of the one hundred still confined, several died in prison. Two hundred more accused persons lived in daily dread of arrest, and nine of these were children from five to fourteen years of age! Grave judges still listened solemnly to "spectral evidence"; but when the lunatics who kept up the agitation began to accuse the ministers and their wives, and the magistrates themselves; and even the wife of His Excellency, Governor Phipps, sheer self-defense made it necessary to call a halt. Prosecutors stood terrified, and took no further steps.

Before winter Captain Alden went back to Boston, delivered himself up to the authorities, was bound over to appear at the next spring court session, and ate Thanksgiving dinner with his family. In April, 1693, he was "acquitted by proclamation," and soon after all the imprisoned were set free. The great delirium had spent its fury.

The time came when all the twelve jurymen who had repeatedly condemned the innocent published a paper over their names, full of sorrow and humble confession, and one, at least, of the judges, at a great fast-day meeting in the Old South Church, stood penitently with bowed head while the minister read his petition for the prayers of God's people that his part in the sad Salem doings might not be remembered against him.

It was just two hundred years ago this very month of September, that Captain John Alden stood thus in peril of his life, and escaped by the pluck and aid of his son, the young Harvard graduate. Captain Alden lived many years after his imprisonment, and served his country as an honored and trusted officer in several new expeditions, both peaceful and warlike, on sea and land. Those who know his history cannot read his gravestone — now cemented to the porch-wall of the New Old South Church on Boylston Street — without thinking of the cloud that shadowed New England two centuries ago like an Egyptian darkness, and thanking God that it can never come again.

Theron Brown.



A MOUNTAIN PAGEANT.



F all the gala days of the summer season at the White Mountains, the grandest, on the east side at least, is the one chosen for the annual coaching parade. This is really a very grand affair, though it may barely claim the dignity of "annual."

The first real coaching party took place in August, 1890; but there was so much delight and enthusiasm expressed on all sides, and it called to that side of the mountains so many tourists, that at the beginning of the season of 1891, committees at Jackson, Lower Bartlett, the Intervale, Kearsarge Village and North Conway proper were appointed to arrange for a parade so grand and ornate in decoration as to rival the world renowned flower processions that have been for many years the crowning glory of the Mardi Gras season at Nice in Southern France.

It was arranged by the several committees that each hotel should decorate one or more coaches, selecting certain colors for each, and that the carriages, harnesses and costumes of the young ladies and gentlemen who were to ride in the procession should be true to their colors in every detail of costume and decoration. As an instance of this may be mentioned the Orient House at Kearsarge Village which, as a symbol of its name, sent out a palanquin. The wagon was adorned with an exquisite scroll work in gold upon a red ground and surmounted with two gilded domes around which small red pyramids were set. A deep, rich yellow fringe hung from the sides of the canopy. Six fine gray horses with red blankets bordered with golden crescents drew the chariot. The young ladies all wore oriental costumes, and were half-veiled. The driver was black, and dressed in Turkish costume, and the palanquin was guarded by two black attendants, mounted and carrying flags covered with gold crescents.

Each house and the young people therein, entered into a pleasant, good-natured contest for the winning of first prizes. So they set to work in real earnest to make the most novel and effective display possible. During all the flutter and interest incident upon the preparations there were no dull days. There were robes, blankets, harnesses, bridles, tassels and plumes to be ornamented for the horses; the carriages must be dressed in exquisite gala robes, embroideries and fringes, to say nothing of the pretty dresses, hats and staffs for the young people, while the costumes to be worn in the parade by the postilion and driver needed particular and artistic attention.

A MOUNTAIN PAGEANT.

The route chosen for the procession was the one popularly known as "around the square" — through the most beautiful scenery of the east side. All along the line cheers upon cheers awoke the echoing hills, and flags and handkerchiefs waved on every side. Hotels, private residences and cottages were gay with bunting, flags and flowers. On one house the bunting was arranged in "glories" and streamers; on another in festoons caught with bright-colored rosettes; still another raised triumphal arches laced with streamers of bunting looped from arch to arch, and the next stood gay in yellow bunting and masses of golden rod, while cottages, pavilions and pagodas flamed with brilliant flowers, greens and lanterns all tastefully arranged.

Many were the coaches, buckboards, drags, dogcarts, ox teams, hay wagons and mountain wagons and "rigs," all artistically arrayed. The prize mountain wagon came from Russell Cottage. It gleamed with silver, pink and white,



TWO DIGNIFIED PARADERS.

and was drawn by six beautiful roan horses in pink harnesses with silver tassels, rosettes and pompons. The leaders were ridden by two postilions dressed in white costumes, with pink neckties and sashes, and white yacht-ing caps. The driver wore a white satin suit embroidered with silver, and a white powdered wig. The body of the wagon was draped in white silk or satin studded with silver stars, the front bearing a shield of white with silver letters, and pink draperies fringed with white. Roman draperies studded with stars and caught up with garlands, adorned the sides, while on the back was a large pink scroll shield with silver monogram, and over all was

set a canopy of pink silk decked with silver, and bound with silver braid and fringe. Roman knots of silver, and silver butterflies interwoven with a wreath of white roses formed the apex of the canopy, the supports of which were wound with pink and silver interwoven with bunches of sweet peas and soft green boughs.

Within rode eleven girls in pink mull dresses with white sashes, and Gainsboro' hats trimmed with bunches of pink roses. Each girl carried a mountain stick adorned with bunches of sweet peas tied on with white satin ribbons.

The parade was headed by the grand marshal accompanied by the governor's staff and eighty gentlemen and ladies on horseback. These were followed by a long line of marvelously arrayed carriages.

NATURE'S THOUGHTFULNESS.

The day was glorious, and the pageant was in every respect superb. Thousands poured in upon every train, and the streets were lined with a great concourse of people. Everybody seemed to be in gala dress and mood, and for this one day at least the "mountains clapped their hands for joy."

Such a peaceful pageant as this is possible in every summer resort where deft and willing hands are able to make the most of the possibilities of the place. The White Mountain Coaching Parade has grown into a brilliant and costly annual display, but even where the opportunities and the desire are less, the idea can be used as a delightful way to transform hayricks, buckboards, farm wagons and all the vehicles of a country home into so many Cinderella coaches, and to put purpose and pleasure into some days of the summer outing.

Mrs. A. G. Lewis.

NATURE'S THOUGHTFULNESS.

SO busy is the dear old earth
A-weaving willow tresses,
And making for her forest-trees
The freshest of new dresses ;
A-spreading carpets o'er the dales
Embroidered with sweet posies,
A-moulding petals velvet soft,
. And making up her roses ;

So busy is the dear old earth
Her spreading meadows over,
A-storing honey in the cells
Of her vast fields of clover ;
A-carving scarlet lily cups,
A-setting blue-bells ringing,
And teaching all her baby birds
The newest rules of singing ;

So busy is the dear old earth
Through every summer morning,
Pray tell me why this eager haste,
This marvelous adorning,
The fringed petals, tinted cups,
The wondrous variation ? —
Methinks she's getting ready for
Her boys' and girls' vacation.

M. F. Butts.

MABEL'S ELECTION DAY.

WHEN I was a little girl, I lived in a very pleasant old New England city, whose shady streets and roomy colonial houses still make it very attractive. It seemed to me then not only beautiful, but very important, for it was one of the capitals of the State, and as very few States were so fortunate as to possess two capitals, it gave me great satisfaction to feel that my home was in one of those grand and interesting cities.

My mother, who was very careful to surround her children with good influences, sent me to Mrs. Holbrook's school for girls. It was considered the best in the city, and I can look back now and see that I was well instructed. But then I thought only of the good times we had, for my dearest friend, Maria Bradley, was successful in persuading her mother to let her go to school with me; and as we should have fretted all the time had we been separated, it doubtless helped us to be allowed to climb the "Hill of Science" together.

For we studied Webster's Spelling-Book, and often looked with awe upon the frontispiece, which depicted that famous mount, bearing at the top of its stern ascent, the Temple of Fame. And when Maria and I took our morning walk to school, all the while diligently spelling "eleemosynary," "revolutionary" and the like, the vision of Mrs. Holbrook's house, on rising ground, made us feel as if we were the very pilgrims, at the foot of the hill.

To tell the truth, we sometimes had a secret feeling that we were not duly appreciated by Mrs. Holbrook. Many times we thought that our writing, and our reading, and our maps, were quite perfect, but she did not betray the admiration which we expected. Once, when I went down in spelling on a misplaced *e* in believe, I shook my curls spitefully, and muttered to Maria that I didn't believe that Mrs. Holbrook was always so particular herself when she spelled!

We had two sessions, and went home for our midday dinner, but we were sometimes so hungry that it seemed as if the time for our apples at recess would never come. Then we were always thirsty. On one warm day Maria whispered to me, "I wish they would have a law that teachers should pass around lemonade once an hour." I laughed aloud, and had a mark for that.

Vacations were not so long then as now, and we were much elated by our few holidays. One of the most prized was election day. That meant, first, no school — a negative, but very desirable good; second, the positive pleasure of hurrying from one post of observation to another, to have as many sights as possible of the grand election-parade, which took place once in two years.

There was all the bravery of flags and music and prancing horses, and carriages full of distinguished men, and the old governor and the new governor, bringing forth cheers all along the route, and the various regiments, companies

MABEL'S ELECTION DAY.

and associations, which, mounted and unmounted, in uniforms of varied splendor, composed the escort, and were really the charm of the occasion. For "election day" meant, not the day of electing, but of installing a governor.

We generally took our stand at the house of my aunt, on another street, and there had the first sight of the parade. By running quickly through the gardens we could reach our own front steps in time for a second view, and then we had still another chance from Maria's grandmother's piazza. We stored our pockets with candy and cookies, and these, helped by liberal lunches of election-cake indulgently bestowed by our different hostesses, generally gave us sick headaches, which lengthened our holiday by an additional forenoon.

We considered this a very exciting day, for besides the attendant amusements we took a keen interest in our favorite "soldiers," as we called them.

Our preference wavered between the Grays, who, Maria declared, marched by machinery, and the Foot Guards, with their ferocious-looking headgear, that we fancied must be muffs, miraculously balanced on the heads of the unfortunate wearers. But when the Putnam Phalanx came, our admiration had a tinge of reverence, as we gazed on the blue coats with brass buttons, the buff waistcoats and knee-breeches, and the cocked hats of their Continental uniforms. We did not like to ask whether the men or the uniforms had lasted since the Revolutionary War, but we did not doubt that one or the other was true.

At the appearance of the horsemen, so gallantly prancing, apparently having all the fun and none of the work, we decided that they were the best of all.

When it was the turn of the other capital to be blessed with all these glorious sights, the day seemed rather dull; still, there was great satisfaction in having no school, and we were often treated to election-cake, which we considered the most delicious compound that had ever been invented; and therefore the holiday was always anticipated with pleasure.

Judge of our surprise and grief, when, just before one of these quiet election days, Mrs. Holbrook announced that school would keep as usual. Her explanations were unheeded, and many of us felt bitter resentment, and assured one another that nothing should induce us to give up the holiday. Maria and I begged our mothers to allow us to stay at home, but they did not give the coveted permission, and when the morning arrived we walked reluctantly to school and took our seats with rebellion in our hearts, and frowns upon our faces. Mrs. Holbrook probably saw this, for as soon as the bell had rung to call us to order, she said, "If any of you think you would really be better off to stay out of school to-day, you may go, but I advise you to remain."

I gave Maria a meaning glance, which was answered by one from her, and we thereupon decided to accept the offer thus made. So we gathered up our books and put them into our desks, and then, making our most polite bow to Mrs. Holbrook, and looking with lofty pity at the girls who were afraid to go, we marched triumphantly out of the schoolroom.

MABEL'S ELECTION DAY.

Then we started off for our good time, but when we had gone only a block or two we suddenly remembered that it would never do for us to call upon the relatives who usually treated us to election-cake and entertained us so delightfully, for neither my aunt nor Maria's grandmother would approve of our leav-



"HURRY IN, LITTLE MISSES, OR YOU'LL BE LATE FOR THE FEAST."

ing school, and we should probably be sent back. Of course going home was still less to be thought of, and as our other playmates were all in school, nothing remained for us to do but to wander about the streets and get what amusement we could in that way. At first we tried to persuade ourselves that this was the

SUPERSTITION AND FORCE.

most delightful entertainment imaginable, but the day was cold and cloudy, and the streets seemed so dismal, that we wondered how we could ever have thought them pretty. Then a tiny pebble crept into my shoe and hurt like a pricking conscience, and before long a drizzling rain made us wish to go within doors. Maria fell down in the mud and soiled her spring dress. Her mother would be likely to reprove her severely, so at last we thought we would go back to school to crow over the girls at recess and to let Maria's dress dry.

We put on smiling faces, and with an air of superiority, were just going in, when, behold! we caught a vision of Northman's wagon, and a colored waiter, with trays and baskets and cans.

"Hurry in, little misses," said the man, "or you'll be late for the feast."

We looked at each other in speechless amazement. Yes, that Mrs. Holbrook had taken this way of revenging herself. Every other day we might go to school and get no treat, but on the one day when we chose to stay away, she must go and get election-cake and ice-cream for the school. It was mean!

We walked past very bravely, but as soon as we were out of sight we sat down on a step and cried. We certainly could not have been hired to go into school then, and the next day the crowing was all on the other side. The girls crowded around us to tell of the good time that dear Mrs. Holbrook prepared for them. "Such election-cake, and such lots of it, and O, girls! the most perfectly splendid ice-cream you ever tasted — and we had a whole hour for it, and lovely dishes, and everything like a real party."

Mrs. Holbrook said very gently that she was sorry we did not come to her election-day, and then she left the lesson to impress itself. But Maria's mother, to whom spoiling a dress was as great an offense as playing truant, was very angry, and kept Maria in for two Saturday afternoons; while my father's "I thought I could trust you more than that, Mabel," nearly broke my heart, and made me resolve that thereafter when I had to choose my course, I would take the path of duty, even if it did not seem at first to be the path of pleasure.

Ellen Strong Bartlett.

SUPERSTITION AND FORCE.

THERE was a young person who tried
All the world's cherished faiths to deride; —
But the salt she upset,
And she's unhappy yet,
While thirteen she can never abide!

John Derwent.



THE END OF A LONG DAY.

IN A THUNDERSTORM.

MRS. TYLER was nervous. It is with hesitation that we approach the subject; for she declared that no one but herself could imagine the nervous torments which she endured. She certainly behaved peculiarly. When the boys played ball in the yard, she would send the servant out to stop their loud cries; yet, as Tommy remarked, she could listen to Ida singing out of tune by the hour. It acted upon her nerves to look over a few pages of a picture book; yet she could tire out the sturdy Tommy himself, if they went shopping.

But if there was any one thing which utterly overpowered her nervous system, it was a thunderstorm. Even a cart rumbling over the pavement made her tremble, for it was so like the thunder. For an hour before a thunderstorm, she suffered the agonies of anticipation; for an hour after, she was prostrated with the tortures of memory.

The rest of the Tyler family had once looked upon her dread of thunder with respectful pity; but their feelings gradually changed. Mr. Tyler was the first to be worked upon by her fears, and in time actually became a partaker in them. Then the two children began to think that to be afraid of thunder and lightning might not be so absurd, if even their father was uneasy while a thunderstorm was in progress. Tommy was the last to give way. He enjoyed teasing Ida because of her timidity; but once, while he was making fun of her, their father took him to task, and hinted that Ida's terrors were not without foundation.

After Tommy's conversion, the whole family could give free rein to their fear with no danger of being laughed at; for where all live in glass houses, no one dares to throw a stone.

At the approach of a thunderstorm, the entire family, by common consent, went solemnly to Mrs. Tyler's room. When the storm reached the house, they left the room for a large closet opening out of it. This closet was nearly in the middle of the house, and had no window, so that they could not see the lightning. They could, however, hear the thunder, and when this was louder than usual, Mrs. Tyler would ask her husband to fetch the feather mattress from her bed. On this she would sit — the others, as a rule, not taking the extra precaution — until the storm abated.

One bright day in summer, Elsie Rogers came over to play dolls with Ida. It was warm, so the little girls went out into the front yard, and played that their dolls were having a garden party. Ida's doll, of course, was receiving; while Elsie's, arrayed in first one dress and then another, impersonated the visitors. There were no gentlemen; but, as Elsie observed, gentlemen do not often come to receptions. Of course it took time for Elsie's doll to change her identity, and Ida's made use of every opportunity to put on a new costume.

IN A THUNDERSTORM.

"Now this is Mrs. Cleveland," said Elsie, "and yours can be Mrs. Harrison."

"Do you suppose they ever call on each other?" asked Ida.

"No, perhaps not," replied Elsie; "but they must do as we say. And besides," she added gravely, "I suppose it would be better for the nation if they were friends."

"Well, then," said Ida, "we'll have them meet — O, Elsie! look at that great black thundercloud! O, dear! Let's run into the house!"

"Ho!" said Elsie. "Who cares for the cloud? Just look at it, Ida" — but Ida had run into the house with Mrs. Harrison, leaving the reconciliation of the nation unfinished.

Elsie staid sitting on the grass with Mrs. Cleveland in her arms, watching the great black cloud sail up from the western horizon, and rise higher and higher till it covered half the sky. She was not frightened, but apparently Mrs. Cleveland was a little timid, for Elsie kept reassuring her. "There, there," she said, "the cloud won't do you any harm; and besides, Mr. Cleveland — or Grover, I suppose you call him — will come home soon."

"Elsie!" called Mrs. Tyler from the window; "come in this instant, before the rain comes!" And she shut down the sash with a slam, as if she was afraid that the lightning would jump in before she could close the window. Elsie could hear the rain coming, and as she walked up to the front door, a few drops made black spots on the piazza steps, and one hit Mrs. Cleveland's foot.

Ida was at the door, looking pale and frightened. "Come upstairs," she said, and turned to go.

"Why, what's the matter, Ida?" cried Elsie. "Aren't you well? I never saw you look so. Let's come into the parlor and play some more dolls."

"No," said Ida; "come upstairs. They're all up there." Then she dashed away, followed more slowly by Elsie.

"You are looking so pale, I should think it was a funeral," said Elsie, following her friend to Mrs. Tyler's room. When she reached the threshold she stopped, astonished.

There sat the Tyler family, looking as solemn as if they had met with a terrible misfortune. Tommy was clasping one of his mother's hands, while she held a handkerchief to her eyes with the other. Mr. Tyler was gazing gloomily out of the window. Ida had taken her seat next him, and was looking down sadly.



MRS. CLEVELAND AND MRS. HARRISON.

IN A THUNDERSTORM.

Elsie thought that the scene would have made a good subject for one of Rogers's groups. It might be called: "Grandma is dead." But it was impossible to be merry for more than a moment in such an atmosphere. Mrs. Tyler motioned her to an empty chair, and she sat down, still wanting to laugh, but overawed by the presence of Mr. Tyler.

Just after Elsie's arrival, the rain began to come down hard, and once in a while they could hear a low growl of thunder. Every time the lightning flashed, Mrs. Tyler counted, softly but audibly, to see how many miles away it was. She allowed about one second to a mile. When the lightning was six miles away, she got up slowly and walked to the closet door. The rest followed, each taking a chair. Elsie went last. It was dark in the closet, but after a few moments her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and she could see the outlines of the Tylers sitting round in a circle. No one said a word.

Meanwhile the storm was getting furious. They could not see the lightning, and this must have been trying for Mrs. Tyler, for she had no foundation, except her imagination, on which to base her idea of the distance of each thunderbolt. Even with the door closed, the thunder was very loud. After one burst more terrible than any before, Mr. Tyler went out of the door, closing it after him.

"O, Alfred!" murmured Mrs. Tyler.

A moment afterwards he re-entered the closet, dragging in a large feather mattress. This he placed in the center, while Tommy shut the door. Luckily there had been no lightning while the door was open. Mrs. Tyler sat down on the middle of the mattress, and all was quiet again.

Elsie had taken advantage of the interval of light to look at her watch. It was supper time, and she knew that her mother was expecting her. Still, there was something contagious about the perfect silence. It seemed disrespectful to break it. She was on the point of opening her mouth several times, but always stopped at the last moment. However, something must be done, for the storm was still raging, and this sort of thing could not go on forever. Finally she nerved herself to the effort, and said, rising from her chair:

"Well, it's getting pretty late, and I think I must go home now, Ida."

No one said anything for a moment; and then Mrs. Tyler answered her:

"Why, my dear child, I never could think of letting you go out in such weather, the thunder and lightning are so dreadful; and be" — she was interrupted by a crashing peal, which began very loud, and died away in slow mutterings.

"Yes; but mamma expects me," said Elsie.

"I am sure," said Mr. Tyler gravely, as if he were talking in a church, "that is, I hope, that your mother would not be imprudent enough to wish you to go outdoors in such a storm. It is true your house is not far off — not far off — in fact, only across the street; yet I was reading in the paper the other day that a man was struck by lightning while opening his own gate."

IN A THUNDERSTORM.

Mr. Tyler stopped, as if he were fully satisfied with his argument; and the rest of the family murmured assent.

Elsie's heart swelled within her. She walked to the door and then turned and said, "Well! I never would have thought that people could be so silly!" She stopped a moment. It was dark, but she was close to Ida, and could see the astonishment in her face. "I've often been out in a thunderstorm," she went on, "and nothing ever happened to me. And I don't think it's a bit more dangerous in the street than in the house. And if I were the lightning, I'd just



"ELSIE FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR."

like to hit people who were scared of me, and went into a closet and sat on feather beds! And my old nurse used to say that a brave man dies but once; but a coward is always dying. And I should think when old people set such an example, their children would be ten times as scared as they were! There might be some use being scared of a dog or a horse, because you can get out of their way; but all the feather beds in the world won't stop the lightning if it wants to hit you. And no matter if you lock yourself inside ten walls, you can't stop the thunder, for it's crashing outside there, whether you hear it or not. And once our house was struck by lightning" — here Mrs. Tyler gave a little shriek — "and it didn't do any harm except to make a little hole in the roof. There might have been some excuse for being scared then; but papa and the boys just got out of bed, for it was in the middle of the night, and looked

IN A THUNDERSTORM.

all over the house to see that all was right and nothing was on fire, and then they went back to bed again. I knew they weren't scared, so I wasn't. But here, when the lightning's six miles off, you all go into a closet and sit down on a feather bed. Horses aren't so foolish; I rode Roy home in a thunderstorm worse than this last year, and we both liked it. And papa met me at the door and said, 'Are you wet, Elsie?' but we didn't either of us have one thought of being frightened. But to think of grown-up people who ought to know better, sitting in a closet because it's raining and thundering, positively makes me sick!"

When Elsie had finished this tirade, she flung open the door, letting in a stream of light on the pale faces within, and, leaving it wide open, ran down the stairs, out into the rain, across the street, and so home.

There was a long silence after her departure. Tommy was the first to speak.

"Well, he said," I think Elsie's right," and then he left the room. The door still stood open, and a faint peal of thunder sounded, as if it were mourning that its power over the Tyler family was waning.

"My dear," said Mr. Tyler to his wife, "I think perhaps we might leave the closet now. Not because of the child's words, for she was a trifle impertinent, but because it seems best to me. The storm is abating" — here a low growl of thunder interrupted him, but he went bravely on. "Of course you know that I never should have given way to your — hem — weakness in this matter, except to comfort you, my dear, and now I think the time has come when you should strengthen yourself to endure — to endure the suffering. This is not because of the little chit's nonsense, but it just happened to come across me. My dear, I leave you to your reflections." So saying he, too, left the room. Ida took Mrs. Harrison in her arms, and followed her father.

When Mrs. Tyler was left alone she rose from her seat and peered out of the closet door. The storm was now beginning to subside; only a distant rumble from time to time reminded her of what had been. She left the closet, gradually approached the window, and at last actually pulled up the curtain. The clouds were clearing away, and she could see a glow toward the southwest.

"My weakness!" she repeated to herself. "Oh! if he only knew the pressure on my nerves and the strain on my poor head when he talks like that, he would not speak so."

And from that day Mrs. Tyler never had any companions on her journeys into the closet; and there was no one to bring in the feather bed.

Robert Beverly Hale.



A TRADE AT THE TAVERN, IN THE OLDEN TIME.



MADAM ARACHNE.

MADAM ARACHNE
All day at her wheel
With distaff and reel,
From daylight's beginning
Is toiling and spinning.

And Madam Arachne's a beautiful spinner,
But oh! if you knew how she gets her fine dinner
I'm sure you would think her a miserable sinner!

Madam Arachne
All day at her loom
In sweet cherry bloom
Sits watching and weaving,
Her work never leaving.

And Madam Arachne's a beautiful weaver,
But oh! if you knew what a cruel deceiver
She is and will be, you could never believe her.

HOW I BOTANIZE.

Madam Arachne
All day in her home
Bids strangers to come,
Her doors open flinging
With crooning and singing.

And Madam Arachne, to all who go faring,
Is boasting her parlor, and table unsparing —
But whoso shall enter sups woe for his daring !

Zitella Cocke.

HOW I BOTANIZE.



THE things I provide myself with when I go botanizing are a pocket-knife, a pair of scissors in a case, a little ball of soft string and a tin box, which is carried by a strap over my shoulder. I wear a plain skirt, short and full, a round hat with a rim wide enough for shade, a pair of strong gloves with gauntlets, and shoes of sensible thickness, with broad soles and low heels.

The size of the tin box — botanists call it a *vasculum* — varies according to the plants sought. Perhaps the most useful one is about fifteen inches long, as it will receive specimens without doubling; but I am much attached to a tiny case not half a foot in length. Whatever the size, it is essential that the lid should shut perfectly tight, so it may keep leafy branches and delicate flowers absolutely fresh for a day or two. If I wish to preserve plants for a herbarium, I provide plenty of driers

(soft, unsized paper cut into pieces sixteen by twelve inches) so they may be put into press as soon as I reach home. A screw press, some weights placed on boards, or boards fastened by straps around each end, will answer; all that is important is, that the sheets be changed before they become damp, and that the flowers are put in before they wither.

But the main things are the flowers, and the advantage of botany is that material is never lacking. You may not find orchids and fringed gentians every day, but you can always find something. When the new Old South Church in Boston was building, I discovered sixteen species of unfamiliar plants in what is now Copley Square, where the beautiful edifice stands; and near a desolate, ugly railroad station, a lovely yellow lady's-slipper, so rare that I have never again seen its like.

HOW I BOTANIZE.

These, however, were chance discoveries. What I should hope to find almost anywhere in the country, of an August day, would be alder-leaved clethra, the sweet pepper bush, and lobelia cardinalis, the cardinal flower.

The clethra, which belongs to the heath family, is a shrub from three to ten feet high, and its upright racemes of cream-white flowers are deliciously fragrant, while the cardinal flower, the most conspicuous individual of its genus, stands slender and graceful amid rank grass and slender sedges. Both grow near, sometimes even in a swift running brook, where the glorious crimson of the cardinal flower will shine like fire against the rich background of the clethra. I gather as much of the former as I can carry, and as many cardinals as my box will hold, for both will last a long time in the house.

Neither is difficult to transplant, and charming hedges are made of clethra, while the seeds of cardinal flower may be bought of the florist.

But yellow being the prevailing color of August, in moist meadows and open thickets I seek the lemon and wild orange-red lily.

They attain stately height, their noticeable flowers are of generous size, and if withered, readily revive in water.

One of the loveliest summer flowers of Northern New England is the round-leaved harebell. Perhaps its perfection is in August, although it often lingers until the November frosts. It loves rocky banks, exposed ledges, and in the Merrimac valley frequently makes the roadside a dream of beauty; and as it possesses much sentiment, and is associated with storied castles and lonely lakes in the Scotch Highlands, I greet it heartily and care for it tenderly. I am distressed by its delicacy, for it appears to wither at my touch; but I shut the lid of the box as soon as I put it in, then provide abundant water, and am rewarded by its revival. Not infrequently I have kept harebells in water a whole month, watched every bud open, and collected the fine black seed from the ripened capsules.

One of the much prized treasures in my own garden, is a great clump of harebells from Ellen's Isle in Loch Katrine.

A word as to the finding for one's self the names of flowers. Everybody knows some flower. Take one of these I have named, for instance, which you recognize perfectly, and sit down to compare it with a good descriptive analytical key. You will need patience, patience, patience; but that is all. Do you not see that soon you can compare an unknown flower, and from what you have learned of the structure of the known, penetrate its secret? There is no magic about it, only attention and perseverance. And one thing more, never be content with the common name only. Search, inquire, study, until you have discovered the title by which science recognizes your favorite. There are dozens of swamp pinks; there is only one *Arethusa bulbosa*; there are scores of Mayflowers, but only one *Epigaea repens*, while violets and daisies, known only by their familiar titles, mean nothing at all.



"COME — O, COME QUICK! — THE RED LILIES!"

TO A LITTLE GIRL IN EUROPE.

MY own dear child, while far away you roam,
Beyond the wild Atlantic's angry roar,
Sweet memories still linger on at home,
And make us love you better than before.

Thoughts of your honest eyes and soft dark hair,
Your lips, that never say what is not meant,
Your smile, that carries sunshine everywhere,
Your life, so loving and so innocent.

All these we treasure, while perhaps, far hence,
You dream of us beneath some distant star;—
But, lest we should forget an excellence,
Come home, and show us what you really are!

Robert Beverly Hale.

“KEE-E-E-P COOL, BILLY!”

A TRAIN dispatcher noted for his steady nerve and steady hand, frequently gives to young aspirants for promotion this bit of his own training:

We were twin brothers. He was “Philly,” I was “Billy.”

We boys realized early in life that we must get to work and take care of mother, who was earning our support by her daily toil.

When a little lad Philly's favorite play was molding mud pills, while I ran daily races barefoot with the locomotives that passed our tiny home. I loved the black, swift traveling monsters, and considered an engine a thing of beauty.

Philly (“Pilly,” we called him sometimes) knew that he should be a doctor when a man, give folks pills, ride over the country upon a hard-trotting, flea-bitten gray horse, carry a huge pair of saddle-bags stuffed with pills, and “cut off broken limbs so easy that 'twouldn't even hurt a poor fellow.” I was equally sure that I should become a railroad man, perhaps a brakeman or fireman.

When we were twelve years old Philly and I bought an inferior battered set of telegraph instruments. Mother knew how to keep boys at home in the evenings. She let me set up my telegraph office in a corner of our sitting-room.

In another corner was Philly's apothecary shop and operating room, and when not in use this was cunningly hidden by a pretty curtain.

I was extremely nervous and excitable. Mother gave me many talks on the need of cultivating command over this weakness. Philly, loyal soul, constituted himself my guardian. When he saw the color flame into my face, he'd call out in a sing-song tone :

"Kee-ee-eep coo-oo-l, Billy. Steady, stea-dy, boy!"

Our station agent kindly gave me needed instructions. Telegraphy proved a fascinating study to me. I learned rapidly, but alas! my nervousness frequently hindered me when attempting something a bit difficult.

Philly could detect by the irregular clicking of my key when my hand was growing shaky. He would call from his operating table encouragingly :

"Kee-e-e-p cool, Billy, an' there'll be no c'llision. Switch off Number Twenty until Number Twenty-one gits a-past. I'm busy to-night; haven't any time to take off a fireman's leg. Kee-e-e-p cool, an' you won't run the engines together. Steady, boy. No drinkin' a dram to stimerlate you. S'posin' my hand gits to shakin' jest as I'm operatin' on somebody's arm, or makin' quinine pills when the arsenic bottle is clus by? No drinkin' liquor allowed."

Mother and Philly continued trying to aid me in my endeavor to cultivate a steady hand. Necessity compelled me to begin work when a mere boy. Upon a number of trying occasions Philly's "kee-e-e-p cool" did me a good turn.

There came a day when mother lay in the churchyard beside father, and Philly was away "'tending medical lectures." A distressing accident had occurred in an isolated, swampy spot. A heavily-loaded excursion train had gone over a weakened bridge into a deep stream swollen by recent storms.

I was the only available operator near, and was hastily summoned to the scene. I was expected to improvise a temporary connection with the main line.

The cries of the wounded were pitifully appealing; the night was moonless.

With Philly's old-time encouraging cry ringing loud in my ears, I began work beneath a beech-tree growing near to the road bed.

The work of rescue was energetically pressed, but it progressed slowly. Upon every hand there were difficulties to overcome. The night was a long one. A time had arrived when I must not fail in my duty and needed a steady hand. I knew how much depended upon me, and that nervousness meant more than failure. In fancy I was again my mother's little lad, listening to her admonition: "When need demands, my son, forget everything save duty."

With a final and successful effort I closed my ears to everything save orders from my superior officers, and to Philly's old piping cry: "Kee-e-e-p cool, Billy! Steady, stea-dy, boy!"

It was done at last. The connection was complete and I had conquered a weakness which had nearly conquered me.

THE CRIMSON HANDKERCHIEF.

“GOOD-BY! Good-by!” “Don’t forget to write from Queenstown!”
“Pleasant voyage and safe return!” “Good-by!”

Back and forth flew the farewells, some merry, some trembling with sobs, from the East Boston wharf to the deck of the great Cunarder, as hawser after hawser was drawn on board, and the huge black hulk, first moving at a pace no faster than a child’s walk, but gathering speed every instant, slid past the wharf and moved majestically out into the harbor. Slowly she turned her head seaward; the propeller screw began to throb; the steamer trembled from stem to stern, and hoarsely returning a pert salute from an excursion boat, began to plough her long furrow across the Atlantic.

“Off at last, boys!” said a slight, gray-bearded man to a couple of young fellows standing near. “No more going ashore till we set foot on St. George’s Landing at Liverpool!”

“Well, I’m glad of it, father. Hurrah!” shouted one of the boys. “Isn’t it glorious, Mort! Look at that tug trying to keep up with us!”

“You won’t feel so gay, Nat, when you’re a few hours out,” rejoined his brother, who was a year or two the other’s senior. “Wait till dinner time.”

“Pooh, I’m not going to be sick! I’ll leave that to the girls,” glancing at one or two brown-braided and ulstered figures pacing the deck arm in arm.

“I wish there weren’t so many children on board,” said Morton, with a rather superior air. “See those little things over by the rail. They’re sure to be in the way whenever there’s any fun going on. I don’t see why people want to take ’em on a voyage like this.”

“Oh! what’s the harm?” laughs jolly, good-natured Nat. “They’re in for a gay time, just as we are. Besides, you’re not a veteran yourself.”

Morton draws himself up and saunters off to look into the binnacle. “Just see ’f she’s headed all right, and keep her on her course!” calls out his brother.

Before long the steamer, seeming much smaller than when at her wharf, begins to rise and fall slightly. She has passed Boston Outer Light, has sent home the tug, and is fast sinking the land. Great swirls of foaming water roll away from her bows to right and left as she dips into the waves. Snow-white gulls float above her grimy yards, and hover about her bubbling wake.

One by one the passengers disappear below — Nat, with an uncommonly surprised and woful face, among the rest.

For five days and nights the wind blew from the east, and the *Cephalonia* beat her way steadily onward in the teeth of the storm; quivering under the shock of the great waves, streaming with rain and salt spray, creaking, groaning, hrobbing, but ever onward toward her desired haven.

THE CRIMSON HANDKERCHIEF.

On the seventh day out, while the ship's company were at breakfast — and a thinly attended one it was — the wind suddenly veered to the northwest. Up went the dingy sails to the cheery notes of the boatswain's whistle, and the "Yo-ho!" of the men; and up crawled the weary passengers through the companion-way, thankful for a sight of blue sky and sparkling sea once more.

Nat and Mort Forrester were among the first to recover. Above the subdued greetings of the adults were soon heard the shouts and laughter of the young people, all of whom were now as well acquainted as if they had known one another for years; and the merry voices of little children at play.

The sea quieted down more and more as the day wore on, and by the middle of the afternoon the warm sunshine and almost level deck called for some new sport among the more active of the voyagers.

"What shall we do?" queried Nat, his eye roving restlessly about the deck.

"That's so. Well, let's do something — halloo! what's that?" He pointed to a small dark object apparently floating in the water, perhaps fifty yards astern of the ship. "Let's ask the quartermaster."

The man in question, who was pacing the quarter-deck in a stolid, bow-legged fashion, cast a sidewise look astern, then resumed his walk.

"That's a shark, my lads," said he, "and a good-sized one, too. It's his back fin ye see, stickin' up. He's on the lookout for scraps from the galley."

"My!" exclaimed Nat, leaning over the taffrail and gazing intently at the gruesome black triangle that followed the ship so steadily and silently. "I wouldn't care about falling overboard, would you, Mort?"

Before Mort could answer, a steward passing near hailed them good-naturedly.

"Why don't you get out the pin and rings and have a game of ring-toss, young gentlemen?"

In an instant the shark was forgotten.

"Just the thing! What is it? Where are they?" cried the boys.

"I'll have 'em up for you." And the man was as good as his word. The long pin, or post, firmly mounted on a square base, was placed at ten paces distance, and the players, taking the rings, which were of rope cleverly spliced, were soon eagerly engaged in the sport. Fred Harris joined them, and several of the older cabin passengers gathered about the group.

"Why don't you have a regular match, boys?" called out one of the spectators.

"That's so," said another. "The ladies will offer a prize, perhaps."

"Indeed we will," spoke up a blue-eyed young lady, who was occupying a steamer-chair in the shelter of one of the ship's boats. "We'll give a crimson handkerchief to the winner."

The preliminaries were soon arranged, all hands entering heartily into the fun. They drew lots for position, Fred coming first, Nat second and Morton last. Each boy was to be allowed five turns, and six rings to each turn. He who

THE CRIMSON HANDKERCHIEF.

should drop the greatest number of rings over the pin in the whole contest should be adjudged the winner of the crimson handkerchief, which was now brought up from somebody's stateroom, and handed over to the lady who had suggested the prize.

One of the passengers, a gentleman in the Harris party, was appointed referee and score-keeper.

"Are you ready, boys?" he called out, taking his stand near the pin.

"All ready, sir," replied Fred.

"Fire away, then!" And the contest began.

Fred succeeded in placing only one of his rings over the pin. As this was his first attempt, however, and the movements of the steamer made a very nice calculation necessary with every toss, his single success was loudly applauded. Nat Forrester, profiting by a careful study of the causes of his competitor's failure, did better, ringing two out of his six.

While he was tossing, a little girl trotted up to the lady who held the handkerchief, and was presently joined by a child of about her own age. They were at once greatly interested in the contest, and promptly proceeded to take a part therein.

"No, no, Flossie dear," said the lady, laughing, and drawing the little girl to her side. "Come and stand here by Auntie, and see the boys play."

"But, Auntie, I want to play, too!" persisted Miss Floss, possessing herself of a ring and holding it behind her back with one chubby hand.

"No, darling; Flossie shall toss the rings with me, by and by. You mustn't keep them now."

Flossie's lip quivered, and the delighted look left her face. She slowly laid the ring down on the deck, and turned to watch the game, with a mist in her blue eyes—which were very much like her auntie's.

Morton, meanwhile, having eyed the approach of the children with much disfavor, stood leaning against the deckhouse with his rings threaded on his arm.

When his turn came he stepped forward quickly; but Flossie, thinking the game quite over, was before him, springing away from her aunt's hands with a gleeful shout: "Now I'm going to toss!"

But alas, she must wait. For Morton, pushing her aside fretfully, began to throw the rings as fast as he could, to anticipate her interference. The result was that every ring missed, and the score was announced: Fred one, Nat two, Morton nothing.

"Second turn, Fred!" called the scorer.

Miss White, Flossie's aunt, had stepped forward and drawn the child back, whispering in her ear. But Flossie was this time very nearly inconsolable.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Miss White, pushing back the little girl's broad-brimmed hat, and softly wiping her eyes. "You shall wear the crimson handkerchief, Flossie, that the boys are going to have for a prize. I'll pin it



THE MATCH AT RING-TOSS.

THE CRIMSON HANDKERCHIEF.

right over your shoulders, and you must keep it ever so nice until after the game."

The honor thus bestowed proved an antidote for disappointment, and the grieved look gave place to one of pleasure.

"Now we'll watch the boys again. I hope they'll be a good long time, don't you, so you can wear the handkerchief?"

Flossie looked rather doubtful at this; but sunshine had succeeded showers, for she had a sweet and good little heart, that was very ready to accept comfort of any kind. The contest went on, with increasing interest. Morton retrieved himself in the second bout by putting four rings on the pin in swift succession. Applause and laughter, with encouraging shouts, greeted the boys' efforts.

Four turns were finished, and the score stood: Fred fifteen, Nat thirteen, Morton fifteen. The first prize evidently lay between Fred and Morton, and the latter felt very sure of winning.

"I don't see what they let that child hang 'round for," he whispered crossly to Nat. "She just makes me nervous. And she'll get that handkerchief all wrinkled up. It's perfectly ridiculous putting it on her."

"Fred Harris, final score, seventeen!" called the referee, as Fred stepped back, wiping his forehead, after his last toss.

Nat took his place, laughing. "Look out for yourself, Fred!" he shouted. "I'm going to put every one of these on, and beat you."

To everybody's surprise — his own, most of all — Nat, who had been playing rather poorly, dropped his first ring neatly over the pin. A second followed it, and a third.

"Good, good!" cried the spectators. "Go it, Nat! One more to tie Fred!" Loud and long was the applause when Nat actually put on two out of the remaining three, passing both his rivals.

"Nathan Forrester, final score, eighteen!"

Morton, who had entered more seriously into the contest than either of the others — perhaps from a consciousness of the proximity of the owners of the brown braids previously mentioned, just beyond the wheelhouse — came forward with a nervous step and a little frown on his forehead.

"Almost through," whispered Miss White to her impatient little niece; "you can have the rings as soon as Morton has finished his turn."

"Almost through," echoed Flossie gleefully. "I'll pick up the rings now, can't I, Auntie?" and without waiting for an answer she sped after Morton's first ring, which missed the mark and rolled to one side.

The boy's frown deepened, but Flossie was a favorite, and so long as she did not actually get in the way nobody would interfere with the happy child.

The second and third rings went on the pin. Number four missed by a hair's breadth. Number five actually hung on the apex, but wriggled itself on at last. It settled slowly down upon the base and Nat's score was tied.

Morton set his feet firmly, calculated the distance, and was about to let the last ring fly, when Miss Flossie, overjoyed at the close of her probation, jumped forward and crouched beside the pin, as if to catch the ring. The movement disconcerted the thrower, the ring went wide, and rolled under the rail.

"It's all on account of that" — began Morton angrily. But he never finished the sentence. A shriek rang out from the group, a little dress fluttered an instant beyond the rail, and disappeared.

Without a moment's pause for reflection the boy bounded to the stern of the ship, and was over into the sea before a hand could be raised to stop him.

"Man overboard!" thundered the old quartermaster, casting loose a life buoy, and hurling it far astern. "Hard down there — hard down your hellum!" For although the vessel was a steamer she was under full sail, and bowling along rapidly on a fair wind, so that her leeway would be tremendous.

Clang, clang! went a bell down in the hot depths of the ship; and the astonished engineer sprang from his seat and threw over the great polished bar that first stopped, and then reversed the powerful engines of the *Cephalonia*.

"Lay aft here, men! Lively, now!" rang out the sharp command of the officer of the deck. "Into No. 7, there, two of you! Cut the lashings! Tumble in, tumble in, boys! Lower away! cast off! now — give way!" And the boat, looking a mere toy on the weltering surface of the great gray ocean, went tossing away after the waifs, who were now no longer to be seen.

When Morton caught sight of that dress fluttering outside the rail, where poor Flossie had clambered, unnoticed by the eager crowd watching the conclusion of the game, but one thought crossed his mind: he must save her, or die trying.

It seemed to him as if his quick anger had pushed her overboard, so instantly had her cry followed upon his bitter words. When he came to the surface his first thought was how terribly far the steamer had gone in that brief moment while he was under water; the next, where was Flossie?

He was a good swimmer, and had thrown off his outer coat to enter the game. His light shoes and short knickerbockers left his limbs tolerably free. He began to tread water, and almost at the same instant he caught sight of the circular life-preserver floating on the summit of a wave, not twenty feet away, so accurately had it been thrown by the old sailor.

A dozen strokes brought him to the buoy. Raising himself as far out of water as possible he gazed around with terrible anxiety. Had she already sunk for the last time? Nothing but a pitiless sky overhead; the distant hulk of the long black steamer pitching slowly in the swell; gray, heaving waters on every side. Ah! what was that gleam of crimson?

He recognized the prize handkerchief. He knew it was about her neck. A little white hand was flung up, still clutching desperately the rope ring, as if it were a life-preserver. Could he reach her?

Letting go the buoy — for every second of time was precious — he struck

THE CRIMSON HANDKERCHIEF.

out for the struggling child, with a shout to encourage her. How he strove now to grasp that crimson prize! Life and death were in the winning or losing.

It was still a dozen yards distant when something dark wavered an instant on the crest of an approaching wave and disappeared in the trough beyond. It was only a little thing, black as jet, floating there, but Morton's heart stood still, and his muscles seemed to stiffen like rusty iron as his glance fell upon it. He remembered Nat's words: "I wouldn't care about falling overboard!" He remembered what the quartermaster had said: "He's a big fellow, too!"

"Flossie! Flossie!" he screamed, buffeting the water with his hands. He had read somewhere that sharks might be frightened in that way.

The crimson handkerchief slowly sank, almost within his very grasp. Diving diagonally he caught a tiny arm, and beat himself to the surface. He turned once more toward the buoy, striking out madly, and holding the white still face of the child above the water. Every instant he expected to feel the sharp teeth of the monster closing upon him from below, or the child dragged from his grasp.

The sunset sky and the waves and the crimson handkerchief all seemed whirling through his brain. The water lapped softly over his nostrils and ears once, twice. Still he struggled blindly on. His hand struck a smooth, hard object. At first he thought it was the shark, and gave a gurgling, choked cry of terror. Then he realized that he had regained the buoy.

The next thing Morton knew after his arm closed around the life buoy was the voice of a sailor, full of gruff tenderness, as the men lifted him up the ship's side. He and Flossie were given over to the doctor at once, and before night both were pronounced out of danger.

"I vow, I gave 'em up one time," said the boatswain, telling his messmates of the rescue that evening, in the forecabin. "I jest got a sight o' summat black, floatin' about a dozen fathom off, an' what d'ye think? I took it for a shark's fin! Next minute I seed 'twas only the boy's hat, that tumbled off when he went overboard. Thar was a shark hangin' round arlier in the arternoon, Bill told me, an' that's what put the idee in my head."

Well, my story is done. You would hardly care to linger over the rest of the voyage, nor to hear how devoted Flossie was to her rescuer, and how gentle he became with all the little folk on board.

How did I know about all this? Why, I saw a queer ornament hanging on the wall of Morton's room at Harvard, the other day, and asked him about it. It was a ring of tarred rope, with a crimson handkerchief looped around it. So he told me the story.

He likes to keep those things on the wall where he can see 'em, he says. It does him good, sometimes. Queer, isn't it?

Willis Boyd Allen.



A CHARMING SOLOIST.



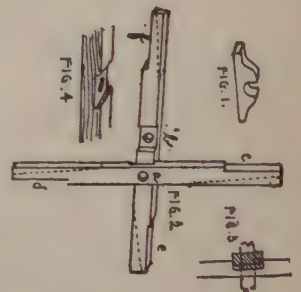
A SIDE-WHEELER.

HOW TO PUT PADDLES ON A ROWBOAT.

SOME day this summer you may grow weary of rowing, and it may please you to convert your rowboat into a side-wheeler. It will be an interesting occupation, and one from which you can derive much pleasure. With a side-wheeler you can sit facing the way you are going. Your sister or your girl-cousin will find the paddles easier to use than oars, and will be perfectly willing to run your boat while you throw a fly or hold aloft your umbrella as a sail.

If you do wish to construct some paddles to your boat, whether it be a round or flat-bottomed boat, I think with the suggestions I offer, you can easily do it, if you are at all familiar with the use of tools. I have written my instructions as simply as possible. If you get puzzled over them, your uncle or your nearest neighbor can give you a hint that will help you out.

The materials necessary are some hard wood sticks for spokes, say two feet long, two inches wide and one inch thick. Some thin boards for paddles; shingles will do if you cannot find something stronger. Two broomsticks, an old shoe to make leather washers, and some screws. In giving you these measures I use a suppositional boat; you must modify them to suit your boat, making the paddle spokes longer or shorter, as needed. Your paddles only need to dip four inches into the water. The lighter the wheels are made the easier they will be



FIGS. 1, 2, 3 AND 4.

HOW TO PUT PADDLES ON A ROWBOAT.

to use. You can make your wheel with either four or eight paddles. Eight will be better, but of course take more time to manufacture. And let me say, here, that one is always repaid for doing a thing well.

To begin, saw eight strips for spokes to the required length, say two feet.

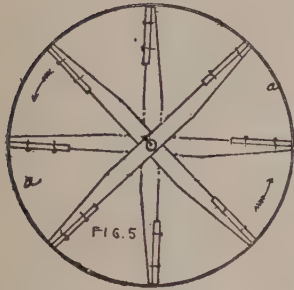


FIG. 5.

Find the middle of each strip, and on each side of this point, one inch from it, mark a line. This is to cut the groove by *Fig. 4*. Cut the groove one fourth inch deep on one side only of each strip. Then take them in pairs and fit one groove into the other (*Fig. 2*); *a* fits into *b*. Then bore a hole through both pieces the size of the broom handle, which is to serve as a shaft. Now on the left side of one end and the right side of the other, cut out the portion marked *c d* and *e f* (*Fig. 2*) one fourth inch deep and four inches from the end. This is to set the paddles in *Fig. 5*.

You can tack the paddles on the outside instead of setting them in, but they will be much nicer set in. Be sure the paddle grooves are all on the same side, that is, on the side that hits the water when they come down. If they are on the other side, the force of the water will tear them off. Notice *Figs. 5* and *6*. Now cut your paddles six inches long and four wide, and tack them into their places by four small brads in each paddle (*Fig. 6*). If you use but four spokes the wheel is finished already. If you want eight, the second set must be nearer together, so they must fit in between the first pair (*Fig. 6*). They will be nailed nearer together on the paddles, but, just the same, the paddles must be all the same length. You had better place them on the broomstick in position before you nail the paddles on, to be sure they are in the right places. A nail driven through one set into the other, will keep them in their places. Or, better still, get a tub hoop and tack it around the end of the spokes (*a a*, *Fig. 5*). If you chop off the surplus wood at dotted lines (*Fig. 2*), it will make them so much lighter. To put them on the boat cut two pieces like *Fig. 1*, and screw them on to the gunwale of the boat opposite each other. Now put an upright to support the other end of the shaft (*a* *Fig. 8*), with a half-circle groove at the top to rest the shaft in (*b* *Fig. 7*). Brace this support by side pieces, and screw to the boards in the bottom of the boat. Be sure to have enough room between the cranks to work them easily. Better set them in place and try them to be sure before fastening them in. When the broomstick is in place, tack over each bearing a piece of leather to keep it in place (*c* *Fig. 7*). If the groove is not as deep as the shaft, and the leather is tacked tightly down around it, it will be sure not to rattle.

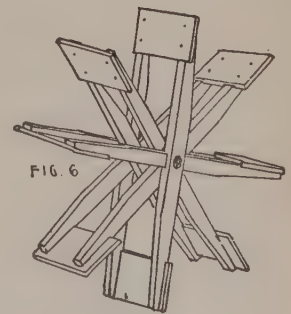


FIG. 6.

THE DANDELION.

To keep the shaft from sliding put two leather washers at *c c* *Fig. 8*. A little hole bored through the shaft with a wooden peg in it, will keep the washers where you want them. Now for the cranks or handles. Cut two pieces like *a* *Fig. 7*. In one end of each bore a hole to fit the shaft (*f*). Nine inches from the center of that hole bore another say three eighths inches. Now if you can get a bolt six inches long with a nut on it, that will be just the thing to put there (*d* *Fig. 7*). A piece of broomstick five inches long with a hole bored through it lengthwise, so that it will turn easily on the bolt, will make a very comfortable handle. Now drive a peg in at *g* to make the crank firm. When this is done the machine is finished. Put some grease on the bearings and you are ready to make your trial trip. If you find the water

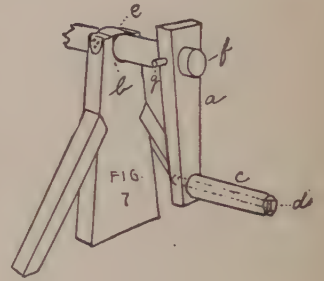


FIG. 7.

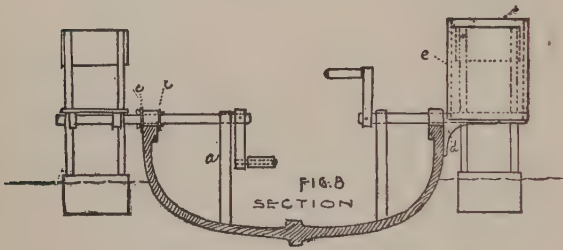


FIG. 8.

fies too much you can easily make a paddle box by cutting two half-circles out of thin wood and supporting them over the wheels by small brackets at either side as *d* *Fig. 8*, and then tacking a strip of tin over the two curves, as in the picture. This paddle box could be made square or half-hexagonal just as well. It is only to prevent the water from wetting the passengers.

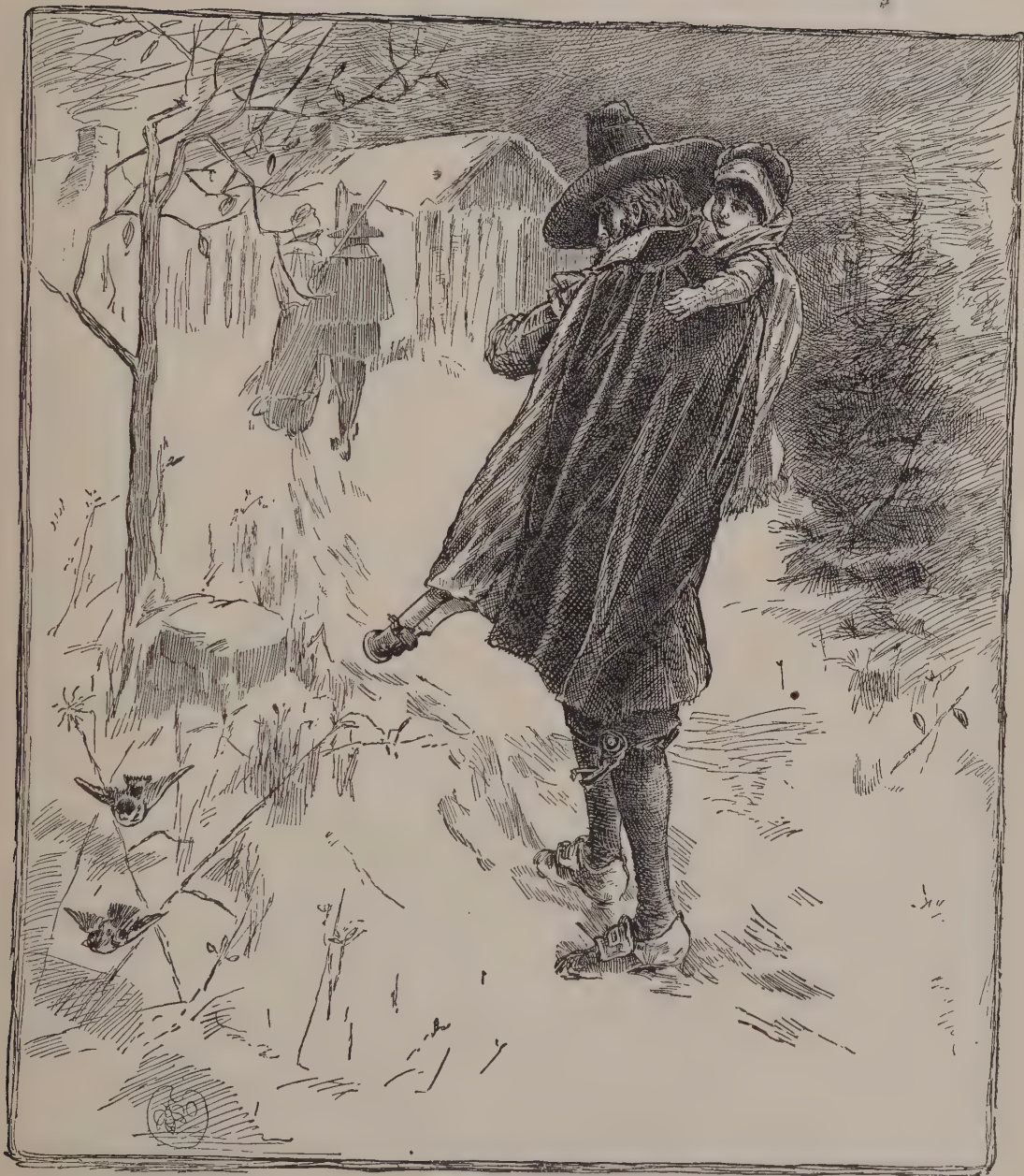
If you make this with care you will find much pleasure, not only in making it, but in using it, and thus you will be rewarded for your effort by success.

Vesper L. George.

THE DANDELION.

WITH locks of gold, to-day ;
To-morrow, silver gray ;
Then blossom-bald. In me,
O, Man ! thy fortune see !

John B. Tabb.



OUR LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.



FISH FOR DINNER.

“LET’S HAVE A FIRE!”

BUT not where we shall start a conflagration, if you please. Suppose we are on a picnic, or a long tramp, or a camping-out trip, or even out for a day’s fishing or a ride through wild country. The clouds lower (it is the first pleasant day for a week), and the rain threatens to fall once more. We can’t start homeward for an hour; perhaps we must stay in the woods all night. So, to cheer us up, if not for actual warmth or food, let’s have a fire.

In the first place, select your fireplace carefully. A triangular cranny on a bare ledge is, of course, the safest location, but a fire can be built almost anywhere in the woods without danger, if the proper precautions are taken.

Suppose the ground to be covered with pine needles or other dry stuff? Dig a narrow trench in the form of a circle, eight feet in diameter, throwing up (with a stick or sharp stone) the earth in a little mound outside the trench as you proceed. If possible, build a fireplace of large stones within this circle. Scrape the dry stuff in toward the center, and kindle your fire there. Let it run over the whole surface within your circle, stopping it only when it tries to jump the trench.

But trees and earth are soaked with a six days’ rain. Where shall we find kindling? First, overhaul your packages and baggage generally. Dry bits of paper, and especially the splint lunch baskets so commonly taken on a picnic, are excellent for this purpose. If none of these are available, the next resource is birch bark from the growing tree. However wet the outside is, the inner bark is always dry and inflammable. If there are no birches, break off the dead twigs from the lower part of the trunks of pines, and help them out with small shavings whittled from the heart of larger boughs. Wood is wonderfully waterproof, and the wettest and “soggiest” forest will have plenty of small dead branches dry as tinder in the very center.

If you are on a real camping expedition, strike your ax lustily into the first old stump or “stub” you see, and a good supply of dry splints will reward you.

HINTS FOR TRAMPERS.

The under sides of fallen logs are often dry, while the upper surface is soaked and punky.

When you light your match in a high wind, crouch to leeward of it, and hold it well into your hat, which has been taken off for the purpose. Shelter the first kindlings in the same way.

The fire once started, pile the wet wood on around it just thickly enough not to smother it, but to give it a good drying before its turn comes.

If you are building a cooking fire, remember to lay nearly all of the sticks one way, so as to have a comfortable approach, and save the handles of your utensils. Young campers are very apt to neglect this rule, and rear up a straggling pile of boughs, through which the flames turn and twist in every direction, merrily — and uselessly. The experienced guide builds his fire almost in the shape of a bundle of fagots, and can hold or prop his kettle in the very hottest heart of it, without inconvenience.

Before finally leaving your fire, be sure to extinguish the last spark. If no water is at hand, use wet moss, earth and cold stones. Remember that it is worse than careless to leave a smouldering brand that may flame up after you have gone, and start a forest fire, hundreds of acres in extent.

Willis Boyd Allen.

HINTS FOR TRAMPERS.

THE charm of a pedestrian tour is its absolute liberty : no machines to break or drag up hill ; no horse to wait upon ; no sails to hang becalmed ; no time tables to keep in mind. Put on a flannel shirt, easy shoes and old clothes ; throw a strap satchel over your shoulder, with a nightgown, rubber coat, comb, toothbrush and guide book in it ; put a knife, watch and a few dollars in your pocket ; take a stick for company and help, and set off. The world is before you, and in the exhilaration of the walk, you feel as if you owned it. Don't go too far, especially at first. Twenty miles is a fair day's walk. Remember that you are walking for health, instruction and pleasure — not running "against time" or hurrying for the doctor — and if a farmer jogs by in his wagon and offers you a ride, take it, if you wish ; or if there are ten miles of bad country to get over, do not scruple to cross it in the cars. The best places for walking, however, are where there are no cars, for nature there is sweeter, people simpler and expenses lighter. Autumn is the best time to go, the air being fresh and cool, roads hard, hotels uncrowded and scenery glorious. But for a vacation tramp August is good in northerly sections. Plan your walk ahead, but be free to vary it. Know something of the country you are to see — its history

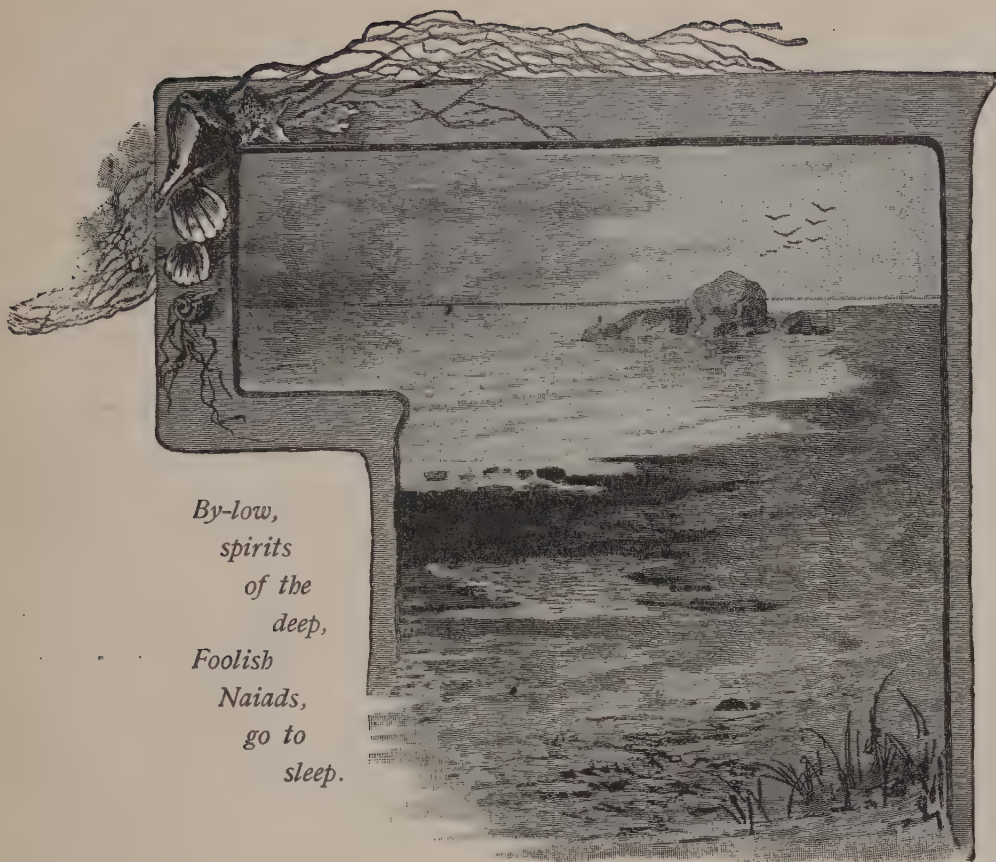
HINTS FOR TRAMPERS.

legends, geography. If you are a mineralogist carry a hammer and magnifying glass; if a botanist, a portfolio; if an artist, a sketch-book; if a photographer, a camera. Whenever your collections become heavy, express them home. If you would save money, do not stop in cities, but in villages, arranging your daily tramps so as to reach a settlement at night. In thinly settled regions the farmers will give you food and shelter, but you should pay them. If benighted, far from houses, get under a tree, hollow the ground for your hips and shoulders, loosen your shoes and clothing, but button your coat, spread the rubber coat over you, roll your nightgown for a pillow and keep a fire near your feet. Bathe and swim often. To prevent chafing use vaseline. Some walkers guard against blisters by applying soap to their stockings. Washing can be done at night in the taverns, but fresh clothing may be sent by express or mail. Carry no pistols nor field-glasses; the first are dangerous, the glasses are a bother; in fact, go as lightly weighted as possible, and do not think about your pack; be free to enjoy the beauty about you. Be respectful to every one, but make friends slowly. Go with a party if you wish, but do not be afraid to go alone. The hills, clouds and birds are better company than a crowd, where every boy may want to go a different way. You may tramp anywhere, but roads, food and houses are better in the East and North than in the South and West. The White Mountains, Catskills, Berkshires, Connecticut and Hudson valleys are delightful tramping grounds. Among the lakes and rivers of the North and West, the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina, the scenery is superb, while the Rockies and Sierras rival the Alps in grandeur. In making trips through those regions, it is better to form a party and to divide camp equipage among its members.

Charles M. Skinner.



A SUN BATH ON THE SANDS.



*By-low,
spirits
of the
deep,
Foolish
Naiads,
go to
sleep.*

THE OCEAN'S BY-LOW BABY.

BY-LOW, by-low, little man,
Wrestle with me if you can ;
I will melt away your pride,
Chain you ever to my side ;
By-low, by-low, little man.

By-low, woman, hush, be good !
Let me turn your pensive mood ;
All your frets of daily care
I will scatter to the air ;
By-low, woman, hush, be good.

STAR SHIPS.

By-low, dainty-stepping maid,
Wherefore be of me afraid ?
See my pretty rocking nest,
Softer than your mother's breast ;
By-low, dainty-stepping maid.

By-low, happy, happy boy,
Man your little sail with joy ;
Sleeping in the noonday sun,
I will brown you like a bun ;
By-low, happy, happy boy.

By-low, merry, merry child,
I will tell you tales so wild,
You shall laugh as loud and long
As the breakers in my song ;
By-low, merry, merry child.

By-low, spirits of the deep,
Foolish Naiads, go to sleep ;
I have many a drowsy rhyme
In my nursery-book of time ;
By-low, spirits of the deep.

Martha Perry Lowe.

STAR SHIPS.

THE stars are ships on a blue, cold sea,
Gold ships, that sail and sail ;
They keep their course right steadily,
Unvexed by any gale.

For God their helmsman is, I trow ;
In sea-craft of the air
So skilled, that all the winds that blow
Seem favoring and fair.

Richard Burton.

A MASQUERADE.



HE FEELS HIMSELF A MAN TO-DAY.

MY bonny darling, full of pride,
 With saucy head uplifted high,
 With manly garb and mimic stride,
 Stalks bravely mid the passers-by ;
 His sunny curls hid well away,
 And firmly set his eye of blue,
 He feels himself a man to-day,
 And thinks the world is cheated too,
 My bonny darling !

My silly darling ! Never yet
 Did manhood wear so sweet a grace,
 Such eyes unshadowed by regret,
 Such winsome lips, such morning face ;
 If you should measure five feet ten,
 Yet keep that radiant air of joy,
 We older, wiser, sadder men
 Would know thee still to be a boy,
 My silly darling !

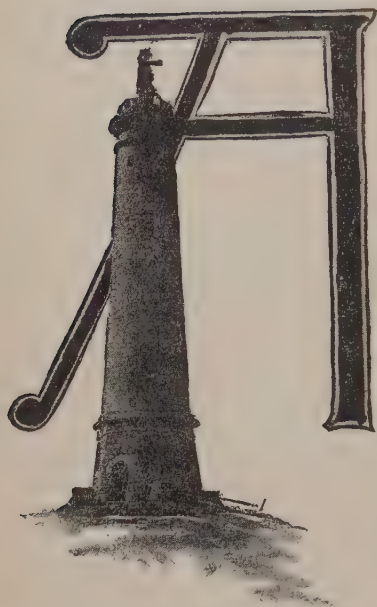
My happy darling, in whose eyes
 Still shine the rosy dawns of June,
 With whose soft cheeks and smiling eyes
 The bliss of life is all in tune !
 The chance of Fate runs ever thus —
 Alas that such a gibe be true :
 You *think* you'd like to change with us,
 We *know* that we would change with you,
 My happy darling !

M. E. B.

THE Stars were shining in the Sea ;
 The Shark said, with a grin,
 " That Dipper there has scooped them up,
 No doubt, and poured them in ! "

M. J. H.

A RED LETTER DAY.



THE STANDISH MONUMENT ON CAPTAIN'S HILL, DUXBURY.

LETTER from Joanna Sturtevant to Pré Hutchinson, who lives in Rooks County, Kansas :

Joanna is daughter of Samuel Sturtevant, a clergyman. In June, 1890, he moved from Kansas to Middlesex County, Massachusetts. He is a native of Massachusetts, but has lived for twenty years in Iowa and Kansas.

Pré is Joanna's dearest friend. They were born on the same day — October 14, 1877.

Their mothers were classmates in the Normal School at Framingham, Mass., class of 1870.

When Joanna and Pré said "good-by," they promised to write to each other alternate weeks.

Pré's papa lost all his money in unfortunate investments, and he is now raising stock and fruit. The Hutchinsons live in a sod house.

Joanna has twin brothers, Sam and Ned, a lively pair of lads, aged eleven.

MY DEAREST PRÉ :

Mamma said I might choose between Plymouth and a party for our birthday. I said Plymouth at once. We went to Boston on an early train, for papa said the *Rose Standish* would leave Rowe's Wharf at eight "sharp." We sailed by Fort Warren and Fort Independence, and Boston Light and Bug Light. Bug Light is a little brown house on stilts. It looks like a big spider. It stands on a little bit of ground in the midst of the water. A little girl and a kitten live there. I saw them. I can't begin to tell you, Pré, what a lovely sail it was ! But oh ! I wish you could see it — the ocean, I mean.

It seemed hardly any time at all, though papa said it was three hours, when we sailed round the Gurnet. Look on the map for it. It has a pair of light-houses. The shore curves in between the Gurnet and Saquish. There is a little cove. In that cove the shallop of the *Mayflower* was almost wrecked. A shallop is a large boat. The *Mayflower* was forty miles away. A storm came on, their rudder broke, they could not steer their boat, it grew dark, the snow was thick, the storm grew worse, the mast broke in three pieces, it fell overboard with the sail, they saw the breakers, they thought they were lost, but they passed safe into still waters. They landed and built a fire, and "thanked God and took courage."

A RED LETTER DAY.

In the morning they found they were on an island. It was Saturday. They dried their clothes and their firearms, and mended the shallop. It took them all day. They would not sail the next day, because it was the Sabbath. They kept their Sabbath on the island. A big rock was their church. They knelt to pray in the deep snow. They sang. Papa thinks they must have sung the ninetyeth psalm:

“ Our God, our help in ages past —
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
Our refuge, haven, home!”



CLARKE'S ISLAND AND THE GURNET.

He told us all about it while we were sailing past the island. There were Carver and Bradford and Winslow. It sounded like King Arthur and Sir Galahad and Lancelot. I said so, and papa said it had the same ring. It is so different to hear about a thing right on the spot where it happened. Not a bit like reading it in a book. Wouldn't it be a splendid way to learn history — to just travel all about? It is called Clarke's Island. That was the name of the first man who stepped upon it from the shallop. It looked very pretty. There are white houses among the trees, and I saw sheep and cattle. Saquish means clams. It is Indian.

A RED LETTER DAY.

We sailed along just where the *Mayflower* went, but we couldn't land on the Rock, you know, because it is covered. A wharf was built over it in 1741. I had to go and ask mamma when. But now the space has all been cleared over the Rock, and just above it is a granite canopy with four iron gates. Papa says if it wasn't protected the Rock would be carried off in bits by tourists. What mean creatures!

A man unlocked a gate and mamma stepped on the Rock first, because she is a descendant of Mary Chilton, who was the first woman who stepped on it from the *Mayflower*.

We went up a long flight of steps from the Rock, to Cole's Hill. There, near the end of Middle Street, Governor Carver is buried and his wife Katherine.

She loved him so dearly it broke her heart when he died, and she died a few weeks after. Lovely Rose Standish is here, too. All the Pilgrims who died that dreadful first winter were buried here, and they smoothed the graves so the Indians shouldn't know. Mrs. Austin who writes the lovely Pilgrim stories, spends her summers here in a house on Cole's Hill.

We walked through Leyden Street. It was the first street laid out in New England. You can walk from the Rock around Cole's Hill, through Leyden Street, and so on, up to Burial Hill.

We passed a house which said, "This is the site of the Common House."

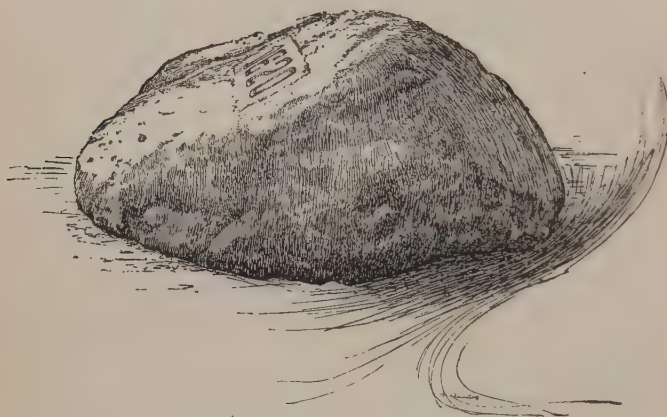
On Leyden Street they built the seven first houses. Do you remember when John Alden came back from seeing Priscilla? Longfellow says, you know —

" . . . he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening."

They built here because it was near a brook of "sweet waters." That is still called Town Brook.

Papa showed us the spot where Governor Bradford's house stood. It was taken away a few years ago. Aunt Dorothy has a little table made of the wood. She painted a tile for it, a picture of the *Mayflower*, with this motto:

"Brave hearts and true, they turned not back."



PLYMOUTH ROCK AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY.

A RED LETTER DAY.

The house stood at the corner of Maine Street and Town Square. You go through Town Square to go up Burial Hill. It is quite a climb. We sat down to rest. There were other people there. Some old men who were sailors. One had a spyglass. There were plenty of seats.

Papa said we might go up a hundred times and not see such a beautiful sight as we did that day. Out in Cape Cod Bay were nearly two hundred vessels. It was a mackerel fleet, an old sea captain said, and he loaned us his spyglass to look. The sails were so white, the water so blue! it looked as if it were a part of the blue sky; as if all those lovely winged things had drifted in from some far-away world. O, Pré! it is more wonderful than the prairies.

Just in front of where we sat is Governor Bradford's grave, with a marble shaft over it. He was thirty-three years old when he was chosen, and was governor all his life except five years, when he begged off. He thought "that if it was any honor or benefit, others besides himself should enjoy it; if it was a burden, others besides himself should help him to bear it." When papa told us that, he said to mamma he was afraid that was rather "old-fashioned doctrine."

South of Burial Hill, just the other side of the sweet waters, is Watson's Hill. There was where the Pilgrims made their treaty with their good friend Massasoit. He lived at Warren, R. I., and was chief of the Wampanoags.

Canonicus, who was the chief of the Narragansetts, feared the English, and sent them a bundle of arrows wrapped in a rattlesnake's skin. But Bradford sent back the skin filled with powder and shot. And Canonicus took the hint and did not molest them.

On the south side of Burial Hill is the site of the fort built in 1622. Small posts of granite mark the four corners.

(As Joanna says nothing more in her letter about this fort, I will put in here a bit from another letter. It was written in 1627 by Isaack de Rasieres, after a visit to Plymouth. He lived in New Netherlands, now New York. He says:

"Upon the hill (Burial Hill) they have a large square house, with a flat



THE CANOPY OVER THE ROCK.

roof made of thick sawn planks, stayed with oak beams, upon the top of which they have six cannons, which shoot iron balls of four or five pounds, and command the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays. They assemble by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain's door; they have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the governor in a long robe;

PLYMOUTH
FROM
THE HILL.



TOWN BROOK.

beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher with his cloak on, and on the left hand the captain with his side-arms and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand; and so they march in

good order, and each set his arms down near him. Thus they are constantly on their guard day and night."

Now we will go on with Joanna's letter.)

While we were sitting on the Hill, mamma, who recites poetry beautifully, you know, repeated Mrs. Hemans' poem on the Pilgrim Fathers. It seemed real, all but the "stern and rockbound coast." There aren't any rocks to be seen. *The Rock* is a boulder, papa says, and is itself a pilgrim. It came all the

A RED LETTER DAY.

way down from the neighborhood of Labrador in the glacial period! It is like an Arabian Nights' story.

I asked papa what was the glacial period. He said a great many years ago, a sheet of ice two thousand feet thick slid over New England, just as now the glaciers come down the valleys of the Alps in Switzerland. They carry big stones and rocks. Ask your papa about it.

We went into Pilgrim Hall. It is on Court Street. It is a stone building. The Hall is lighted from above. I can't tell you all there was, only what I liked best.

There are three large paintings. The Landing, the Embarkation in England and the Embarkation at Delft Haven. I liked the Delft Haven picture best.

Pré, children came in the *Mayflower*! Histories never say much about the children, only princes and princesses. I always thought the Pilgrims were grim, very grim indeed.

Perhaps I never thought much about it, but it seemed so. And then they always seemed old, different from the knights who fought dragons, and went on crusades with banners flying and gay trappings on their horses and glittering armor.

But you should see the Delft Haven picture. There is Mrs. Edward Winslow in a lovely dress, with bright plumes in her hat. She was a bride. And there is Rose Standish kneeling by her husband. Her face is sweet, "like a flower," papa said. There is a boy in a velvet suit. He has a silver canteen strapped to his side. It is marked E. W. Doctor Samuel Fuller is saying "good-by" to his wife. She hides her face in grief. There is Governor Carver and his wife. Many are kneeling. Robinson, their pastor, is praying. Elder Brewster holds an open Bible in his hands. He is looking up. Pré, I thought of Stephen in the Acts when he saw the heavens opened. The tears came into my eyes; I could not help it. A sailor is carrying a cradle on board. There is a cradle in the Hall that came in the *Mayflower*.

"Oh!" said Sam; "see the children in that picture, how cold they look!"

I do not wonder. It is the Landing at Plymouth. Not a house in all the land, and the cold and the snow and the gray sky! And there is a baby. Such a mite of a pilgrim! It is Peregrine White, born on the *Mayflower*.

(Two years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, a company of sixty men came from England to settle in what is now Weymouth, Mass. They brought no women or children. They said they did not wish to be burdened with them as the Pilgrims were. In a few months the Indians plotted to kill them all. The valiant Myles Standish went with a company from Plymouth and rescued them. But in a year they abandoned their settlement. So we see that, in some beautiful and mysterious way, even helpless children add strength to pilgrimage.)

A RED LETTER DAY.

The things are in cases of glass. There is a big iron pot and pewter platter that belonged to Myles Standish, and a cunning little pewter plate, covered with knife scratches, that belonged to Edward Winslow, and John Alden's Bible, and Peregrine White's brass candlestick, and the oak chairs of Carver and Brewster, and Standish's sword, and a piece of embroidery called a sampler, done by Lorea Standish,* daughter of Myles Standish.

Mamma and I looked a good while at the original draft of Felicia Hemans' poem. She did not think when she wrote it, that one day it would come to the "wild New England shore." The handwriting is very clear and fine.

There is a big gun, more than seven feet long, and a sword and pistol and dirk. They all belonged to John Thomson, who came to Plymouth in 1622. And there is the gun barrel that shot King Philip — poor, proud King Philip.

We rested a while on John Hancock's sofa and then we came away.

North Street leads directly to Long Wharf. It is narrow, like all the old streets. There are doorsteps and cellar-heads on the sidewalk.

We were skurrying along because we were late, and Sam was running backward and talking, when he tripped on a cellar-head and sat down on it. We were just in time to get on board the steamer and then we sailed away.

JOANNA.

Mr. Hutchinson carried this letter to Pré from the post-office at Stockton, Kan. She read it as she sat by the door of the little sod house. She looked over her beloved prairie, where the twilight shadows were gathering, and wondered if the ocean could be lovelier. I think not. Every feature of this wonderful world has its charm — a beauty all its own.

The above letter was written in 1890, and since then Pré has visited Joanna in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, and they have passed one never-to-be-forgotten summer day at Plymouth. They arrived in the evening and staid all night at the hotel. Early morning found Pré and Joanna on the summit of Burial Hill. They had the whole day before them in which to do as they liked, Mr. Sturtevant having driven off beyond the long range of the Manomet Hills to visit a classmate who was settled over a rural parish.

For a short time the two girls were the only tourists on the hill, as neither the early train nor the daily steamer had yet arrived. A few belated school children hurried across by one of the various paths which intersect the hill, and then all was silent save the occasional chirp of a cricket in the grass or the song of a robin in a neighboring elm.

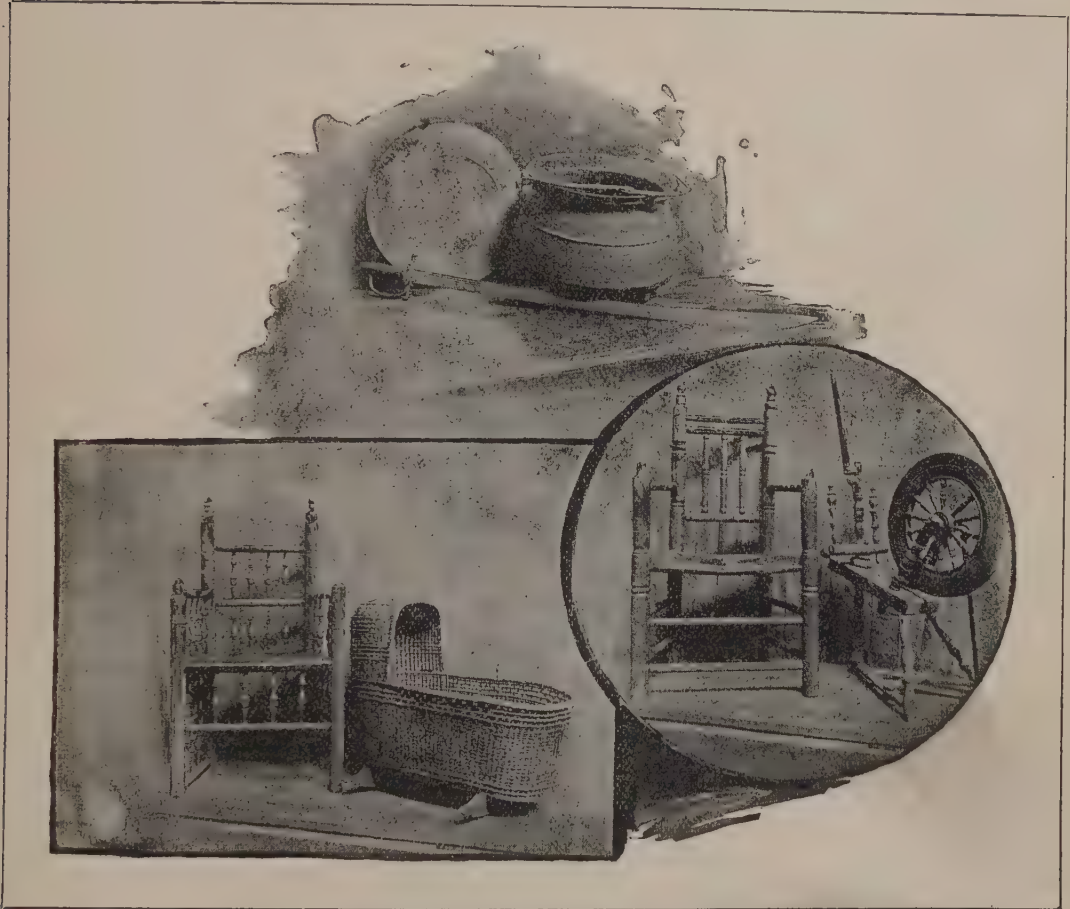
Before them was the blue expanse of Cape Cod Bay, widening into the broad Atlantic. Behind them a rolling country, whose smooth round hills, still wearing their vernal green, would be called "downs" in England.

* See the story "Lora Standish's Sampler" by Mrs. Jane G. Austin in *WIDE AWAKE* for February, 1892.

A RED LETTER DAY.

Pré turned to receive the greeting of a young man, or rather boy, of fifteen perhaps, whom she remembered having seen at the breakfast table that morning. He had offered the evening paper for Mr. Sturtevant's perusal, and a little desultory talk had ensued.

He raised his hat, came forward frankly and said: "I believe I would



PILGRIM RELICS IN PILGRIM HALL.

(Myles Standish's sword, pot and platter—Gov. Carver's chair and spinning wheel—Elder Brewster's chair and Peregrine White's cradle.)

rather see John Alden's grave than anything, unless it's John Thomson's. I am a descendant of his. You have seen his gun in Pilgrim Hall perhaps?"

"O, yes!" replied Joanna promptly. "And I think the race of Thomsons must have been giants in those days."

"It is a big gun, and he was a brave man, too. My name is John Thomson, and I was born in California, and have lived there always, but I know all about the Pilgrims."

"Ah! then you and Pré are neighbors," said Joanna. "This is Pré Hutchinson, and she lives in Kansas."

A RED LETTER DAY.

"There is a slight dividing line between us — the Rocky Mountains," said John. "But isn't it strange how little these people about here know of the early history of the region? An old man who was cutting turf over an ancient grave hadn't the slightest idea whom I meant by John Alden. And my Massachusetts cousins know little or nothing of John Thomson. We live on a sheep ranch, and in the long evenings when we have been alone, my mother has told me a great many old tales and Pilgrim legends. I should like to have seen a real Puritan maiden, such as my great-great-great-grandmother was," said John thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Pré, quoting copiously —

"Dreaming all night and thinking all day of the hedgerows of England;
Thinking of lanes and fields and the song of the lark and the linnet,"

spinning meanwhile or knitting, or singing psalms while she cooked the clams and the lobsters that were the chief of their diet that first year. But I suppose they had tolerable times afterwards — though there were the Indians always."

The three young people sat there long and watched a curious mirage, in which a phantom town came and went and came again, and then they walked slowly down the narrow winding path which leads through the newer portion of the burial ground, where sleep the later comers to this city of the dead, and

thence through the shady street to the court house just below.

Here they inspected the original charter of the colony, carefully kept in a portfolio, and the great seal about four inches in diameter, which is inclosed in a case for preservation.

They saw also the colonial records with their famous signatures, and were shown the curious entry made concerning

the "red cow," which is shown to all visitors. It is dated 1627, and reads thus:

"Edward Winslow hath sold unto Capt. Myles Standish his six shares in the red Cow for and in consideration of five pounds ten shillings to be pd in corne at the rate of six shillings p. bushel, freeing the sd Edward from all manner of charge belonging to the said shares during the terme of the nine yeares they are let out to halves and taking the benefit thereof."



A BIT OF OLD PLYMOUTH.

A RED LETTER DAY.

The first importation of cattle was made by Edward Winslow in 1627, so the famous ride of Priscilla on the "snow white bull,"

"Covered with crimson cloth and a cushion placed for a saddle,"

is only a charming anachronism, after all. Poets are the only truth-tellers, it is sometimes said, and it may be so in a spiritual sense, but certainly they often make sad havoc of actual facts.

"Shall we go out to the Pilgrim Monument?" asked Joanna, looking toward the north, where stands the great stone Faith fronting with level eyes the ocean, pointing upward with the right hand, and in her left the Book of books.

The others agreed, and crossing the town they climbed the hill on the top of which the great monument stands. They admired the noble figure, so



BURIAL HILL, SITE OF THE OLD FORT.



LEYDEN STREET — THE FIRST STREET LAID OUT IN NEW ENGLAND.

typical of the steadfast and immovable faith of the Pilgrims of Plymouth, and studied carefully the four symbolical figures that flank the pedestal. Then Pré said decidedly: "This is all fine, splendid, but I'm tired of the past.

Let's get into the present again. I should like to go out on the bay."

"That we can do easily," said John with alacrity. "I went out last evening, and perhaps we can find the same boatman."

They walked rapidly down Bradford and Winslow Streets (once Court and North, but now happily changed by the history-loving Plymouthians) to a small wharf smelling of fish, and found the boatman with his trim boat. Backed by a stiff land breeze, they were soon skimming over the historic waters out beyond Beach Point, skirting the shores of Saquish and the little green island which lies like an emerald during the summer months at the mouth of the harbor, then

A RED LETTER DAY.

across the bay to the foot of Captain's Hill, passing almost within a stone's throw of the spot where the house of Myles Standish stood. At the top rose the tall

gray shaft of the Standish monument, a landmark and a beacon for all the sea and shore for miles around, the hat of the "little captain" marking two hundred and fifty-six feet above sea level.

A multitude of seals were disporting themselves, bobbing out of the water, and looking curiously human with their round heads and bright eyes.

The sun went down while they were about half-way across on their return, and with it fell the breeze. The sail idly flapped, and the boatman got out his oars.

A great glory filled the western sky to the zenith, and in it the stone Faith took on an ethereal quality, seeming to float upward in the luminous ether, while farther to the south, above the Roman Catholic ceme-



THE PILGRIM MONUMENT.

tery, a great black cross was lifted high. It was a never-to-be-forgotten picture, fit closing of such a rare red-letter day.

The skies above were reflected in the waters below, and in the shallows all along shore were most exquisite and lovely tints. Floating in this sea of color, silent, each busy with the thoughts the scene inspired, living one of those supreme moments of which life has so few, we may as well leave them.

Frances A. Humphrey.





“GUESS GOD WON’T BE ANGRY WIS WEES!”

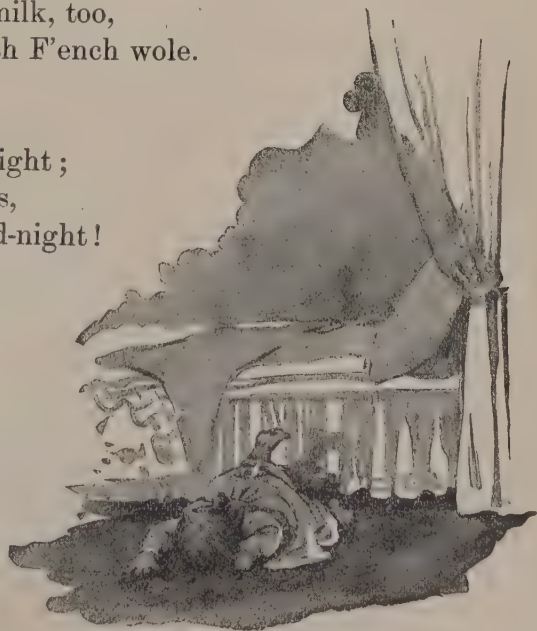
I HAS bwed an’ milk for my supper
 In a booful Japersneeze bowl;
 My sisser — s’e has milk, too,
 Wis a gate big f’esh F’ench wole.

We go to our beddys at sunset,
 Mamma tucks us in nice and tight;
 S’e tisses our moufs an’ our noses,
 An’ says to our eyes — Good-night!

We waits till s’e goes to dinner,
 Then, we bofe ’teal out of bed —
 Last night when I heard her comin’,
 I fell, an’ bumpéd my head.

S’e didn’t ’cold us a bit, tho’,
 S’e only said, “God sees
 When my darlings are naughty.”
 Guess God won’t be angry wis wees.

Gertrude F. Harrison.



TAFFERTON OF NEW YORK.

A NEW boy was especially welcome at St. Luke's school that summer; there was need of a good bowler at cricket, of a catcher who could take Puffer's place in the base-ball nine when he was obliged to study out of school hours — poor Puffer, who was as weak at mathematics as he was strong at base-ball, and was now stuck fast on the *pons asinorum* — also of a fellow who wouldn't knuckle to old Presby for the sake of Miss Mildred Presby's five o'clock tea, and who could take hard knocks generally without flinching, as a boy should.

They didn't really expect the cricketer; there was only one other school in New England at which cricket was played, and some of the boys thought base-ball was good enough; indeed Lawton, who had started it, despaired of ever getting enough players for a double wicket. The boys liked tennis, too, which Lawton thought "girly," and there was scarcely one who regarded with the disdain which Lawton thought proper, the chocolate and angel cake of Mildred Presby's five o'clock tea.

But it was a New York boy who was coming — almost in the middle of the summer term — and Lawton declared that he had hopes of him. Lawton was a New Yorker himself.

Pupils were seldom allowed to enter so near the end of the school year, but a special dispensation had been made in this boy's favor, no one quite knew why.

Lawton and Fraser Hallett, who were kindred spirits, walked down to the station on the morning when he was to arrive. Two very large leather trunks and several brass-mounted boxes stood on the platform of the little station. They were covered so thickly with the labels of foreign travel as to suggest the probability that some pains had been taken to preserve them.

"That's some girl's toggery," said Lawton contemptuously. "Girls are always afraid people won't find out that they've been abroad. I know 'em." Lawton had four sisters, and was therefore regarded as unquestionable authority upon the ways of girls, and his stern resistance to the lures of five o'clock tea was also attributed to his experience as a brother.

But Fraser Hallett was pointing a scornful finger at the luggage. "Stuyvesant Ten Eyck Tafferton, New York," he read, in a tone of ineffable contempt.

"It's him," said Lawton despairingly. (They taught grammar at St. Luke's, but — Lawton was a boy.) "But then a fellow isn't to blame for his name," he added, a little more hopefully.

"He needn't write it all out on his trunks, nor sit up nights to keep those labels stuck on. There's no sand in him; here he comes!"

A tall boy of fifteen or sixteen, with an absent-minded air and near-sighted

eyes peering through glasses, came out of the little station and pointed out his trunks to Uncle Simeon, the old colored man who had carried homesick boys and their luggage up the steep hill from the station to the school for many a long year. The new boy had a drawling voice, and his hands were unpardonably white, judged by the stern (unwritten) laws of St. Luke's. Lawton and Fraser Hallett objected to the glasses, also. Little Dick Hallett, the pluckiest boy in the third class, wore them, but then it makes a difference whether one wears them of necessity or for effect. It was clear to Lawton's mind that the new fellow wore them for effect.

And he said, "Here, boy!" to 'Sander Perrigo in a way that made 'Sander flush and scowl angrily. 'Sander had come from North Judea, away up in the

heart of the New Hampshire hills, to work his way through the school; he was general errand boy; window cleaner and driver when rheumatism disabled old Simeon; he helped the gardener with his digging, and even Miranda the cook with her dinner on special occasions.

The boys generally treated him as one of themselves; he had distinguished himself in the base-ball nine, and even as a cricketer, and muscle was more highly regarded than money or social position at St. Luke's.

"That new fellow had no business to speak to 'San-

der as if he were a servant," Lawton said, with more indignation than he might have shown if the new fellow had been more satisfactory, for Lawton had been heard to say that when it came to a lawn party on Class Day, he wasn't sure that it was quite the thing to introduce 'Sander to one's cousins and sisters, especially now that his fifteen-year-old sister was a waiter at Mrs. Carter's boarding-house.

Here was Dr. Ellicott the head master; when had he been known to come to the station before to welcome a new boy?

"I always knew old Ginger was a toady," remarked Fraser Hallett. "And Miss Mildred will have that molly-coddle pouring for her at her very next tea!"



TAFFERTON WATCHES THE CRICKET GAME.

TAFFERTON OF NEW YORK.

"It's all he's good for," said Lawton, with a heavy sigh. "And when that cricket match comes off the Graftons will knock the daylight out of us! — that's all there is about it."

"Right side up with care — perfumery bottles, 'Sander,'" called Fraser Hallett as the trunks were lifted into the wagon.

The owner of the trunks peered at Fraser across the doctor's portly form, and his thin face flushed sensitively.

'Sander Perrigo confided his opinion of the new boy to his sister, Abby Ellen, in the retirement of Mrs. Carter's back porch that evening.

"He offered me a quarter! I didn't fire it at him, but I said, so he knew what I meant, that the doctor paid me."

"I'm afraid you're too proud," said Abby Ellen, with a little sigh.

"You don't understand. A girl can't be expected to," said 'Sander loftily. "You don't mind waiting upon people, and you like it when they give you pink ribbons."

Abby Ellen blushed guiltily; it was impossible to deny the pink ribbon impeachment.

"I heard Mrs. Carter say that Mr. Presby thought your Latin verses were remarkable," she ventured, in an effort to console 'Sander.

His gloomy face brightened, but only for a moment. "A fellow like me in a school like this has got to bear a lot. I'm willing to, for the sake of being somebody some day, but I can't bear that new fellow's ways. I shall have to take the wind out of his sails!"

"Oh! I hope you won't, 'Sander," said Abby Ellen anxiously. "There are only six weeks before vacation, and perhaps he won't come back again."

But 'Sander repeated the thrilling prophecy that he should take the wind out of the new boy's sails.

Stuyvesant Ten Eyck Tafferton did make himself useful at Miss Mildred's tea.

"He had on stunning clothes, and you ought to have heard him drawl, and his *a's* were broader than the Boston fellows' — so English, you know; and all the girls liked him!" Fraser Hallett reported to Lawton. And it was at this first tea that the new-comer's many-syllabled name was abbreviated to Taffy.

Lawton and Fraser Hallett were leaders, and very few advances were made to the new pupil.

"Leave him to the girls," was Lawton's contemptuous decree. And, in fact, Taffy seemed to be in his element when Miss Mildred Presby took him to play tennis with the Bramer girls, who had already arrived at their summer cottage.

The next Saturday after his arrival Taffy appeared in his tennis suit long before it was time for the game at the Bramers'. He strolled languidly down to the cricket field, with a camp stool, and seated himself in a convenient place to watch the game. Derisive shouts greeted the camp stool, and there were even threats to "hoist" Taffy to the grass; to all of which he listened with such an

imperturbable air that one was almost forced to believe him deaf. Reckless balls flew dangerously near him. A few boys thought it would be better fun to knock Taffy's glasses off than to beat at cricket. Lawton was too intent upon the game to pay any attention to the spectator, and 'Sander who was catching had no time for more than a scowl at the offender, while Fraser Hallett who was a fielder contented himself with staring quizzically at him, occasionally providing himself with an imaginary eyeglass by the aid of his thumb and forefinger.

Little Dick Hallett was struck by the "new fellow's" critical air.

"Perhaps he knows how; we might ask him to join," he suggested to Lawton. Dick was good-natured, and it was his avowed theory that "a fellow ought to have a fair chance."

"That 'sissy'! He'd look better playing croquet with the old ladies at Mrs. Carter's," cried Lawton scornfully. And Lawton was angry with himself for feeling chagrined that his side had never played so badly as they played under the cool, nearsighted eyes of Tafferton, and a little disappointed that he sauntered off with his camp stool just as they began to do a little better.

Little Dick Hallett remarked to his comrade, Simcoe, that "Taffy looked a little red and queer when he went away, as if his feelings were hurt, you know." But little Dick was suspected in some quarters, of being "soft-hearted."

Taffy was not a fine scholar, but much consideration was shown him by Ellicott and all the teachers, a fact which did not improve his standing with the boys. He was not a fine scholar, but he could translate Latin verses better than 'Sander Perrigo.

Lawton condoled feelingly with 'Sander.

"What does a fellow that's so smart as you want to write verses for?" he said. "Taffy'll turn out a poet—you'll see! and it will serve him right!"

But 'Sander, who could not share Lawton's practical views, felt his heart burn within him.

Holdfast village awoke one June morning to find itself placarded all over with circus bills. The store doors, the back yard fences, even the grim faces of the everlasting hills which formed a rampart on one side of the village, set forth in red, yellow and blue letters the news that Varley's Circus was coming. Although St. Luke's was looking forward to the excitement of Class Day and the joys of vacation, a mild diversion like the circus was welcome.

Only one afternoon and evening could a great circus give to a little town like Holdfast. All day people from the back districts came flocking into the village, as if to a county fair or a muster. The great procession passed through the village streets early in the morning with huge wild beasts and bewitching little ponies, and hints of most fascinating wonders to be seen behind the great white canvas walls in the field at the end of Fore Street.

And Abby Ellen, who had watched the procession, dish towel in hand, over Mrs. Carter's back yard fence, cried to go that evening.

To do Abby Ellen justice, she was not given to crying, but circuses were all unknown to North Judea, and she worked very hard, now — Mrs. Carter's house was full of summer boarders. She looked across the road at the Bramer girls' lawn parties, and down the road at the merry buckboard loads that drove by, with horn-blowing and singing, and it seemed to her that no good times ever came her way.

'Sander said it was "fooling money away" to go to a circus. 'Sander had secured "a job" that morning, which gave him a private view; but he could not resist Abby Ellen's tears.

They sat far up in front; 'Sander said they would have "as good seats as anybody;" and very near them sat Taffy with two old ladies; for Taffy really played croquet in his languid fashion, at Mrs. Carter's, having found a friend there, and was very attentive to the old ladies. Abby Ellen found the animals so fascinating, especially the little trick ponies, the music so thrilling, and the clown such a delightfully funny fellow that she became very much excited and laughed until she cried, and 'Sander was ashamed of her. But Taffy and the old ladies laughed, too, until they all had to wipe their eyes, and Taffy applauded so vigorously that he split one of his lemon-colored kid gloves down the back.

Suddenly Abby Ellen stood up and leaned eagerly forward, resisting all 'Sander's efforts to pull her down.

"'Sander, it is — it is Deacon Baldwin's Jo!" she cried. "Don't you see, 'Sander? the one that's riding the mustang! the one they call Señor Caraballero on the bills! It was in the midst of haying three years ago that Jo ran away — and it killed his mother. Don't you remember how he used to ride Dr. Rankin's Whirlwind, and could always break colts when nobody else could? If they do call him Señor Caraballero he is just Jo Baldwin! Oh! how glad his father will be."

Abby Ellen, carried away by excitement, spoke loud, and people frowned at the disturbance, and one or two even hissed, for the clown in the foreground was cracking his whip and his jokes, and they wished to hear.

But Taffy looked at her sympathetically, and adjusted his glasses to get a better view of Señor Caraballero.

'Sander was standing, himself, now. Was it possible that this gorgeous being in scarlet and spangles standing jauntily a-tiptoe of the racing little mustang pony was the old comrade with whom he had gone coasting and fishing and tamed squirrels and set traps when he was a little "shaver"?

There came the mustang, racing madly around the ring again, but — what had happened? There was a cry of dismay, and all the spectators were on their feet now.

"He's fallen off!" cried Abby Ellen. "Oh! no wonder — though he never fell off Dr. Fletcher's Whirlwind. Oh! I hope he isn't killed."

The manager came forward, and made a soothing explanation to the excited

audience. Señor Caraballero, the daring rider, was not hurt. He had been ill for some time, and had been seized with a fainting fit; — and now the performance would go on as usual.

“Let’s go and see poor Jo, ’Sander!” said Abby Ellen eagerly. “He’ll be so glad to see old friends — especially if he is sick.”

They made their way around to the back of the tent. Señor Caraballero already divested of his gaudy riding-dress was being helped off across the field by an infirm old man who apparently needed help himself.

“Where are you taking him?” called ’Sander. “I declare, if it isn’t to Phillips’s old barn on the edge of the woods!” he added to Abby Ellen. They both ran forward, but the old man waved them back.

“It’s ketchin’ — ketchin’!” he said. “He’s been sick most two weeks, and now he’s breakin’ out. He ketched it of some sailors down to Harbormouth. He’s got to be kept out of the way of folks.”

“What does he mean, ’Sander?” asked Abby Ellen anxiously.

“I suppose he means — small-pox,” said ’Sander slowly. “There are cases of it sometimes in those sailor boarding houses at Harbormouth.”

Abby Ellen’s round face grew pale under its coating of yellow freckles.

“We can’t leave him alone — like this!” she said.

“They won’t let us go near him,” said ’Sander. And, in fact, as Abby Ellen advanced, the old man waved his arm more imperatively than ever.

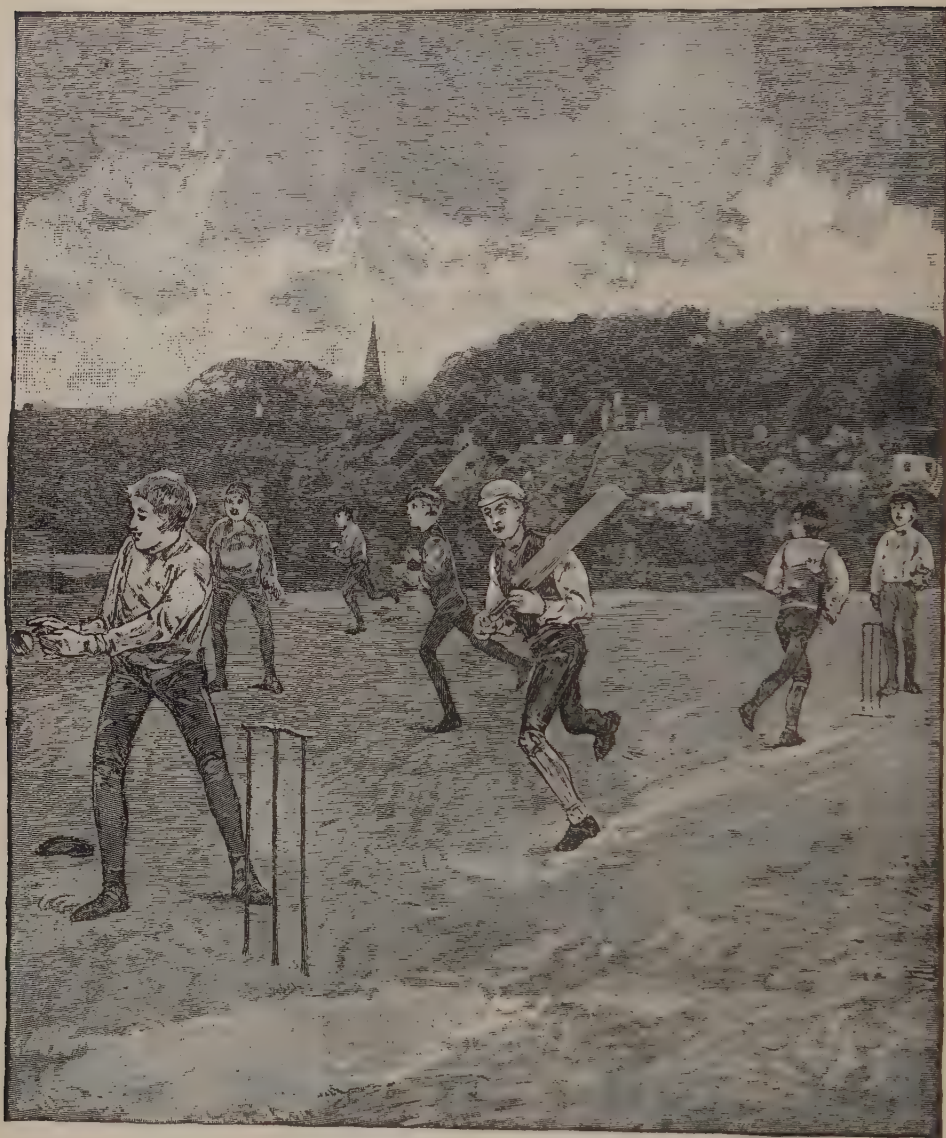
Jo looked around with a faint gleam of recognition — a pitiful, appealing look — and Abby Ellen would have rushed to him if ’Sander had not held her back.

“You can’t, you know! They won’t let you; it’s against the law,” he said hoarsely. ’Sander was miserable; Abby Ellen could see it in his face; he had always liked Jo Baldwin. But the law! one could not defy that.

All but the very earliest risers in Holdfast awoke to find that the circus had gone, leaving scarcely a trace behind it. Very soon it was rumored about the village that even the old man who had taken care of Señor Caraballero in Phillips’s old barn had gone, too, following in the rear of the procession as fast as his infirm old legs would carry him. There was much indignation; how could the town take care of a small-pox patient? And old Dr. Furber was away; and young Dr. Merriman from Oldtown, was so very young that people had but little confidence in him; but no one doubted that his verdict was correct — that the patient was very ill with small-pox and that, in common humanity, a nurse must be found for him.

But a nurse was not to be found. It was haying time, and harvest time for those who kept summer boarders, and Holdfast had a great horror of small-pox.

Food and water were conveyed to the sick boy through the barn window by means of a long pole. Abby Ellen persuaded ’Sander to go over to the barn with her and help her to convey to Jo some delicate broth that she had made. ’Sander had grumbled all the way — after ’Sander’s fashion — but Abby Ellen did



TAFFERTON TO THE RESCUE.

not care, for she had discovered that he had already been there himself and offered Jo such condolences as he could from the stone wall a hundred feet away.

'Sander and Abby Ellen were such busy people that it was not until twilight that they could find leisure for their errand, and as they reached Phillips's barn a new moon poised itself upon the ridge-pole. As 'Sander called from the stone wall a head appeared from the barn window. The moon glittered upon a pair of eyeglasses; a drawling voice inquired what was wanted.

"It's Taffy!" gasped 'Sander.

"I'm taking care of him, you know," explained Taffy languidly.

"But — but — they won't let you," said 'Sander.

"They couldn't help it. There's no one to interfere with me, any way. I'm all alone in the world — so I'm the right one to do it, you know. Besides, I know how; my brother was an invalid; we traveled everywhere together; he — died two months ago." Taffy's voice was as drawling and languid as ever; Abby Ellen almost thought she imagined the break in it.

"There are some things that I would like to have sent to me. If you have a pencil perhaps you'll write a list."

Abby Ellen looked, with a housewifely eye, over the list which 'Sander wrote down.

"He has thought of everything. What a boy he is!" she said.

"And the very last fellow that you would have expected to do such a thing!" exclaimed 'Sander. And then he swallowed a great lump in his throat. "Abby Ellen, I — I wish't I'd done it!" he said.

Dr. Ellicott was in a state of nervous irritation in which he vowed summary vengeance upon the circus proprietors, the town authorities, and the teachers, whose negligence had allowed "the last representative of a distinguished family, and the heir to great wealth" to risk his life for the sake of a circus rider. He telegraphed to several cities for an experienced small-pox nurse, but before one arrived old Dr. Furber had returned, and allayed the great excitement and anxiety by the assurance that the patient in Phillips's barn was suffering from measles.

Jo mended speedily under the cheering influence of this assurance, but before the day when Deacon Baldwin came "down country" — farther from home than he had ever been in his life before — to seek his prodigal son, Jo's nurse showed symptoms of the disease, which he had never had.

And even Dr. Ellicott approved when he accepted Jo's eager invitation, seconded by Jo's grateful father, to go with them to the farm in North Judea away up in the health-giving hills.

"He's going to be awfully sick with the measles, the doctor says," 'Sander remarked to Abby Ellen, after he had seen the party off on the train. "But — I wish't I had got 'em the same way!"

On the stone wall, within hail of Phillips's barn 'Sander had gained new ideals of life — as new as Jo Baldwin's, who said that a boy who had run away and broken his mother's heart deserved to belong to a circus company!

But, after all, Taffy could not have been so very ill, for 'Sander had a letter from him just before school closed — in spite of all the differences between them an electric spark of sympathy had made its way between the stone wall and Phillips's barn — in which this sentence appeared:

"I expect to be able to go to Grafton to the cricket match next week, and if Rafe Burton doesn't get over his lameness perhaps I shall be needed to help out. I can play a little. I should have said so, if the fellows had ever asked me."

In the records of St. Luke's it is set down, and every new boy is told that

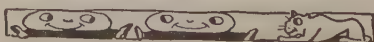
the cricket game played that year between the Graftons and St. Luke's was the greatest school game ever known ; and the boy whose cool skill and pluck snatched victory from the very jaws of defeat, was Tafferton of New York.

Luck had been with the Graftons from the first ; they won the first innings, and Grimsby, one of their bowlers, had been at an English school and had played cricket, according to his own statement, "as soon as he was out of long clothes." They had been full of glee when they voted to accept Tafferton as a substitute for Burton, whose lameness had increased to a hopeless degree. Measles had not improved Taffy's appearance ; he was very thin, and more languid and drawling than ever. Lawton and 'Sander Perrigo had overheard the Graftons' prophecy that it would be "only too easy to wipe out the St. Lukes." Grimsby was what little Dick Hallett called a "fearfle" bowler. The St. Luke's bails were off their wickets continually before they could recover their ground. Taffy was so languid at first that 'Sander Perrigo declared with a groan to Lawton that he either didn't know how things were going or couldn't see an inch beyond his nose. But all at once Taffy straightened himself up ; he was a batsman, and he was beginning to take wonderful aim. Their first innings had counted them almost nothing. "I was a little out of practice," Taffy afterwards explained nonchalantly. "And besides I didn't really think it was necessary to make much effort."

The notches were almost even ; Lawton had kept account ; the last ball would tell. And Taffy had had a fall ; no one could say that Gilson tripped him — it was too bad a thing to believe of a Grafton — but his right arm was doubled under him, and he was white in the face when he rose and tried to lift it. But he ran with his bat just as 'Sander Perrigo tried to catch their last ball and unaccountably dropped it — and with tremendous force and an unerring aim sent the ball beyond the reach of any Grafton fielder, and secured the one notch that meant victory.

Taffy came back to school a little late. He had been to New York to see his guardian and been delayed there. There were almost as many elegant trunks and boxes deposited on the station platform as on his first arrival ; but one could scarcely see them for the crowd of boys. Bewildered, helplessly-grinning Uncle Simeon was invited to dismount from his wagon, and in a trice the horses were unhitched, and a throng of boys pushed and struggled for the honor of taking their places. Tafferton himself was borne aloft on the shoulders of the tallest boys — 'Sander Perrigo was one of them — and up the steep hill to the school went the procession with shouts and hurrahs that set wild echoes flying among the Holdfast hills.

Sophie Swett.





GOSSAMER · GIRLS ·



LITTLE Gray Clouds that have dropped from the sky —

One, two, three, four, five, six, see them go by!

Tipping and tripping,

Skiping and dipping,

Each rainy day,

Gray, and yet gay,

These little Clouds may be seen on their way.

Maria Johns Hammond.

GRIP.



GRIP AND THE KITTEN.

ONE Saturday morning as Ruth Benton sat by the open window studying her Latin lesson for Monday, she heard her brother Edgar's voice calling:

"Here's a *hic, hoc*, for you, Ruth! Come out and see Will's latest pet!"

The grammar fell to the floor, and in a twinkling Ruth had rushed into the shed where, perched upon the edge of a barrel, sat a queer little crow with scarcely any feathers on his plump body.

"What a funny thing for a pet!" Ruth exclaimed, holding out one finger close to the crow's sharp beak.

"Where did you get it? How long before he will grow up?"

"I traded off a pair of pigeons," said Will. "He'll grow up in about a month, and we'll teach him to say all the pretty things Barnaby Rudge's raven said."

"Do you really think he will ever learn to talk?" asked Ruth.

"If we split his tongue maybe he will," said Edgar, taking out his jack-knife. "I'll do it now."

"Don't!" Ruth screamed, covering up the crow with her apron as Edgar drew near. "O, Will! don't let him do it!"

"Don't be a goose, Ruth! He wouldn't dare touch him, any way," said Will. "I don't care a rap whether he talks or not, his tongue sha'n't be split."

"What are you going to name the pretty creature?" asked Edgar when he had put away his knife, and Ruth had uncovered the fledgeling. "Why don't you call him Grip?"

Here the crow uttered a shrill squawk which Ruth declared sounded just like "Grip," and Will at once decided to name his pet for Barnaby Rudge's raven.

Ruth studied her Latin no more that morning, but helped Will to make a cage for Grip. They stood an old soap box on one end, put a roost in it, and then across the front hung a door made of slats. Grass and gravel were scattered on the floor, and two dishes, one for food, the other for water, were placed inside.

Grip took kindly to his quarters at once. For a few days he received unlimited attention. His appetite was tempted with all sorts of eatables, and he was proudly exhibited to all the neighbors as a most wonderful pet. But after the first week Will's interest began to flag. To be sure, Grip was fed, watered, and let out for his daily constitutional, but he was not so popular as he had been

on the day of his arrival. For there was one thing about the crow which, to say the least, was exasperating. From morning until night, excepting while he was eating or taking his walk around the premises, his cawings and croakings were continual. At first, in order to still his cries, an old blanket was thrown over his cage. But Grip was not to be cheated. He soon learned the difference between the darkness of night and artificial gloom, and his uproar became louder than before.

At last the mistress of the house said to Will one morning as he was carrying out Grip's breakfast:

"If that thing makes as much racket to-day as he did yesterday, I shall let him out and I don't care whether he goes or stays. I can't stand that noise any longer!"

"All right, mother!" said Will, laughing. "I think you've been pretty patient."

Now the back door was open and Grip, whose cage stood near it, heard the conversation. He remained very quiet until Will had gone off to the orchard to pick apples; then he began to caw with more zest than he had ever shown before. True to her warning, Mrs. Benton came out and opened the cage door. With an airy hop and a knowing look Grip stepped into freedom.

First, he walked solemnly around the back yard until he came to the watering trough. He stopped, took a drink and admired the reflection of his now glossy black feathers in the water. Then he flew to the ridge-pole of the barn to take a survey of the world about him. Having noticed Will in an apple-tree behind the barn, Grip flew to him, and all that day followed his master wherever he went. At night he allowed himself to be shut up without any objection.

Thus in a month's time Grip had earned his freedom. From that hour his meals became less regular, but he did not suffer. On the contrary he grew fatter and handsomer every day.

After a few nights Will forgot to shut the crow up in his cage, and so the wise fellow was left to select a new sleeping apartment. He chose a certain limb of an old cherry-tree near the house, and here he was sure to be found every evening at sundown.

With the beginning of his liberty Grip's list of acquaintances increased. His most intimate friend was a neighbor's gray kitten with a long, snake-like tail which she carried upright. Grip delighted in suddenly swooping down and seizing the little thing by the end of her tail. The kitten would stick all her claws into the earth and desperately resist being carried upward. But Grip always succeeded in lifting her several inches from the ground. Then he would drop her, caw triumphantly, and hop in a circle around his victim. The victim, however, seemed to enjoy the fun as much as Grip did. She would chase him around the yard, bite at his claws when he stood still long enough, and allow herself to be pecked at and chased in turn just as long as Grip would play with her.

All of the crow's acquaintances did not enjoy his society as much as did the gray kitten. Will and Edgar owned a flock of Tumbler pigeons, and one day Grip discovered the way into the cote which the boys had built in the barn. To

his great astonishment the pigeons did not give him so cordial a reception as he had expected. With much scolding and flapping of wings the intruder was driven out. Grip's nature was one that could not be easily discouraged. Every day he tried to make friends with the pigeons, never understanding why they did not enjoy his company.

In spite of his perseverance, however, he did not succeed in entering the cote a second time, for the Tumblers kept a valiant guard at every door and would not allow him to put claw on the threshold.



MAKING THE CAGE.

So poor Grip was forced to remain an outsider. But his interest in all the movements of the pigeons was constant. Whenever any of the flock went off for a flight Grip accompanied them, although at a safe distance, until they turned back in disgust, realizing that the only way to be rid of him was to stay inside the cote.

Perhaps in order to win the friendship of the Tumblers, Grip tried to learn a trick of theirs which had always been a source of wonder to him. The Tumblers derive their name from the fashion in which they usually alight. With a curious motion they tumble over and over in the air, always coming down safely on their feet. Grip desired above all things to learn this accomplishment. It was very amusing to watch his efforts.

First, he would fly upward as high as the barn; then he would begin to kick and flap his wings in every direction. But his descent was always too rapid for him to regain his lost balance. Down he would come with a thud on the ground, flat on his back and with feet in the air. His look of surprise as he rolled over and got on his feet again was even funnier than the process of tumbling. With his little head cocked on one side and his sharp eyes twinkling, Grip would look up into the sky and then down at the ground as if trying to figure it out.

Then ruffling up his feathers angrily he would hop away scolding about those silly pigeons.

A little girl who lived near by came to have a feeling toward Grip similar to that entertained by his foes, the Tumblers. Every time that she came into the yard the crow would alight, and hopping behind her, peck at her fat little legs covered with red stockings until some one drove him away. But, excepting the pigeons and the little girl, everybody was fond of Grip. Ruth, especially, enjoyed his funny ways, and whenever stories of his cunning were told, she would say :

“ And I taught him to say the only word he can speak ! You needn’t laugh, Edgar, he does say ‘ Halloo’ ! ”

Grip certainly tried to say “ halloo,” but he never could get the exact pronunciation. It was more like “ haw-loa.” He always greeted Ruth with this salutation in the morning as she came out of the house ready to go to school. There was no High School in town, so she attended one in the next town, going back and forth on the train. She usually took a short cut to the station through her father’s field, at the end of which was a big red gate. Grip accompanied her as far as the gate and always remained perched upon it until Ruth’s train had left the station. Then he flew home to wait until it should be time to meet Ruth when she returned from school.

As soon as he heard the whistle of the two o’clock train, Grip would fly as far as a certain rock about half-way across the field. There he would wait until Ruth came up. When she had almost reached him he would spread his wings, open his beak and caw a deep and solemn “ haw-loa ! ”

Probably the greatest trial and disappointment of Grip’s life was the loss of any extended use of those beautiful wings of his.

The pigeons had kept inside the cote for several weeks, through fear of their would-be-companion, and at last Edgar declared that something must be done.



GRIP AND THE RED STOCKINGS.

GRIP.

The pigeons would die if they were shut up all the time, while Grip would flourish just as well if his wings were clipped.

No other plan was suggested, and finally Will consented. Edgar held the shears, Will held Grip who cawed out his protest at every clipping, and Ruth held a dainty morsel of raw meat in her fingers for the poor crow's comfort afterward.

As soon as the operation was over Grip started to fly off, but to his surprise fell clumsily to the ground. Refusing Ruth's tidbit he flew angrily at Edgar, pecked at Will's shoes, and then retired to his cherry-tree, where he sulked all day. By degrees the pigeons learned that it was safe to venture out, and by degrees Grip learned that there was still left some joy in living, even though his wings were clipped.

All winter long, in spite of the frost and snow, Grip roosted in the same place which he had chosen in the early days of his liberty.

"If he can live safely through the winter," Will said to Ruth, "I shouldn't wonder if our grandchildren would get a chance to make his acquaintance."

"Maybe," said Ruth. "I read in my Natural History, the other day, that crows often live to be seventy or eighty years old."

How long Grip might have lived had he not died by suicide, no one knows. But before the second year of his life the poor crow ate poison. The Benton house was receiving a new coat of paint. Grip was an interested observer, and spent a great deal of his time watching the spread of the red paint on the roof. From admiring its color, which was of a darker shade than the little girl's stockings, he began to like the taste of the paint.

One morning the men at work on the house noticed Grip sitting on the edge of the watering-trough looking very dejected. Every now and then he stooped to take a drink. His feathers had lost their gloss and drooped pathetically. There he sat all day refusing everything but water and uttering hardly a sound. Will tried to put a little cayenne pepper down the pet's throat, but Grip would not allow his beak to be held open long enough to admit much of the medicine.

All the following day he remained sitting on the trough trying to quench the burning of the poison inside. About sundown Will found him lying on his back, stiff and cold.

They buried him in the animal cemetery behind the barn, between old Tom Gray who was drowned for stealing chickens, and Ruth's canary.

Rosetta M. Munroe.



GOING TO SEA.

PATIENT KYSIE.

MOLLY SELDEN, fresh and dainty in her new tennis suit of pink and white flannel, danced into Mr. Fuller's house, flourishing her racket.

"Come, Kysie, the game begins at ten! Kysie, Kysie, where are you?"

"Here I am," answered a sweet girlish voice; and the next moment Kysie — otherwise Katharine — appeared in the hall, with little Persis pulling at her skirts and Baby Ruth clinging fast to her hand. "What made you call for me, Molly? I thought Jane would tell you; she promised to. Mamma is gone — went this morning."

"Why, no, I never heard of it; haven't seen Jane. Where has your mother gone?"

"To Newton. Aunt Rhoda's baby is sick."

"Well, there! isn't that a shame, and our tournament coming off next week! Very sick?"

"No; the dispatch said, 'Nothing serious.'"

"Then your mother won't be gone long?"

"There's no telling." Kysie's sunny face was clouding. "A day, at any rate; and if the baby has croup, or some little thing like that, she may stay till Thursday, for Auntie is always so nervous."

"Yes; and nervous people are so troublesome. You see if you're out of lawn tennis and we have to let in Fannie Downes the thing's just spoilt. Can't you go out to the court for an hour or two, Kysie? Oh! you must. Where's your grandma? She is always ready to lend you a hand. Wouldn't she be able to take care of the children?"

"No; mamma thinks she's too delicate to be left alone with them at all. And of course Bridget and Susy are busy, so you needn't ask me to go anywhere or do anything, Molly; you see I'm tied hand and foot. There, Ruthie, don't pull so at sister's gown."

"But, Kysie, you're our very best player, and — well, well, good-by, you dear, sweet, patient old thing! Hope your mother'll be back to-night."

"I don't wonder she calls me patient," sighed Kysie, as the door closed on her friend's bright little figure. "Maybe that's why I always have so hard a



"CATTRY-FORNEY!"

time — so much harder than Molly or any of the other girls — just because I am patient. Now, look here, children, you're going to be sister's comforts, both of you, aren't you? You do love Kysie?"

"I luf you with all the soul of my body," said Baby Ruth, lifting her little face for a kiss.

"And you'll both mind every word I say?"

"Oh! we won't talk about that," exclaimed Miss Persis, with a willful toss of the head, which might or might not bode future trouble. She was a young lady of moods, and rather fond of her own way. At present she was disposed to practice a series of war-whoops of ever-increasing intensity, in order to see how much Kysie would bear.

"Persis, Persis, why will you make that horrid noise?"

As usual, Persis was ready with an excuse.

"'Tisn't Persis; 'tis a horse; he has to holler! Oh! I'm so happy I want to climb a tree."

"Horses don't climb trees; and they don't slide down balusters either. Come here to me, child. What have you done? How did you tear your dress?"

"Tored it long time ago; won't do so again."

"And now I shall have to mend it. Look at that great hole, you naughty girl!"

"I don't want to see it," said the child, turning away her head.

"How naughty you were, Persis."

"Well, I told you I wouldn't do so again," as if that settled the matter for good and all; at the same time thrusting a meddlesome forefinger into the rent to explore it, and of course making it still larger, for the dress was of fine cambric and "enfeebled by age," as Kysie had said facetiously on buttoning it that morning. It was vexing, as even grandma thought, who sat in the corner reading. The frock had to come off, and Kysie, an expert with the needle, seated herself to mend it.

"Isn't this a charming way to begin the day, grandma? If Persis would only keep still for one half-minute!"

"I dare say she misses her morning walk," said grandma indulgently.

"I know it. Too bad mamma forbade her going out on account of that little bit of a sore throat she complained of! Why, she has forgotten by this time she ever had a throat! O, grandma!" with a sudden zest, "suppose I take her out — say as far as the tennis court — just a few minutes? Mamma would be willing if you said so, I know she would be willing."

Grandma looked out of the window thoughtfully. "There's no sun, and the wind blows, Katharine. I don't like to take the responsibility."

Katharine dropped her eyes upon her work again, and sewed on and sighed, in doubt whether most to pity or admire herself; a girl fourteen and a half, yet

so patient and trustworthy and sweet, as everybody called her; and alas, so burdened with care.

"O, dear! what's that child doing now?"

It was Ruthie this time. Taking advantage of her eldest sister's long silence and preoccupation, the tiny rogue had toddled away to the kitchen, brought back a large piece of butter, and, after smearing with it the legs of two chairs, was now engaged in spreading the rest of the butter carefully over the leaves of a geranium which stood in the window.

"I know what she's trying to do," cried Persis, dancing with delight at Ruthie's mischief which she might have prevented. "She saw papa put oil on the door when it squeaked yesterday; and she wants to oil things. Don't you, Ruthie?"

Kysie dropped her work, laughing, and seized the child by the arm.

"Mustn't touch mamma's flowers, dear."

"Can't mamma's f'owers have any butter?" wailed the pretty culprit, as she was marched away to the bathroom to undergo a thorough scrubbing.

Kysie only laughed. Ruthie's escapades always amused her — the cunningest, sweetest, daintiest baby alive! As for Persis it was different, quite different. Persis was no baby; she would be five in a week or two, or as she herself phrased it, "five the fifth of next Fourth of July." Old enough to have a little sense, a little reflection. She need not brush wildly against nails and climb balusters for the express purpose, as it seemed, of tearing her clothes; and, worst of all, when they were torn look so serenely happy and unconcerned.

"She's enough to vex a saint; and I never saw anything so hard to mend as that cambric. Don't see how I bear it!"

Night came, and with it no mamma. Instead a dispatch, saying:

"Hope to return Wednesday or Thursday. Take care of Persis."

"Not a word about little Alice," said papa, as he read the dispatch aloud. "But what does she mean by taking care of Persis? Isn't the child as well as usual, Katharine?"

"Oh! yes, papa, perfectly well, only so cross. I had a great time getting her off to bed to-night. She wanted a story with a long end to it, and I couldn't make the end long enough to save my life."

Papa laughed.

"I suspect the children take advantage of mamma's absence to tyrannize a little. If Persis is too troublesome to-morrow, suppose you shut her up in the closet?"

Here he looked at grandma, then added:

"I grant you full permission to do it. I'm aware it would not be wise to say this to some girls of your age; but your grandmother and I think our good Katharine may be trusted with a little brief authority."

Kysie blushed with pleasure at this compliment from such a source, though

it must be owned she did have her private doubts as to papa's full understanding of the matter. Mamma had never said a word of this sort, had never suggested Kysie's punishing the children. Would she have approved of it?

What, punish Persis, that irrepressible, saucy Persis? O, joyful! Now to-morrow was no longer to be dreaded; to-morrow would bring about a revolution; it would be Kysie's day — not the children's day. It was an abomination that she should have suffered so long from baby-tyranny. There was such a thing as being too meek.

And she went to bed happy, saying to herself, with a smile:

"To-morrow."

II.

To-morrow came. Persis awoke decidedly out of sorts, refusing to touch her oatmeal unless Kysie would promise to "play horse" with her immediately after breakfast.

"Come, we'll go to Cattry-fornry first," said the little despot, only waiting till papa was out of the house. "Sit down in that chair, and we'll ride to Cattry-fornry."

"Of all the horrid performances! But I won't stand this long," thought the martyr sister, as Persis "started the train," which she did by furious ringing of bells and unearthly shrieks through a tin trumpet, forcing grandma to stop her ears in distress.

The train halted at various stations, and was set going again, always in the same deafening way, till finally the goal was reached and the brakeman roared victoriously:

"*Cattry-fornry!*"

"There, now," said long-suffering grandma, "isn't that enough? I don't know a prettier sight than to see a little girl sit down beside her grandmother to sew. Wouldn't you like to try it?"

Persis thought not. Having now arrived in California she chose to drive wild horses and broncos. Why, otherwise, should she have undertaken the journey?

"Well, little lady, have it your own way, but we'll soon see who's mistress in this house," thought Kysie, beginning her mad career as a bronco, running fiercely when the whip was applied, or at a hint from the driver. "There, you're going to tumble down, naughty ole thing," falling headlong over the stones in the road.

This was intensely exciting to Persis; and surely no bronco ever said, "O, dear!" more plaintively after an accident than the bronco Kysie, or ever settled his eyeglasses more hastily, or allowed himself to be picked up and set going again with so small loss of time and speed. But such games grow monotonous.

Kysie could see no sense in being driven about with a whip on a fair morning in June, when Nature was smiling and beckoning her to run out of doors. Moreover, it was too hard for Persis herself, who was growing very tired, though she did not know it, and more imperious and exacting every moment.

"It is high time this was stopped," said grandma in a tone of authority, tying her bonnet strings, while Uncle Chester stood waiting to take her to drive. "I really shall not leave the house till it is stopped. Persis, where are your dolls?"

Brilliant thought! Persis now recollected that her pet Bobinet, lately married, had "a mean old bonnet," and Kysie must trim it over "quick's a wink." The idea pleased and quieted her, and grandma drove off, feeling encouraged.

Ah, if grandma had been there ten minutes later to see Bobinet thrown violently across the room, her poor little arm and leg broken! If she had heard Persis shriek for "Glue, glue, glue!"

"We can't have such a noise," said Kysie, with a firm look, that called forth one of Persis's ready excuses.

"I can't help it. When a scream comes up in my throat, it has to come out."

"Indeed! I think I can stop it, though," remarked Kysie quietly.

"How? Oh! I s'pose if you keep my mouth full of candy that'll stop it."

"No, Persis, there's a better way than that. I can put you in the bathroom as mamma does."

Persis gazed at her sister in unfeigned surprise.

"You dassent put me in the bathroom!"

"Yes; papa says I may if you behave so badly; and grandma says so too."

This was something new and appalling. The little girl had counted on doing exactly as she pleased, with no one to hinder or molest. Grandma would not punish her, grandma never did; and Kysie had no right, she thought. She saw her mistake now and her demeanor changed to something like humility. In half an hour, however, she forgot, and when Ruthie ate up her peppermints shook her, calling her a "piggy wiggy;" and altogether there was such din and misery that Kysie said at last exultantly, "Now, Miss!" and banished Persis to the bathroom.

She drew a long breath of relief as she locked the door upon her struggling prisoner.

"Remember, dear, mamma always says 'twill do no good to cry. If you're quiet I'll let you out in just half an hour; but if I hear any screaming you'll have to stay longer. Good-by, little sister."

Then Kysie ran downstairs—how quiet the house seemed all at once!—and told Bridget she believed she should go out just for five or ten minutes, and take Ruthie for a breath of air.

Bridget quite approved, for she adored her young mistress, and thought she

could do no wrong. Nothing was said of Persis. What need? Kysie was merely going to the tennis court to greet the girls and let them know she still lived.

Little Ruth was in ecstasies, and Kysie confessed to Molly Selden :

"I've neglected this baby, I do think. It would have been better for her and for all of us if I'd shut Persis up yesterday."

"Now you talk sensibly! Persis makes a slave of you, and always did, and I'm glad you've begun to stand up for your rights. Come, play one game with us. Oh! you must, you must."

The court looked wonderfully inviting, and the merry girls all pleaded, but Kysie made a brave resistance. She would look on just a few moments, she said; she would not sit down, she dared not get really interested lest she should forget and stay too long.

It seemed a very few moments — such bright, happy moments; and Kysie, with a feeling of conscious rectitude, tore herself away and hastened home with Ruth.

What did it mean? The clock in the hall said she had been gone an hour and ten minutes! Impossible! Why, she had had hardly time to take a long breath!

Grandma had returned from her drive and was peacefully knitting. Leaving Ruth in her charge, Kysie went upstairs feeling guilty and ashamed, though not in the least anxious — for surely no harm could have been done — and turned the key in the door.

"Persis dear!"

There was no answer, but a low sound of sobbing.

"Persis, Persis, don't cry. Sister won't punish you any more. Sister has come to let you out."

"You punished me more'n I was naughty," said a thin little voice in the distance.

"Where are you, Persis?"

Kysie had entered the room, but it was half a minute before she discovered the child lying flat on the floor of the bath-tub, enveloped in large towels.

"Why, darling, you haven't taken a bath all by yourself?"

"I thought you'd come and come," was the sobbing reply. "I was too — hot!"

"O, Persis! that was dangerous. I'm so sorry you did it!"

"I wiped off the wetness, I did, Kysie. Wasn't you willing if I wiped off the wetness?"

"O, Persis! why don't you get up? Don't you want to go downstairs? Come here and let me dress you."

"You punished me more'n I was naughty," repeated the little one, deeply aggrieved. "I didn't scream and didn't scream."

"I was very cruel to you, darling, but I'm going to let you out now, and you're going to be a goody girl. Come here and be dressed."

But Persis did not offer to rise.

"I'm all shivery cold," said she.

Kysie caught her up in vague apprehension, and kissed her again and again.

"Don't kiss my froat, it makes it awful worse."

"Why, Persis, Persis! is your throat sore?"

Kysie's generous nature was stirred in a moment; her voice trembled with alarm. To think she should so have neglected and abused this dear little girl, who no doubt had been suffering all day! If she had robbed a bird's nest and broken a mother-bird's heart, she could hardly have suffered sharper remorse.

When grandma heard the story she did her best to soothe and reassure Kysie, though at the same time she could not conceal her anxiety about Persis. The little girl seemed languid and feverish, and never spoke, except in answer to questions.

"I begged her to be quiet," thought wretched Kysie, "but now she's too quiet. I'd rather play wild horses with her all day than have her act like this."

Persis was put to bed and the doctor called.

"A severe cold," he said, and looked grave, Kysie fancied, as he added, "Where's her mother?"

Mrs. Fuller did not come that evening, being still needed at Newton, and the doctor thought to-morrow would be time enough to send for her if Persis should grow worse. Papa said he would look in upon the child from time to time during the night; her room was next his own.

Kysie said nothing to this, but at midnight her father was surprised to find her watching. She had not undressed, or even closed her eyes. He could not know that Kysie was doing penance, and found it her only solace. She ran repeatedly for fresh ice, and every time Persis drank, kissed her and said:

"You do feel better, don't you, dear?"

But the answer always came:

"Awful worse!"

It was so throughout the whole miserable night. Toward morning, however, after a vehement kiss Persis said dreamily:

"My sister — loved me — so hard — her glasses came off!"

"That's true, that's true," returned Kysie, smiling for the first time.

But when Persis spoke again Kysie did not smile.

"I want to ask you something."

The little face looked very drawn and unnatural to the watching sister in the faint rays of the morning sun.

"Well, darling?"

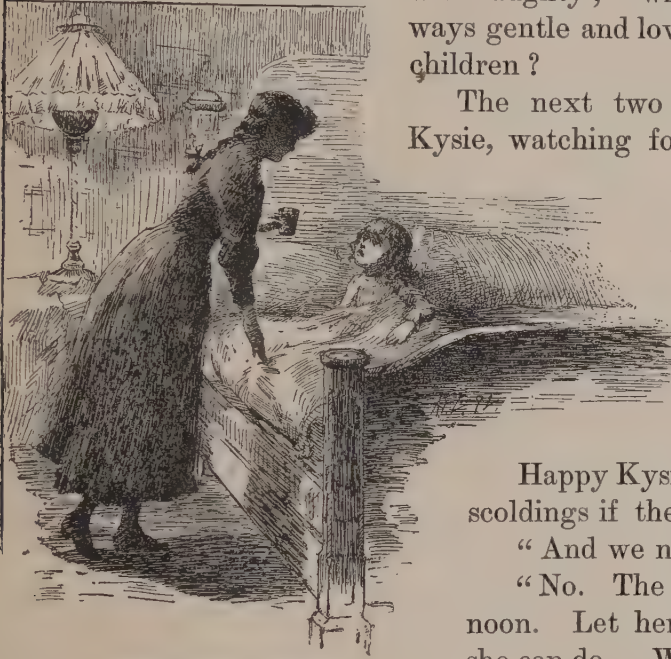
"If God should send a letter to me and ask me to go to Heaven, would you be willing to let me go?"

PATIENT KYSIE.

Strange speech! Strange, searching look of the soft brown eyes raised wistfully! Kysie could not speak, but buried her head in the pillow.

Was this a new thought, this thought of Heaven? Or had it come to Persis yesterday when she sat all alone sobbing in her prison?

Oh! what did God mean? Did he mean to take her away, take her now to a happy home where there would be no cruel sister to "punish her more'n she was naughty;" where there are kind angels, always gentle and loving and ready to care for little children?



KYSIE DOING PENANCE.

The next two hours were terrible ones to Kysie, watching for the doctor and dreading to hear him say:

"This child is worse; send for her mother."

But when he came at last he declared her better, and scolded Kysie briskly, for having watched all night.

Happy Kysie! What cared she for twenty scoldings if the doctor smiled like this?

"And we needn't send for mamma?"

"No. The child will be sitting up by afternoon. Let her sleep now; it's the best thing she can do.—Why, here's your mother! What brought you here so early, Mrs. Fuller?"

"I was afraid of this," whispered she, looking from the doctor to the little sleeper on the bed. "I have not felt quite easy about Persis; and the moment I could leave my sister's child—tell me, doctor, have I been needed?"

"Needed? Nothing of the sort, madam. We have a nurse here as good as can be found in the city. Your daughter Kate is one of a thousand."

"O, mamma, mamma!" cried Kysie, throwing herself into her mother's arms the moment they were alone. "Tell Dr. Sanborn it's not true. I can't bear it, I can't bear it!"

"I don't understand you, dear."

Then Kysie related her sad experience, not sparing herself in the least.

"I thought I was so patient, mamma. I was as proud as I could be because everybody said I was patient, and I believed it.

"And there it was all the time at the bottom of my heart, this hard, selfish feeling, and I didn't know it. I just rejoiced when I shut up that poor little dear. I thought she was a perfect torment.

"And I went and left her. Think of my leaving a sick child lying in a

PATIENT KYSIE.

bath-tub under a stream of cold water! Leaving her and forgetting her! Don't ever let anybody call me trustworthy again! O, mamma, if she had died! If she had really died! Wasn't God good not to take her? I shall love him for that as long as I live; I shall love him for that if for nothing else in this world! But you needn't be afraid I'll ever feel proud of myself again! If anybody praises me I'll go hide my head for shame."

"My precious daughter," said Mrs. Fuller, much moved, "I cannot hear you reproach yourself in this way. You made a mistake in leaving the house with Persis in the bathroom; but that only shows that you are not old enough yet to take the reins of government."

"O, mamma! of course it does; I see it all now. But to think how grown-up I felt when I was putting her in!"

"Don't cry, darling. Your grandmother says you have borne with both the children wonderfully, and she never knew Persis half so trying."

"Did she say that, mamma — did she really, truly say it?"

"To be sure. And your father says he did wrong to set one child to correct another. But we all agree that you are the sweetest and best of sisters, my dear little Katharine."

"Well, there," cried Kysie, her face brightening, "don't you hear Persis stirring? And you know the doctor said she must have her gruel the very minute she waked."

Sophie May.



HANDICAPPED.

A NIGHT WITH A CHINESE PREFECT.

I WAS once, upon official business, crossing the south of China under Government escort. This demanded that the prefects of the various places where I stopped should provide food and lodging as it was required. Some were over-zealous in their hospitality. One fellow, however, proposed to have me spend the night at the public tavern of his town.

The name of the inn was "Celestial Happiness." The oily landlord bowed me up to the state chamber. It was directly over the kitchen, so that it should always be warm. It had one window of oiled paper, covered with dust. The heat was insufferable, and with it, through great cracks in the floor, visible effects of frying came up from the kitchen below. Small lodgers moved fearlessly over the walls and floor. Mosquitoes began a grand concert the moment I entered.

"Who sent me here?" I demanded.

"The prefect," with a very low bow.

"Does he expect me to stay here?"

"How can I tell? I am not the prefect; but you shall be made perfectly happy."

I reached the door before the bearers and escort had left, and, entering the palanquin, ordered a quick move to the prefect's residence.

He was enjoying a quiet smoke, a cup of hot wine and melon seeds, with a few friends, when I was announced.

He intended to take from the treasury the amount allowed for entertaining official travelers, and, less what little the inn-keeper charged, put it into his own pocket.

I knew that he would send me word that he was not in, so I entered the gate the moment the servant opened it, and followed him as far as the pavilion just outside the room where the prefect was sitting with his friends.

"Foolish fellow!" he exclaimed to the servant. The Chinaman always shouts when he is excited. "Why did you not say I was not at home?"

"I did," the poor fellow pleaded, "but he walked across the court, sat down in the pavilion, and told me to bring him some tea while he waited for you."

"Go again! Tell him I am out of town!"

"How can he believe it, when he has heard you speak?" asked one of the guests.

The next moment the portly prefect stood in the pavilion, greeting me with all the politeness written in the great Book of Rites. He thanked me for the honor of the call, hoped my quarters at the inn would be very comfortable, promised to call in the morning, and wished me good-night.

A NIGHT WITH A CHINESE PREFECT.

I ventured to suggest that the inn was not fit for a dog, and that I did not propose to stop there. He seemed greatly disturbed, and assured me that, as it was late, if I would try and put up with the discomfort for the night, he would see that I was sent to another inn in the morning.

I don't believe there was another tavern in the town, and the rascal knew I was going on in the morning.

I was not very sure of my ground, but I determined upon a bold stroke. I quietly informed him that, in reality, I had come, bag and baggage, to spend the



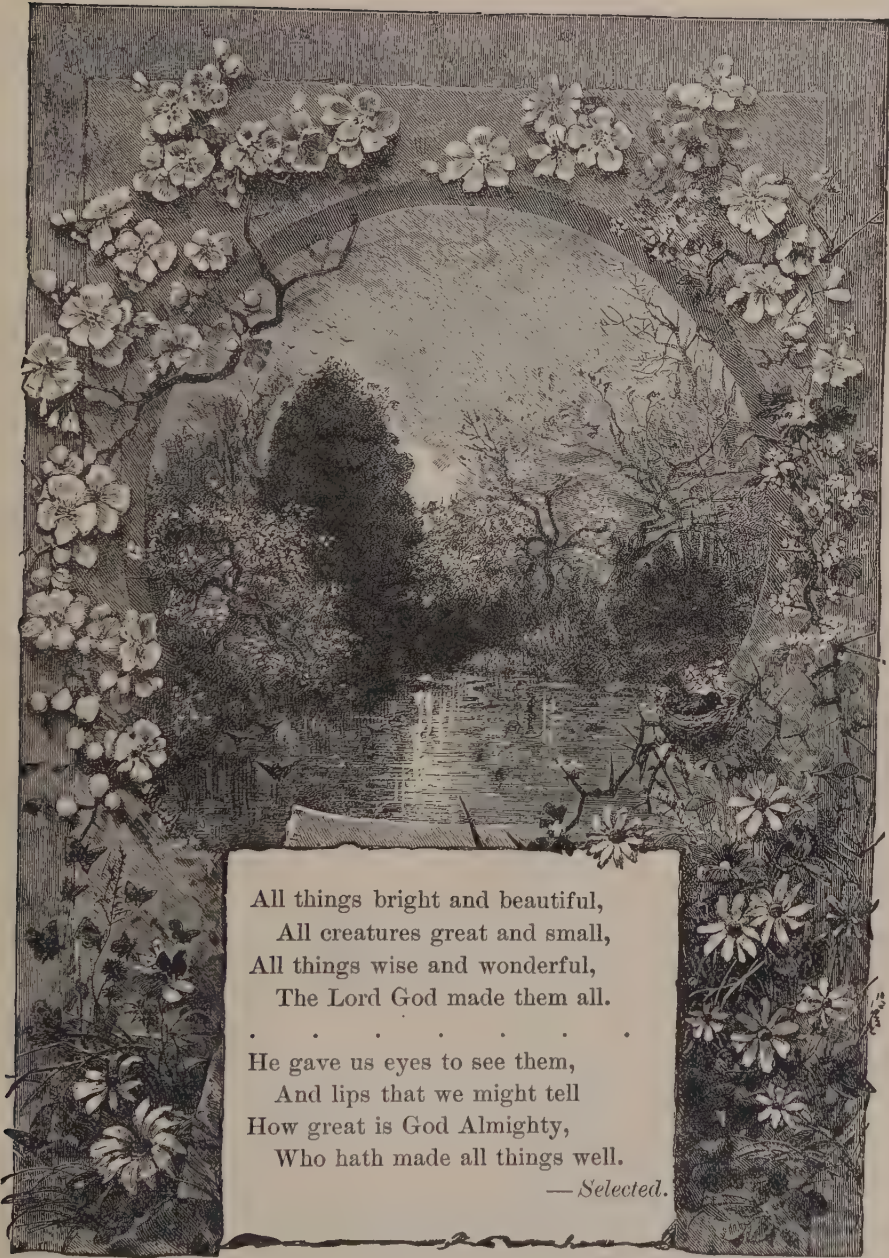
"I TOLD HIM I HAD COME, BAG AND BAGGAGE, TO SPEND THE NIGHT WITH HIM."

night with him, and that, as I was hungry, I should be pleased to have supper served at once.

I do not know what he might not have done, but fortunately he took it as a good joke upon himself. He smiled and invited me into the room where his guests were enjoying life. Hot water and towels were produced. Tea followed, and shortly a very acceptable supper was smoking on a low table before me; beginning with sweetmeats, as usual, and ending with soup.

The experiment succeeded, but I should be very reluctant to try it many times in such a doubtful locality as the Celestial Kingdom.

Lieut.-Col. Thorndike.



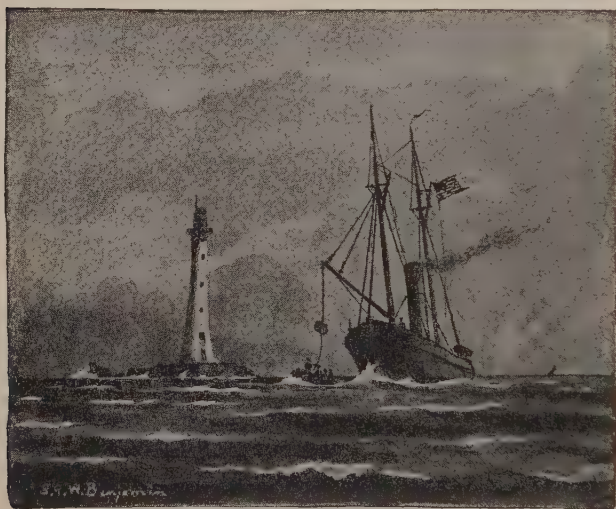
All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

—*Selected.*

OUR LIGHTHOUSES AND LIGHTSHIPS.

THE navigators of old sailed the seas at enormous risk. No lighthouses warned them of dangerous rocks and headlands or marked the approach to a port; no buoys pointed the channel to a safe anchorage. On a few rare headlands a beacon fire was sometimes burned; that was all. To-day there are nearly eight thousand lighthouses in the world, of which one sixth belong to the United States, besides many lightships and innumerable buoys and other means for guiding the wandering mariner on his way.



A TENDER SENDING STORES TO THE LIGHTHOUSE.

For a long time our country was behind European nations in providing light houses; but now our system is remarkably complete. It is conducted with skill and enlists in its service almost every scientific discovery. Our Government has spent nearly one hundred millions of dollars on our sea-coast lighthouses. Depots for the distribution of supplies exist at the chief ports of sixteen lighthouse districts. But the most important, as well as the central station of the lighthouse department, is at Tomp-

kinsville, Staten Island. The United States Lighthouse Board is under the charge of the Secretary of the Treasury. This seems odd and, indeed, as its duties are really marine, an effort is on foot to have it transferred to the Navy Department. The Board includes two naval officers of the highest rank, two civilians of large scientific knowledge, two army officers, and two secretaries appointed from the army and navy. The secretary of the Treasury is the chairman.

The extent of the operations and duties required by the United States Lighthouse Department may be faintly imagined if you consider that it cares for one thousand one hundred and sixty-seven lighthouses and beacon lights, one thousand three hundred and sixty-eight post lights on rivers, thirty-nine lightships including several now in course of construction, and five thousand and twenty-eight buoys of every description. To care for all these safeguards of navigation there are twenty-eight steamers very strongly built, four steam launches, and two sailing tenders. The number of men employed in the lighthouse service is three thousand and seventy-six.

OUR LIGHTHOUSES AND LIGHTSHIPS.

The lights used in our service are graded into six classes or orders, as they are called. Thus far no lights of the first order have been placed on the lakes and rivers, but over sixty are at important points on the sea coast. Such are the lights at the Atlantic Highlands, Montauk Point, Fire Island, Boston Light, Minot's Ledge, Boone Island Light, Hatteras and the Tortugas.

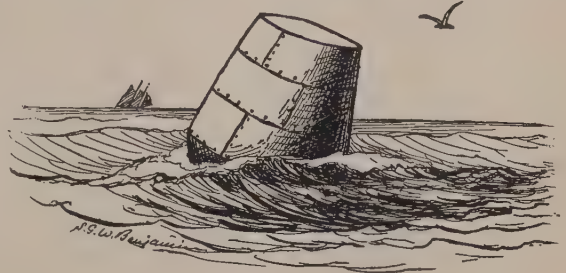
As a rule a light of the first order is stationed at a considerable height, and visible at a great distance; otherwise one of a lower order would do as well.

The first point to be sought in a lighthouse is to concentrate the light, to make it visible at the greatest possible distance and prevent its being diffused upwards where it can be of no value. Many methods have been tried for this purpose;

but the one now most generally adopted and which is exclusively used in the United States is the remarkable and beautiful lantern invented by the Frenchman Fresnel, in 1819. It consists of an arrangement of prismatic lenses. If you put a stick in a tumbler of water you will see that the stick seems bent from the point where it enters the water. This is because of what is called the refraction or breaking up of the rays of light. In the same way the rays from a flame striking against one side of a prism are deflected or turned aside at an angle; on this principle the light from several prisms may be concentrated. The prisms of the Fresnel light are annular; that is, they are arranged in circles around a central disk of extreme clearness. Thus no light is wasted, the rays being gathered and sent with great power through the central plate of glass. The light which the passing mariner sees, therefore, is only what comes through the central disk, as through a bull's eye window; however dazzling the lenses may look, seen near at hand with the light striking on them, they are not perceived at any distance; only the central disk is seen.

Another feature of these lights is that when a light flashes or revolves alternately white and red, the proportion of lense spaces accorded to the red light is nearly four times more than to the white light, because light passing through a red glass screen loses nearly seventy-five per cent. of its carrying power. In other words, a white light is visible several times farther than a red one.

All the Fresnel lenses and the copper frames which hold them together and form the lantern, are made in France. A lantern of the first order is from seven to eight feet in diameter, and can be entered like a small room. There is one now at the Staten Island Station awaiting the structure fitted for it which is not less than nine feet in diameter, and proportionally high. It cost fifteen thousand dollars.



A NUN BUOY.

OUR LIGHTHOUSES AND LIGHTSHIPS.

Next in importance to the question of lenses and reflectors comes the question of lighting. Wood fires and torches were the old-time means. Then came olive oil, whale oil and candles. All these were cumbersome, or gave but a dim, smoky light. When the lime or calcium light was discovered, it was thought it would be exactly what was needed for lighthouses, and the South Foreland lighthouses in England were furnished with it. But for various reasons the lime light has proved unacceptable. In Europe they have settled down to the use of colza or rape-seed oil; but in the lighthouses of the United States after burning lard oil for several years, the purest refined mineral or kerosene oil is now exclusively used. The oil used for domestic purposes is warranted of the first grade at a test of 112° Fahrenheit for the ignition of the vapor. But the oil which is prepared exclusively for our lighthouses must bear a test of 140° Fahrenheit. About three hundred thousand gallons a year are required for our present lighthouse service, and there is a large room at the Staten Island Station devoted to boxing the oil cans, preparatory to distributing them to the various stations on the coast.

The lamp used is the invention of Mr. Funck of the lighthouse service. The lamps used in Europe and also until lately in America, regulated the supply of oil to the wicks by clock work. But in the Funck lamp the oil is deposited in a tank holding enough for seventeen hours' consumption, fourteen hours being the longest period actually required. It is pressed downward by a weight called a plunger, and thus pushed upwards through a tube to the wicks, the



MUSHROOM ANCHOR.
(Used for mooring lightships.)

pressure being regulated by a valve that allows an even supply. No less than five wicks, one within the other, are attached to circular tubes, as in the German study lamp.

The reader may naturally inquire why the electric light is not used for lighting our coast, as it seems now to be available for almost every illuminating purpose. Well, it has been employed for two or three years on a cluster of buoys which, stationed in Gedney's Channel, just outside of Sandy Hook, mark the main route into New York Bay. The lights are maintained by a dynamo on the Hook, and are white on the port or left hand going in, and red on the starboard or right hand. The largest steamers have passed safely through that channel on dark nights by this means, and these fairy-like lights dancing on the waves by moonlight and storm, having proved their value, it is now proposed to increase the number. A lightship is now in course of construction to be placed off Cornfield Point in the Sound, which is also for the first time to display electric lights in our sea service. The lanterns are completed, and I saw them wait-

OUR LIGHTHOUSES AND LIGHTSHIPS.

ing for the ship on which they are to be fixed. Unlike the lights on other lightships, they are not to be raised to the masthead and lowered during the day; but they are to be attached to an iron frame at the masthead, four to each mast. They have Fresnel lenses of the fifth order. The keepers will go aloft to tend them; they will be protected in that lofty position by a railing running around the platform supporting the lights. A dynamo of eighteen horse power will furnish the force. The lights will turn in a swivel, in order that they may remain horizontal whatever be the motion of the ship.

This is an experiment; and of course no one expects that the electric light will come into use

for some time for lighthouses of the first order at least. An oil light of that rank can be seen twenty-seven miles, which is quite as far as is required, and the curvature of the earth would oblige much loftier lighthouses to be visible at any distance beyond that. But the electric light is far more expensive than any produced by oil; so, then, if colza or petroleum can throw a light twenty-seven miles, why resort to electricity? It is not likely, therefore, that until it becomes cheaper it will be used save for some exceptional purposes such as I have just described.

Gas is used occasionally for buoys placed temporarily to mark a lightship that is adrift or undergoing repair, or over a dangerous sunken wreck. These gas buoys are called Pintsch buoys, after the inventor. They are made altogether in Europe after a secret process, being forged without seams. They hold compressed gas, which, on being lighted, burns steadily for a considerable time. Pintsch buoys have in the last year been placed off Barnegat Light and in a channel leading into New York, to mark dangerous sunken wrecks. When there are so many lighthouses and beacons, it becomes a very difficult problem to mark them all in such a way that a mariner approaching a coast can distinguish one from the other, and define the position of his ship by the light or lights he may discover. Some are distinguished by having a fixed, others a revolving light, or a flash light, revolving or flashing at distinct intervals, varying in each case. Some have alternate red and white lights, while in a few cases two lights are placed in the same tower, one below the other, or two lighthouses of different



STEAMER PASSING THE ELECTRIC BUOYS IN GEDNEY'S CHANNEL.

OUR LIGHTHOUSES AND LIGHTSHIPS.

height stand side by side, like those at Baker's Island, showing the channel into Salem Bay. Then there are what are called range lights; these are often at some distance inland, and, placed in range with certain objects, are intended to show turns in the channel in going up to an anchorage. Then, too, there are beacon lights, post lights reached by climbing a ladder on the post, and buoy lights. Indeed there is no end to the possible variations and combinations of lights. But great care needs to be observed that no confusion arises, for the safety of ships and crews often depends on a clear understanding of the meaning of lights on a coast or in a channel.

The lightship forms one of the most interesting objects of the modern lighthouse system. It is moored in position by ordinary anchors when over rocky ground, but where it is sandy a kind of anchor is used called mushroom, because of its resemblance to a huge fungus. Two anchors are dropped some distance apart. Their two cables meet at the upper end, where a large ring unites them. The cables coming out of the hawse-holes of the lightship are in turn attached to the ring. This method, which is called riding to a bridle, prevents the anchors and cables from becoming entangled with each other or "fouling" as readily as in the usual way. In the fine iron lightships which the Board is now building, several changes are to be introduced. One of them relates to this very matter of anchoring. Instead of two hawse-holes there will be only one hawse-tube and hawse-hole welded into the iron stem, and consequently only one cable. In addition to the sails hitherto carried by lightships for emergencies,

the new ships are to have moderate steam power for blowing the fog whistle, for riding up to the anchor in a storm, and for returning to port in case of being blown from the moorings.

We have no space to speak here of all the varieties of lighthouses found on our coast, many of them built at a great cost of labor, money and skill. But there is one branch of the service which is brought to our attention whenever we go a-sailing, which seems humble compared with the statelier lighthouses and their elaborate contrivances. This is the buoy system. For the buoys in our channels are quite as useful in navigation as are the pawns on a



A CAN BUOY.

chessboard to the main pieces. Besides the electric and gas buoys already mentioned, there are can buoys, spar buoys, nun buoys, whistling buoys and bell buoys.

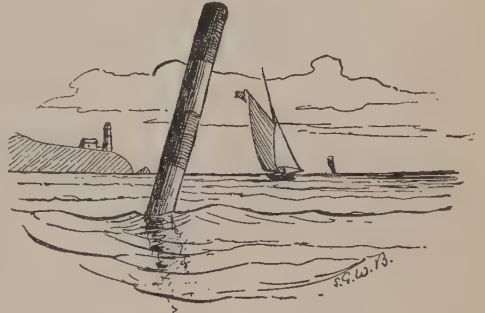
By their color, as well as position, they serve to mark a channel or the location of a rock or sandbank. In going into port the red buoys are on the right

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and the black ones on the left, and *vice versa* when going out. A buoy painted with alternate black and red stripes may be passed on either side at a moderate distance.

All these buoys are hollowed and made of iron except the spar buoys; they all are anchored to granite blocks or iron weights called sinkers, which are huge hollowed hemispheres.

The bell buoys are very curious. Most people probably imagine when they see the bell of such a buoy tossing back and forth on the waves, and hear the bell tolling, that the sound is produced in the usual way, by a tongue swinging in the bell. In reality the American bell buoy has no tongue, but the bell is struck by two cannon balls running in two iron tubes, which fall against the lip or rim of the bell as it rolls from side to side. This invention is quite necessary in our Northern waters, as the tongue of an ordinary bell is liable to become clogged by freezing spray.

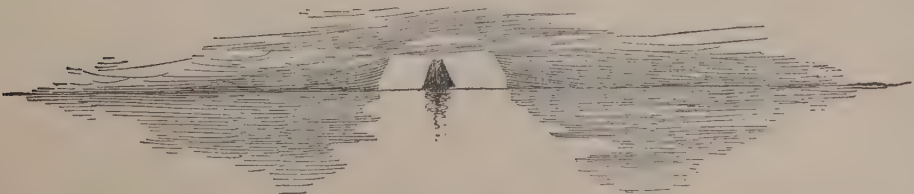


A SPAR BUOY.

The servant, or perhaps we might better say the guardian who looks after this entire system, repairs it, provides it with supplies and provisions and keeps it generally in order, is the trim little steamship known as the tender. The tenders of the United States service are curiously named after plants, such as the *Amaranth*, the *Holly*, the *Jessamine*, the *Geranium* and the *Goldenrod*.

Each district is provided with them. They are all strangely built steam vessels, and those recently constructed are very fine craft. Several times a year the tender starts out on a cruise along the coast, carrying supplies to the lighthouses, repairing and repainting beacons and buoys, or replacing those that may have been lost. These cruises are sometimes attended with hardship and danger, and represent one of the most attractive and romantic features of the lighthouse system of the United States.

S. G. W. Benjamin.



IN THE MOON'S TRACK.



IN FOURTEEN NINETY-TWO.

A LONG the zones of palm and pine
The paths of empire run,
And Freedom's blue horizon-line
Moves westward with the sun.
No swarthy sentry treads the bound,
Or mans his carved canoe
To guard the shore that Europe found
In Fourteen ninety-two.

*O, Fourteen ninety-two, O, Fourteen ninety-two!
The hour of fate that made thee great
Began the world anew.*

The fame of Madoc's venture vast,
From Runic harps may ring,
And sagas of an elder past
The son of Eric sing;



IN FOURTEEN NINETY-TWO.

"Man's hope with thee across the sea
The winds of Freedom blew."

IN FOURTEEN NINETY-TWO.

Our page the sober record hath
How sailed the ship, and who
Proclaimed the true Hesperian path,
In Fourteen ninety-two.

*O, Fourteen ninety-two, O, Fourteen ninety-two !
Thy watchman spied the region wide
Where fadeless promise grew.*

The green Canaries and Azores
His faith steered boldly by
To far Atlantis' visioned shores
Between the sea and sky ;
The barriers of a glorious land
Whose breadth he never knew,
Unclosed before Columbus' hand,
In Fourteen ninety-two.

*O, Fourteen ninety-two, O, Fourteen ninety-two !
Man's hope with thee across the sea
The winds of Freedom blew.*

One year from out the Ages Dark
Came, rich with thoughtful spoil,
To carry in the Spanish bark
And strew on savage soil ;
It banished with the tyrant Past
Blind Error's long taboo,
And light shone round the earth at last,
In Fourteen ninety-two.

*O, Fourteen ninety-two, O, Fourteen ninety-two !
Thy dreams were seeds of mighty deeds
A nation's hands shall do.*

Pale slaves of ancient Discontent
Forgot their rankling woes
When Plenty's golden continent
Beyond the ocean rose.
The old world in its feverish change
Turned hungering to the new,
And fettered life found endless range
In Fourteen ninety-two.

IN GRANDMAMMA'S KITCHEN.

*O, Fourteen ninety-two, O, Fourteen ninety-two!
To Fortune's feast the famished East
Thy gate came thronging through.*

Now for her living and her dead
Columbia's glories be,
Where patriots' fame is children's bread,
And merit man's degree;
And Freedom's realm in ages far,
To hope and memory true,
Will sing of him who saw its star
In Fourteen ninety-two.

*O, Fourteen ninety-two, O, Fourteen ninety-two!
Through sunset light thy beckoning flight
A thousand years pursue.*

Theron Brown.

IN GRANDMAMMA'S KITCHEN.

IN Grandmamma's kitchen things got in a riot:
The cream in a pot on the shelf
Where everything always seemed peaceful and quiet,
Got whipped — for I heard it myself.
And Grandmamma said — such a queer thing to say —
That it made some things better to whip them that way!

Some bold naughty eggs, that refused to be eaten
On toast with their brothers maybe,
Were stripped of their clothing and cruelly beaten
Right where all the dishes could see;
And Grandmamma said, though the poor things might ache,
The harder the beating, the lighter the cake!

The bright golden butter was petted and patted
And coaxed to be shapely and good;
But it finally had to be taken and spattd

IN GRANDMAMMA'S KITCHEN.



Right hard with a paddle of wood ;
When Grandmamma carried the round balls away
The buttermilk sulked and looked sour all day.

The water declared that the coffee was muddy,
But an egg settled that little fuss ;
Then the steak and the gridiron got in a bloody
And terrible broil ! such a muss !
And a flatiron spat at Grand'ma in the face —
And I ran away from the quarrelsome place.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A PARROT from Santo Domingo,
Once spoke such a horrible lingo
That when he said " Please,"
It made every one sneeze,
And drew tears from a red-legged Flamingo.

M. E. B.



"I COULD ONLY SEE THE MAN AT THE HELM."

ON BOARD A PIRATE JUNK.

IT was a beautiful moonlight night on the great Blue River. A reckless adventure at Nankin had left me in a box; a veritable box indeed, for it was well fastened on all sides, and stood upon the deck of a Chinese junk, manned by pirates, and dashing under full sail down the Blue River.

My native servant, Master Tao-sen, had disappeared when I got into trouble, as what Chinese servant would not? I had not seen him since. Indeed, I had not seen anything but a ray of moonlight coming through a crack in my box.

Suddenly a sail dropped, and from what was said, I inferred that we had overhauled a silk junk and proposed to "take her in."

A little later a wild yell arose, at no great distance; then there was shouting and clashing and an occasional report of some uncertain firearms, marking the progress of the work. Then all was still, and the deed was evidently done.

The work of hoisting the sails began, but the large sail would not move. They tried the smaller sail. The rope broke in the upper rigging. The captain

was furious. Men were sent aloft, where I judged, from what I heard, that they found things strangely tangled.

It was half an hour before they again began to hoist the large sail, just as a mandarin junk appeared in the distance.

There was almost a gale blowing down the river, and as the great sail filled, I could feel the strain as the junk started. Then there was a sudden lurch. The ropes which held the lower corners parted and the great sail floated like a flag.

It was growing interesting. Evidently the mandarin junk was bearing down upon us rapidly. I struggled to see something through the crack, but could only obtain a view of the man at the helm, holding the long wooden arm with which the rudder of a junk is turned.

The moon shone full upon his face. I started, stared, shut my eyes for an instant, then looked again. He was bare to the waist, with a rough, bagging skirt, held by a rope girdle. The disguise was complete; but the face! Could I mistake it? As sure as fate, it was my servant, Master Tao-sen.

How came he there? Was it through his treachery that I was in the box, or through his loyalty that the rigging was demoralized? He seemed to understand his business at that helm.

The mandarin junk was within hailing distance when the last rope was repaired.

I heard her captain order us to stop; I heard our captain laugh as the sail began to draw and he replied that he was in haste.

The junk quickly responded to the sail and began to move; then Tao-sen grasped the helm arm, braced his bare feet, and back, back, back, carried it to the rail, over it and, leaning out over the water, stood tugging with might and main, his feet braced against the stern.

The junk yielded, swung about and lost both wind and current before the captain realized what had happened and sprang for the helm.

Tao-sen dropped it and, with a yell, went head-first into the water. His work was done. I could not see, but I could hear, as the Government soldiers boarded the junk and carried on the usual work with pirates — death without quarter.

When the noise subsided, there was a thump on the side of my prison-box, and the voice of that blessed Master Tao-sen sounded, speaking in pigeon English, which he was very fond of using when addressing me.

“All lightee you, master? you no die? Gottee fuslate lifee. Maskee! My talkee Tao-sen, you welly luck boy. Evlybody lookee fightee. My go workee evlywhere. All mickis up. Sail he no go up no come down. All lightee now. Come on.”

Lieut.-Col. Thorndike.

HOW NOT TO GET LOST.

ONE of the best fields to gratify the spirit of adventure natural to many boys is found in climbing mountains or exploring the vast forests that surround and clothe them. Really to enjoy a mountain climb one must abandon beaten paths, and strike out a new way to the summit.

But is not one likely to get lost? O, yes! If he were not, half the pleasure of the trip would vanish. But for a boy of good common sense, "getting lost" is only a comparative term, and to be a little lost is not a very dreadful thing. After a few experiences, one comes to be something like that dusky woodsman, who said, with serene contempt: "Indian not lost, path lost." There are many people who cannot be lost under any ordinary circumstances. They will always turn up within a reasonable time.

Is it instinct? Can this happy faculty be taught? Are there any rules?

I know of none that will enable any one truly lost to find his way. Far worse than anything else is the loss of head that accompanies it. The only true way is not to get lost; and this is an art which may be to a great extent acquired, since it rests upon knowledge and reasoning.

As not being lost implies at least a general knowledge of one's direction from some given point, it is a very desirable thing to know how to direct one's course without a compass. If the sun is shining, or if one can see the stars, this is an easy matter after a very little practice. But what is to be done in cloudy weather?

Then the only way is to apply your previously acquired knowledge of the "lay of the land."

Every boy going into a strange region should at once learn all he can about its topography — from maps, but better yet, from observation on the spot. The power to take in the leading features of a place is what makes the good explorer. Many a city-bred boy can make himself superior to the average of boys brought up in the region, with a little effort. Quick eyes and a clear head can do wonders here.

Suppose you were going to some point in the White Mountains. Taking your map, you would first study the streams as a key to the whole situation. Note their comparative size and their directions. On reaching the ground, it will interest you to see why they run so, and not otherwise; it depends on the mountains and ridges. These, then, you will study carefully, noting any striking features — odd-shaped peaks, a great rock, a clearing, a burnt patch, or an odd tree or group of trees. The streams and ridges are like the great streets of some city you are learning to know; the other features are like the great public buildings, which, when you see them, tell you where you are. Some day, out

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

in the woods with your bearings' lost, you will climb a tree and be pleased to catch sight of some one of these. In general, however, your great reliance will be on the ridges and water courses.

Take a case in point. Imagine yourself at Randolph—a fine place for exploration amid wild and beautiful scenery. You are in a rather narrow east and west valley. South of you rise the northern peaks of the Presidential range, Mounts Adams and Madison, sending out great spurs towards you and to eastward. Between these spurs are deep, broad ravines, in the bottom of each of which is a stream flowing swiftly down to join the Moose River, which flows east through Randolph to join the Androscoggin. On the north of the valley are the lower Randolph mountains, sending smaller streams to the Moose from the opposite direction. If you went only a few miles west you would find things similar, excepting that the main stream of the valley would be flowing westward.

Now, in this region, unless one strayed many miles north or south, at least beyond the top of the ridges, he could not long be lost, or much lost. To find himself he would merely go down hill until he came to water, and follow it until he reached the highway. Now there are very few regions among the White Mountains where this simple plan will not bring you safely out in a few hours.

What if you do find rough traveling: fallen trees, undergrowth, swampy places? Does not the wildness of Nature delight you? Do you not love to take her "dares"? If you have lost your path, why spend time looking for it? Advertise for it after you get home if need be. Especially, do not lose patience. All unfamiliar ways seem long, and unfamiliar streams particularly so, but persevere, and they will tire of hiding their ends from you. Emerson has said:

. . . "no mountain can
Measure with a perfect man."

Though a mountain brook may in one sense "run on forever," it cannot run over a stretch so long but that the legs of an active boy will tire it out.

Charles E. Fay.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

THERE was a young person who knew
The binomial theorem through;
But — requested to state
Her expenses to date —
She couldn't add up two and two!

John Derwent.

In the Same Pocket.

"The berries in this pocket,
I've picked them all for you.
There weren't so very many.

My pocket's full, that's true:
But then, they're not all berries.
I've been down in the bog,
And—well, I guess
what fulls it
Is 'cause—I got
a frog."

